Feb. 20, 1984

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.50

CIMARRON '84
THIS ONE'S GOT THE TOUCH.

The Cadillac touch. It's Electronic Fuel Injection, matched by a tenacious Touring Suspension that comes to grips with the road. It's leather-faced front bucket seats with lumbar support behind a leather-trimmed steering wheel that lets you know you're in control. It's new grille and taillight styling. Laser-accurate quality fits. It's Cimarron '84... with something no other car in its class has. The Cadillac touch.

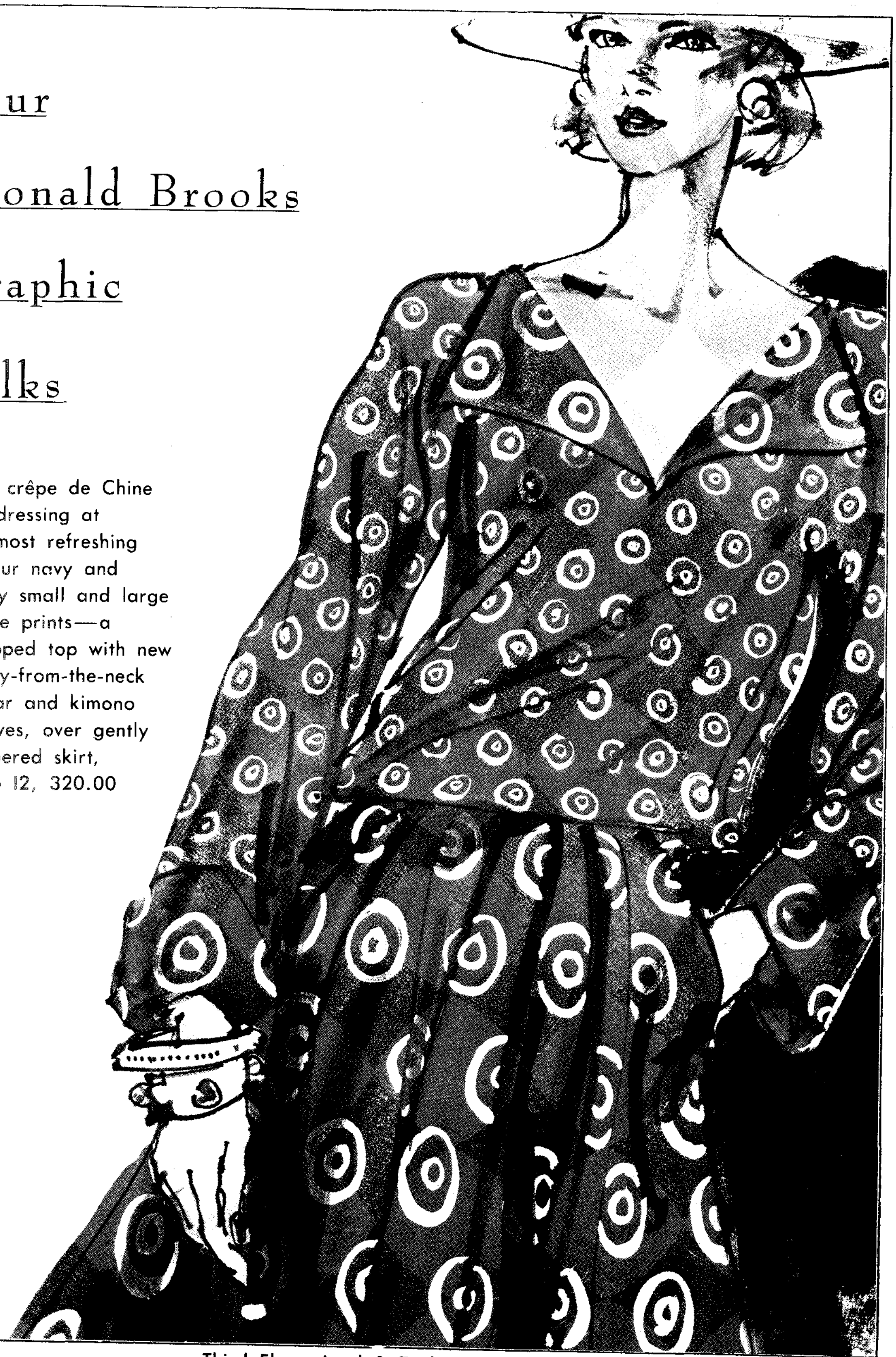
BEST OF ALL... IT'S A CADILLAC.

Let's Get It Together... Buckle Up.

Lord & Taylor

American refinement

Our Donald Brooks graphic silks



Silk crêpe de Chine
softdressing at
its most refreshing
in our navy and
ivory small and large
circle prints—a
cropped top with new
away-from-the-neck
collar and kimono
sleeves, over gently
gathered skirt,
4 to 12, 320.00

Third Floor, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue. Call toll-free 800-223-7440
In New York State 800-522-5195 except area code (212)
For New York City and information (212) 391-1199

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Washington's Birthday holiday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 20. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

And a Nightingale Sang . . .—A comedy about a lower-middle-class English family and its sad and merry ups and downs during the Second World War. Written by C. P. Taylor. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Babalooney—A comedy revue with music. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 15. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Baby—An unpleasantly clinical musical about having babies. One might as well be in the hospital. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," starring Kevin O'Connor, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Becoming Garcia—A play by Tato Laviera about a middle-class Hispanic family on the lower East Side. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 26.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics, which in the context are oddly conventional; the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is a primerlike and unnecessary defense of a drag queen's capacity to experience family love. Jamie Ross will fill in for Mr. Barry during the week starting Monday, Feb. 20. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—In Timothy Mason's sentimental, amorphous **levitation**, an unsuccessful dramatist returns to his family's house in Minneapolis and is joined there by any number of friends and relations. With Ben Siegler, Michael Higgins, Trish Hawkins, Lenka Peterson, and Helen Stenborg. David Potts designed the impressive setting. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Do Lord Remember Me—A revival of James de Jongh's dramatic play, made from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. With Frances Foster, Gian Carlo Esposito, Ebony Jo-Ann, Lou Myers, and Roger Robinson. Staged by Regge Life. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Doonesbury—A musical fashioned from the famous comic strip. Undergraduate humor is glacially slow to change, which may be just as well for all of us. (12/5/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of **a thurber carnival**, by James Thurber, is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 26. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fables for Friends—A play by Mark O'Donnell. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 16. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Getting Along Famously—A fatuous farce about an author of best-selling thrillers who yearns to write one "good" book. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

The Glass Menagerie—The Tennessee Williams classic is at once sentimental and astringent, thanks to first-rate performances by Jessica Tandy, Amanda Plummer, John Heard, and Bruce Davison. (12/12/83) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

The Human Comedy—This oratorio, based on William Saroyan's novel about a family in California during the Second World War, has an enchanting, witty score by Galt MacDermot, and it is extremely well performed by the singers under Wilford Leach's direction. Mr. Saroyan's unabashed sweetness of spirit, which is engaging in the first act, becomes

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 39
"BODY ENGLISH" . . . Saul Steinberg 45
"THE NEW THING" . . . Veronica Geng 46
"SLIPPAGE" . . . John Updike 48
"DOWN BY THE STATION, EARLY IN THE MORNING" (POEM) . . . John Ashbery 50
REFLECTIONS (NUCLEAR WEAPONS—PART III) . . . Freeman Dyson 52
"WEEKEND" (POEM) . . . Howard Moss 54
THE THEATRE . . . Brendan Gill 104
OFF BROADWAY . . . Edith Oliver 104
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . Andrew Porter 107
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . Pauline Kael 113
A POLITICAL JOURNAL . . . Elizabeth Drew 116
BOOKS . . . William Maxwell 133

RECEIVED
FEB 21
Ambassador College Library

COVER: *Rea Irvin*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Frank Modell, George Price, Edward Frascino, Sam Gross, Dana Fradon, William Steig, Jack Ziegler, Charles Addams, Charles Saxon, Edward Koren, Warren Miller, James Stevenson, Mick Stevens, Chon Day, Mischa Richter, Charles Barsotti*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

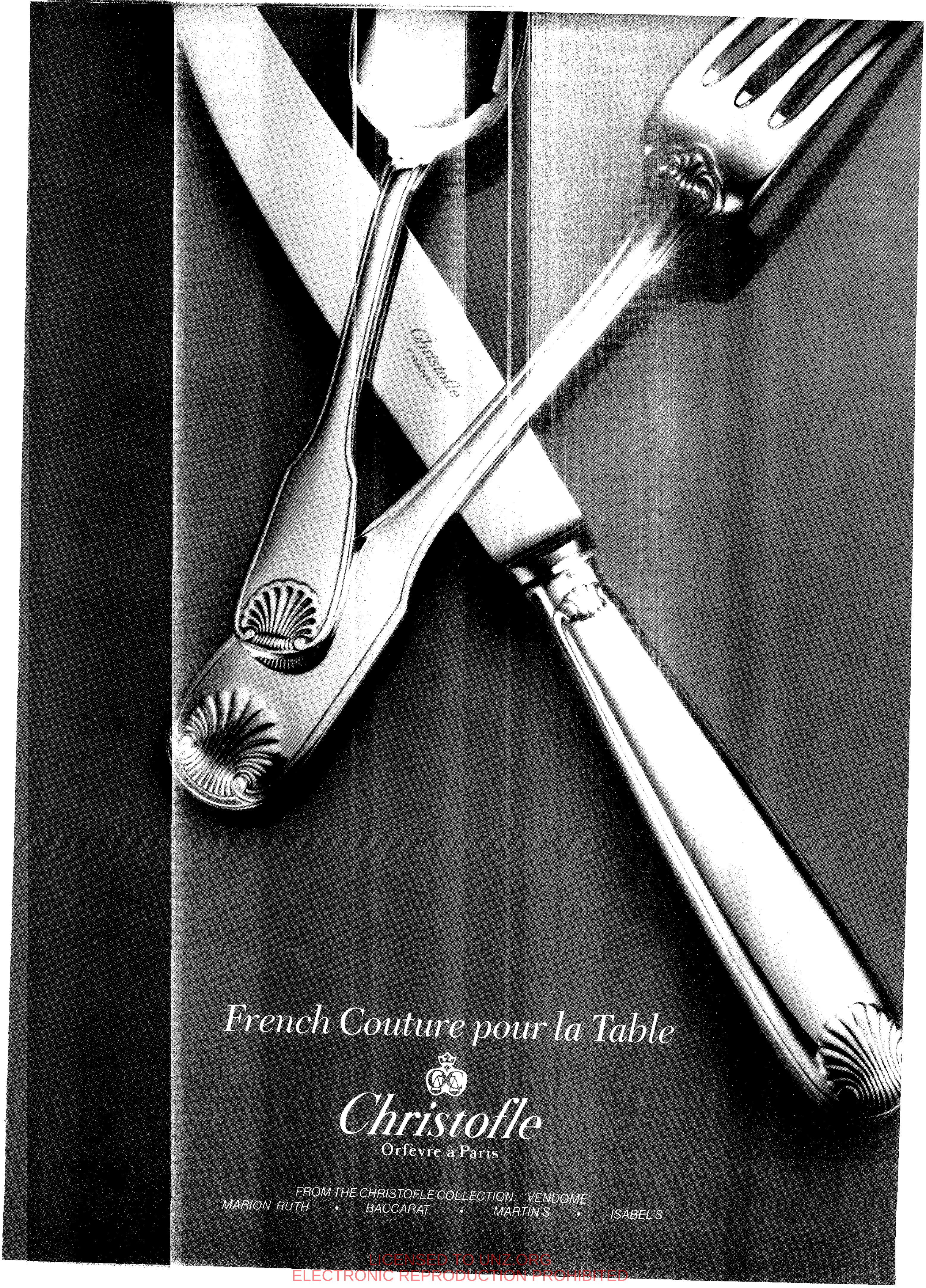
CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LX, No. 1, February 20, 1984. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1984 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.


Christofle
FRANCE
French Couture pour la Table
Christofle
Orfèvre à Paris
FROM THE CHRISTOFLE COLLECTION: "VENDOME"
MARION RUTH • BACCARAT • MARTIN'S • ISABEL'S

troublesome in the second, which deals, in large part, with military life and death. With Delores Hall, Stephen Geoffreys, Rex Smith, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Josh Blake, David Johnson, and Bonnie Koloc. (1/9/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Ian McKellen Acting Shakespeare—That excellent actor Ian McKellen offers a varied selection of Shakespearean snippets, interspersed with pleasing obiter dicta about the playwright and his times. (1/30/84) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Jo Henderson, Jerry Lanning, Stephen Pearlman, Tom Robbins, Christine Rose, and Chip Zien. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Feb. 26: Gilbert and Sullivan's **IOLANTHE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS**; Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST**, starring Geraldine Page; and John Cotton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN.** (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Negro Ensemble Company—In Velina Houston's **AMERICAN DREAMS**, a soldier—half black and half American Indian—returns from Korea with a Japanese bride. Miss Houston's play, composed of small, intimate scenes, perhaps attempts to cover too many issues at once, but it is constantly absorbing. The production is admirable, With Reuben Green, Count Stovall, Sandra Reaves-Phillips, and Ching Valdes, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Noises Off—As funny a farce as one could ask for, from Santa Claus or anyone else. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Old Times—An extremely good revival of Harold Pinter's marvellous play. Anthony Hopkins is the husband, Marsha Mason is the wife, and Jane Alexander is her friend of long ago. Kenneth Frankel directed. (1/23/84) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Monday, Feb. 20, at 3 and 8.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

The Real Thing—The hero of Tom Stoppard's new comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. Jeremy Irons is charming in this essentially charmless role. Glenn Close is the playwright's mistress and eventual wife, who proves to be even more selfish than he is. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Rink—A conscientiously depressing musical about how painful life can be. A few sunny glimpses are provided by Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli, as well as by Peter Larkin's marvellous setting. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb and are up to their high standard. The book is by Terrence McNally. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rockaby—Billie Whitelaw in three new one-act plays by Samuel Beckett. Alan Schneider is the director. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 16. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Selma—A musical about Martin Luther King, Jr., by Tommy Butler. Opens Thursday, Feb. 16, and will run through Sunday, March 4. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Serenading Louie—An admirable revival of Lanford Wilson's less than admirable play about the marital troubles of two well-heeled couples in their mid-thirties. With Dianne Wiest, Lindsay Crouse, Peter Weller, and Jimmie Ray Weeks. John Tillinger was the able director. (2/13/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

The Tap Dance Kid—Nothing is less needed in the world than a didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dancing scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (1/2/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—A production by Peter Brook of a much abbreviated version of the Bizet opera. One misses the colorful hurly-burly of the original, though the story, taken from a novella by Mérimée, remains surefire. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 22, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 20.)

Zorba—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very lively revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fire; almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. With Matthew Broderick as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,904 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer) which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **'NIGHT, MOTHER:** Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director was Tom Moore. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON YOUR TOES:** The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, is wonderfully undiminished after almost fifty years. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays, except Feb. 21, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 20, at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:**

When
your
own
initials
are
enough™

BOTTEGA VENETA

new york beverly hills stanford town country neiman-marcus venezia milano padova firenze parigi vienna madrid

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 20, at 3.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Randy Quaid and Dennis Quaid. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Scotch Symphony," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Davidsbündlertänze," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Le Tombeau de Couperin." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 19, at 1: "Ballo Della Regina," "Concertino," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 19, at 7: "Concerto Barocco," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—Final performance of the engagement: "Calligraph for Martyrs," "Aperitif," "Murray Louis Solo," and "Stravinsky Montage." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre—An eleven-day engagement—Thursday, Feb. 16, at 7; Saturday, Feb. 18; Tuesday, Feb. 21; and Friday, Feb. 24, all at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 25-26, at 3: "Varèse Tribute" (première), "Liturgies" (New York première), and "The Mechanical Organ." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 17, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 18-19, at 3; and Wednesday, Feb. 22; Thursday, Feb. 23; and Saturday, Feb. 25, all at 8: "Pond," "Kaleidoscope," and "Gallery." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Robert Small—"Anything with a Heartbeat," a full-length solo work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Gus Giordano Jazz Dance Chicago—Appearing for three performances. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Feb. 15, and Friday, Feb. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 19, at 2.)

Kenneth King and Dancers—A program of new and repertory works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 23-26, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(*A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.*)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at the piano in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant—it feels sort of like the We're Here with jazz. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 17-18, will belong to the **BARRY HARRIS** trio, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, to **JAKI BYARD'S** trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

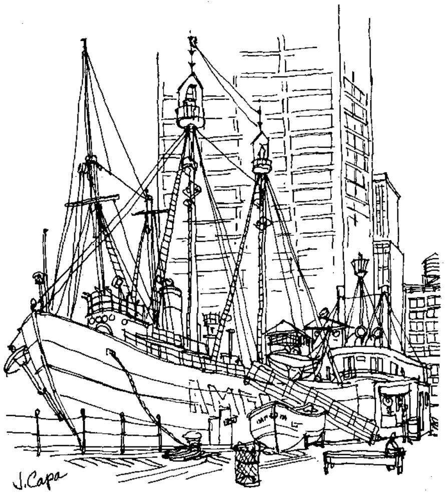
Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Bassist **JACO PASTORIOUS** leads a band through Sunday, Feb. 19; on Monday, Feb. 20, Amber Chiang's trio and Jazz Babies will trade sets; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 21-22, the great Cuban bandleader and percussionist **MACHITO** will head a big band; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 23-25, the **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET** will reassemble itself on this stage. Music from ten. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Friday, Feb. 17, tenor saxophonist **SONNY ROLLINS**; Saturday, Feb. 18, veteran folkie **RICHIE HAVENS** and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL**, a local a-cappella quintet; Thursday, Feb. 23, John Phillips; Friday, Feb. 24, **MOSE ALLISON**, the simultaneously rural and urbane singer-pianist, along with blues student **JOHN HAMMOND**, and blues-rock guitarist **EDGAR WINTER**; and Saturday, Feb. 25, **NRBQ** and blues and rockabilly composer **OTIS BLACKWELL**. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **JOHN O'NEAL** works with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Feb. 18; on Monday, Feb. 20, pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** will arrive with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.



Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, works with bassist **DON THOMPSON** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is ensconced in this dark-brown restaurant around the corner from Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Wednesday, Feb. 15, the Modern Pioneers, Michael Fracasso, and the 39 Steps; Thursday, Feb. 16, the Spurs and Health Hen; Friday, Feb. 17, the Planets, Crossfire Choir, Mondo Boffo, and the Transformers; Saturday, Feb. 18, the Egyptians, the Toasters, and Boys' Life; and Sunday, Feb. 19, a benefit concert with **MARSHALL CRENSHAW, DAVID JOHANSEN, ELLIOTT MURPHY**, and others. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**CARRIE SMITH**, a satisfyingly strong-voiced interpreter of blues, jazz, gospel, and Bessie Smith material, can be caught nightly, except Mondays, at nine and eleven. Dining.

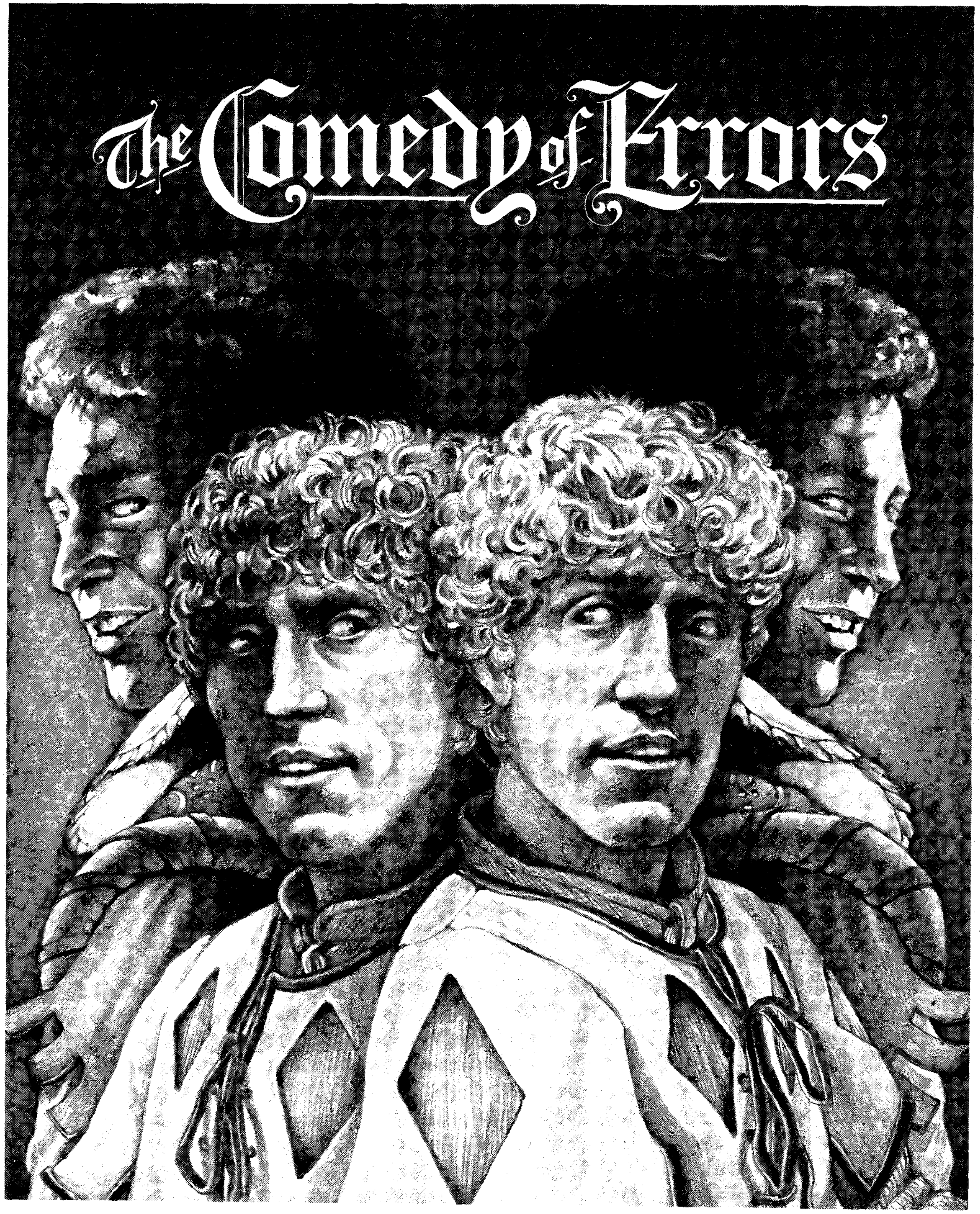
Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Saturday, Feb. 18, Brad Leftwich and Linda Higginbotham; Thursday, Feb. 23, **COUNTRY GAZETTE**; and Saturday, Feb. 25, **KEN KOSEK, RICK EPPING**, and **ALAN FELDMAN**. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Thursdays and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek hangout for traditional jazz. The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Feb. 19, the **WARREN CHIASSON** quartet will take the stand. On Mondays, trumpeter Ed Polcer's quintet is on hand, Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio is present. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Feb. 15, Wake Up Dead, at nine and midnight; Friday, Feb. 17, **ERIC ANDERSEN**, at eight and eleven; Saturday, Feb. 18, and Tuesday, Feb. 21, Steve & Mark; Sunday, Feb. 19, at nine, comedienne Jane Brucker; Wednesday, Feb. 22, the Scene Is Now, at nine and midnight, plus a movie; Friday, Feb. 24, Lord Burgess, at eight and eleven; and Saturday, Feb. 25, **JACK ELLIOTT**, at eight and eleven. Thursdays from nine are comedy nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 15-16, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE** and guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE**; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 17-18, pianist **BARRY HARRIS'S** trio; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 19-20, singer Carol Fredette; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 21-22, pianist **HAL SCHAEFER**; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 23-25, guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS**. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a



Enjoy Shakespeare's shortest comedy with a delightful double twist on mistaken identity. A new television production starring Roger Daltrey, rockstar of The Who, and Michael Kitchen as the bewildered twins.

Monday, February 20 on PBS

Check your local listings.

Brought to you by Exxon, Metropolitan Life, and The Morgan Bank.

THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS

jazz landmark (it is). Kitt Moran sings with Mike Moran, Bob DeVos, and Jack Dryden through Sunday, Feb. 19; Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 22-26, have been allotted to singer Alicia Sherman and the Matt McErlean trio. Mondays, singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** works with bassist John Belzaguy, and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson has the floor. Sundays **BROOKS KERR** plays mostly in a stride style and sings mostly in his own style from five to ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. The pianist Tuesdays through Saturdays is **DICK WELLSTOOD,** and on Sunday and Monday, Feb. 19-20, **JUDY CARMICHAEL** will claim the bench. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

JASMINE, 168 W. 96th St. (662-6665)—A new jazz outlet on the upper West Side. The Gail Wynters trio performs through Saturday, Feb. 18; on Tuesday, Feb. 21, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will move his quintet in. Sundays are the property of saxophonists **C-SHARPE** and **STEVE GROSSMAN,** and Mondays belong to singer Keisha Bostic. Music from about ten until about two-thirty. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. **FRED HERSCH** and **MARC JOHNSON** collaborate on piano-bass duets through Saturday, Feb. 18; on Tuesday, Feb. 21, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **RON MC CLURE** will move in for six nights; and Sundays are allotted to pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The lineup: blues Wednesday and blues Thursday, Feb. 15-16, **BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS** and Sugar Ray & the Blue Notes; Sunday, Feb. 19, **JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALL-STARS** and Urgence; Tuesday, Feb. 21, Los Lobos, an L.A.-Mex rockabilly band; Wednesday, Feb. 22, comics Tom Davis and Al Franken; and Thursday, Feb. 23, the Pousette-Dart Band and the Pencils. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. A jazz band called Silk will play through Thursday, Feb. 16; Friday through Monday, Feb. 17-20, will be given over to the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** big band; and on Tuesday, Feb. 21, four guitarists—**JOHN ABERCROMBIE, JOHN SCOFIELD, VIC JURIS,** and **CHUCK LOEB**—will arrive with bassist **MARC JOHNSON** and drummer **PETER ERSKINE.** Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JULIE WILSON,** an especially convincing and moving performer, sings a tribute to Cole Porter Tuesdays through Saturdays. Shows begin at nine-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 15, Susan Winder; Thursday, Feb. 16, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 17-18, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A rock, folk, folk-rock, and comedy club. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 15, Alan Mann, the This, and Thom Morlan & the Reactions; Thursday, Feb. 16, Station F.M., the Visitors, and T. C. Kross; Friday, Feb. 17, Bricks Mortar, the Tapes, and Human Hands; Saturday, Feb. 18, singers Tom Intondi and Christine Lavin; Monday, Feb. 20, End to End, plus a movie; Tuesday, Feb. 21, comic Jack Martling; Wednesday, Feb. 22, Billy & the Buttons, Stained Glas, and Task Force; Thursday, Feb. 23, the Band Next Door, Feral Playthings, and J.C. & the Microtones; Friday, Feb. 24, the Igloos, Mojo Bone, and the Habit; and Saturday, Feb. 25, Maiden American, the Kitty Bruce Band, and the Eve Moon Band. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave., at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, Feb. 17, the Dance; Saturday, Feb. 18, the Del-Lords; Friday, Feb. 24, the Vipers; and Saturday, Feb. 25, the Individuals. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

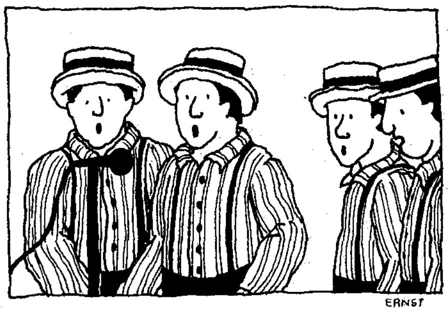
RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**WOODY HERMAN,** on clarinet, on vocals, and leading a gliding rather than a thundering octet, is here Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Saturday, Feb. 18, Wire Train; Saturday, Feb. 25, the **FLESHTONES.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 15, Somersault; Thursday, Feb. 16, Ronaldo, a Brazilian singer; Friday through Sunday, Feb. 17-19, an outfit that includes trumpeter **LEW SOLOFF,** saxophonist **LOU MARINI,** drummer **BUDDY WILLIAMS,** and pianist **LARRY WILLIS;** Tuesday, Feb. 21, Richard Reiter; Wednesday, Feb. 22, Air Apparent; Thursday, Feb. 23, Clarice Taylor, another Brazilian singer; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN.** Mondays are **GIL EVANS BIG BAND** nights. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** the South African pianist known for years as Dollar Brand, is here through Sunday, Feb. 19, playing his lilting, rolling music with his group; Monday, Feb. 20, will be claimed by **JANE IRA BLOOM** and her quartet; and on Tuesday, Feb. 21, **LESTER BOWIE** will arrive with his talking, squawking trumpet, his quintet, and a repertoire that includes "It's Howdy Doody Time," a dramatic "The Great Pretender," "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," and other tunes. Shows from about nine-thirty. Dining.



TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A friendly, unassuming music hangout. Rock guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY** is here Wednesday, Feb. 15; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 16-18, Buster Poindexter will perform; Sundays are given over to the Delancey Street Hawaiians; and Tuesdays are reserved for a band called Memphis to St. Joe. Music after nine.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences: on Monday, Feb. 20, **TITO PUENTE** and **RAY BARRETTO** and their respective bands will be present along with guest jazz soloist **ZOOT SIMS.** On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 17-18, downstairs, and Sunday, Feb. 19, in the Top of the Gate, upstairs, flutist **HERBIE MANN'S** sextet, featuring saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN,** goes on at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace, pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** can be heard every night but Monday, and on Tuesdays so can jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN.**

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Drummer **ELVIN JONES,** who looks just like a gold medallist, leads his quintet through Sunday, Feb. 19, and on Tuesday, Feb. 21, singer **ABBEY LINCOLN** will move in with a backing quartet. On Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is in charge. Music from ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. **JIM HALL** and **RON CARTER** practice the art of the guitar-bass duet Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The pianists: Wednesday, Feb. 15, Barry Olsen; Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 20-22, Esther Blue; and Thursdays through Sundays Tony Regusis. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The musicians: Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 15-18, saxophonist **ALLEN EAGER** will head up a quartet; on Monday, Feb. 20, guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** will drop by; and on Wednesday, Feb. 22, pianist **JOE ALBANY** and trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER** will begin a four-night visit. Sundays belong to alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **DICK KATZ,** and Tuesdays to Shelton Gary. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A piano-bass nook in a town-house restaurant. The musicians: **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, Feb. 18, and Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 21-25, and every Sunday, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Bertoncini and Moore have been playing their own brand of chamber music—a lively mixture of jazz, classical, and tinges of rock—together for several years. Bertoncini's classical playing is moving, and he makes it look effortless; Moore's solos and super-delicate backup work are as astounding as ever. Music from eight.

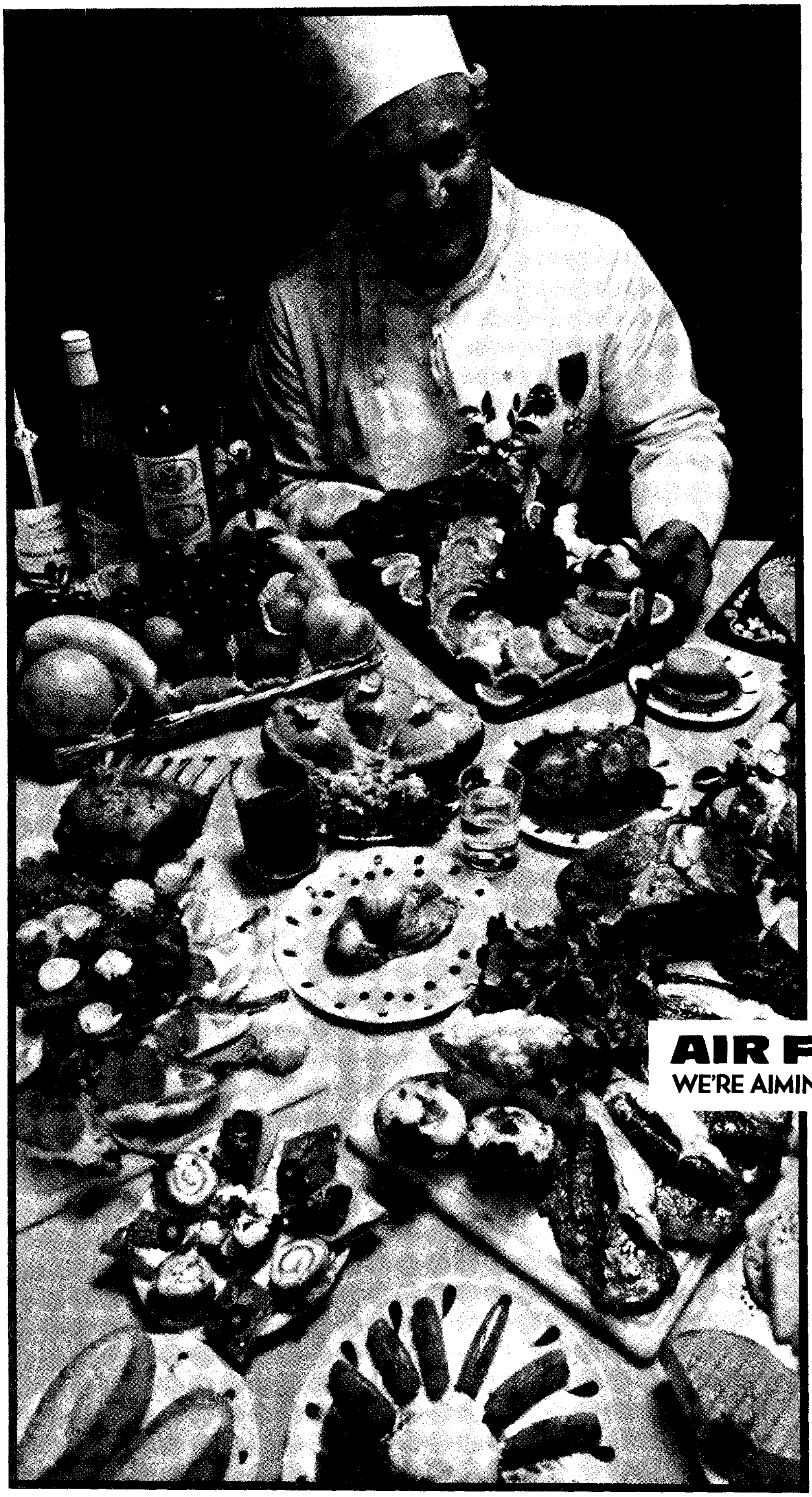
JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

MENUDO—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Feb. 15, through Thursday, Feb. 23. Weeknights at 8; Sunday at 3 and 8.

TOMMY FLANAGAN AND GEORGE MRAZ—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Feb. 17, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

TONINHO HORTA—Center for Inter-American Re-

AIR FRANCE PREMIERE:
WHERE MICHEL MARTIN'S CREATIONS SOAR.



We want you to know the man who lavishes such care on the selection and preparation of the outstanding cuisine and French wines served in Air France Première.

He's Michel Martin of Montargis, France, and he's our master chef for all flights from the United States.

A member of the Cordon Bleu and Académie Culinaire de France, Chef Martin has won more culinary awards than even he can remember.

The man is a perfectionist. Your meal must not look or taste like airline food. And it must be served as it would be in any of the great French restaurants he's presided over on both sides of the Atlantic.

So, even though you're miles above the Atlantic, you find your dining table being covered in linen, and set with Limoges and silver.

Michel Martin gives his undivided attention to the presentation, appearance and substance of your meal.

And Air France gives that same kind of attention to every other detail. From the luxurious Jet Sleeper seat to the expanse of your personal space, the sumptuousness of Air France Première makes the difference.

AIR FRANCE
WE'RE AIMING EVEN HIGHER

ANNOUNCING A PROUD ADDITION TO YOUR FAMILY.

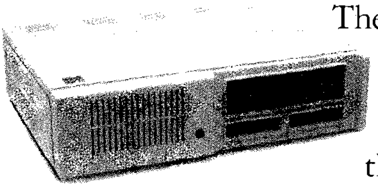
The next addition to your family could be the bright little newcomer in the growing family of IBM® personal computers.

Name: PC*jr.* Weight: 12 pounds. Heritage: more than 30 years of computer experience.

"Junior" is a powerful tool for modern times. Yet it's simple enough for a child to enjoy.

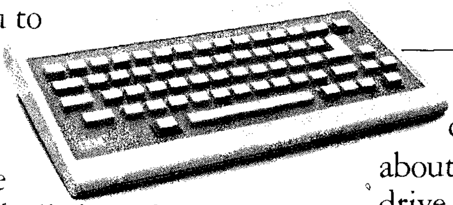
BRINGING HOME BABY

It's a big day when PC*jr* comes home.



The surprises begin the moment you open the carton.

Surprise #1 is the IBM "Freeboard"—a keyboard that doesn't need a connecting cord. The Freeboard frees you to move around and relax.



Then there's the Keyboard Adventure—an instructional exercise for first-time users. It's built into the computer and explained step-by-step in the Guide to Operations. It will help anyone begin learning as soon as PC*jr* is hooked up to a TV set.

In systems equipped with a diskette drive, there's a program that lets you explore computer fundamentals at your own pace, with PC*jr* as your teacher.

And to get you off and running from the very first day, a sample diskette with eleven useful mini-programs (ranging from a spreadsheet for monthly expenses to a word game and a recipe file) is also included.

But there are still more surprises.

FAMILY COMPUTING MADE EASY

Many IBM software programs written for other IBM personal computers will run on PC*jr.* And inexpensive new ones written especially for PC*jr* are being released.

An easy-to-use diskette word processing program, for example, uses pictures as well as words to guide you along. A comprehensive IBM home budget program makes keeping track of money easier. There's also a selection of educational programs for children at home and at school.

And when the work is finished (or perhaps before), the fun can begin. Just slip in a game cartridge and stand back.

GROWING UP WITH JUNIOR

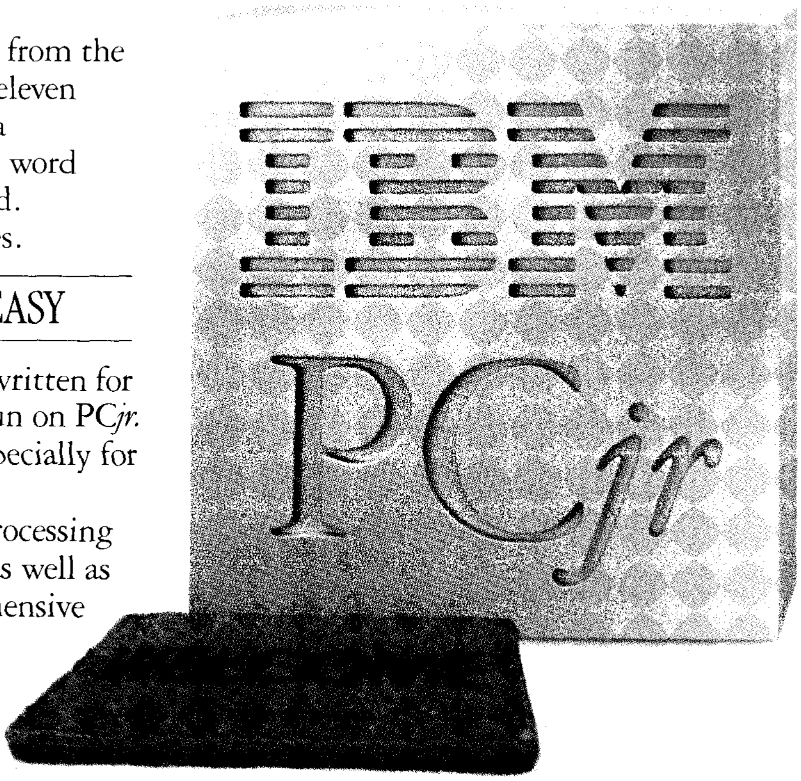
Add a printer. A diskette drive. An internal modem for telecommunications. Increase user memory from 64KB to 128KB. With these and other add-it-yourself options, even the lowest-priced PC*jr* can grow up *real* fast.

PC*jr* is a powerful tool for home, school or college. With its optional carrying case, it's a powerful tool anywhere you care to take it.

SEE JUNIOR RUN

Junior's starting model includes a 64KB cassette/cartridge unit and Freeboard for about $700. A 128KB model with diskette drive is about $1300. (Prices apply at IBM Product Centers. Prices may vary at other stores.)

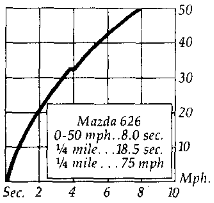
Your local authorized IBM PC*jr* dealer proudly invites you to see this bright little addition to the family. For the store nearest you, just call 1-800-IBM-PCJR. In Alaska and Hawaii, 1-800-447-0890.



MAZDA 626 SPORT COUPE. UNUSUAL PERFORMANCE, LUXURY, AND VALUE IN ONE GREAT ROAD CAR.

The word got out fast.

Motor Trend magazine named the all-new front-wheel-drive Mazda 626 its 1983 Import Car of the Year. *Car and Driver* said: "[It] does everything well, and that makes it the standard of comparison in its class..."

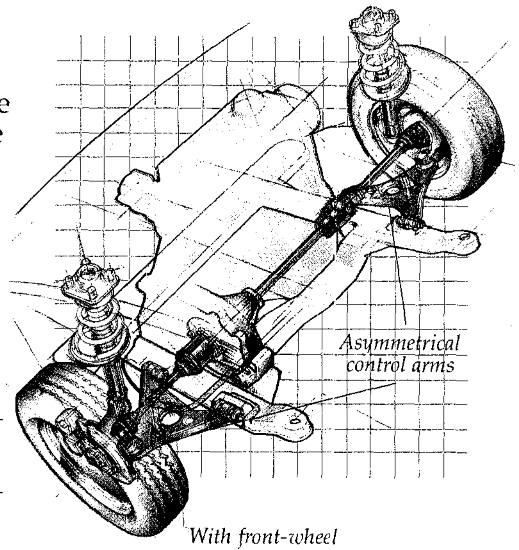


The public responded quickly by making the 626 one of the most popular road cars ever introduced in America.

And why not? The innovative 626 gives you an advanced 2-litre overhead cam engine for swift acceleration. A years-ahead suspension system for exceptional handling. An interior spacious enough for five. A 6-way adjustable driver's seat. A stunning list of standard features.

In truth, the 626 is one road car that permits you to experience something highly unusual. Namely, the performance and luxury you look for—at a price you hardly dared hope for.

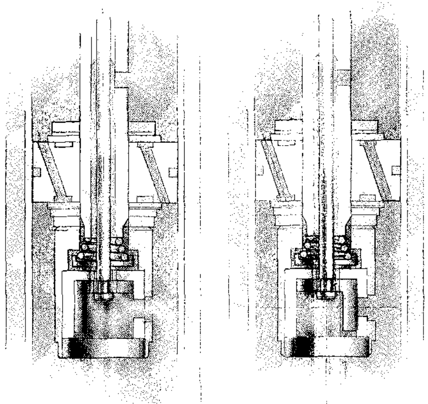
41 EST. HWY. MPG / **29** EST.* MPG



With front-wheel drive, the engine is offset to the right. To counteract this imbalance and permit equal response in left and right turns, the 626 uses unique asymmetrical control arms (the right arm is 1.4 inches shorter than the left).

EXPERIENCE

Electronic Variable Shock Absorbers are controlled by buttons on the dash linked to a solenoid valve atop each shock. NORMAL setting provides a softer ride. In AUTOMATIC mode, the front shocks stiffen above 50 mph for greater stability at cruising speed. SPORT, as the name implies, gives you firmer damping in all four shocks.



Normal: valve open

Sport: valve closed

Standard features include 5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • Steel-belted radial tires • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Front and rear anti-sway bars • Halogen headlamps • Electric rear window defroster • Remote releases for trunk and fuel-filler door • 60/40 split fold-down rear seatbacks • Tilt steering wheel • Quartz digital clock • Full cut-pile carpeting • Carpeted trunk • Tachometer • Trip odometer • Dual remote door mirrors • Intermittent windshield wiper feature • Tinted glass.

Experienced drivers buckle up.

1984 Mazda 626 Sport Coupe

$8495**

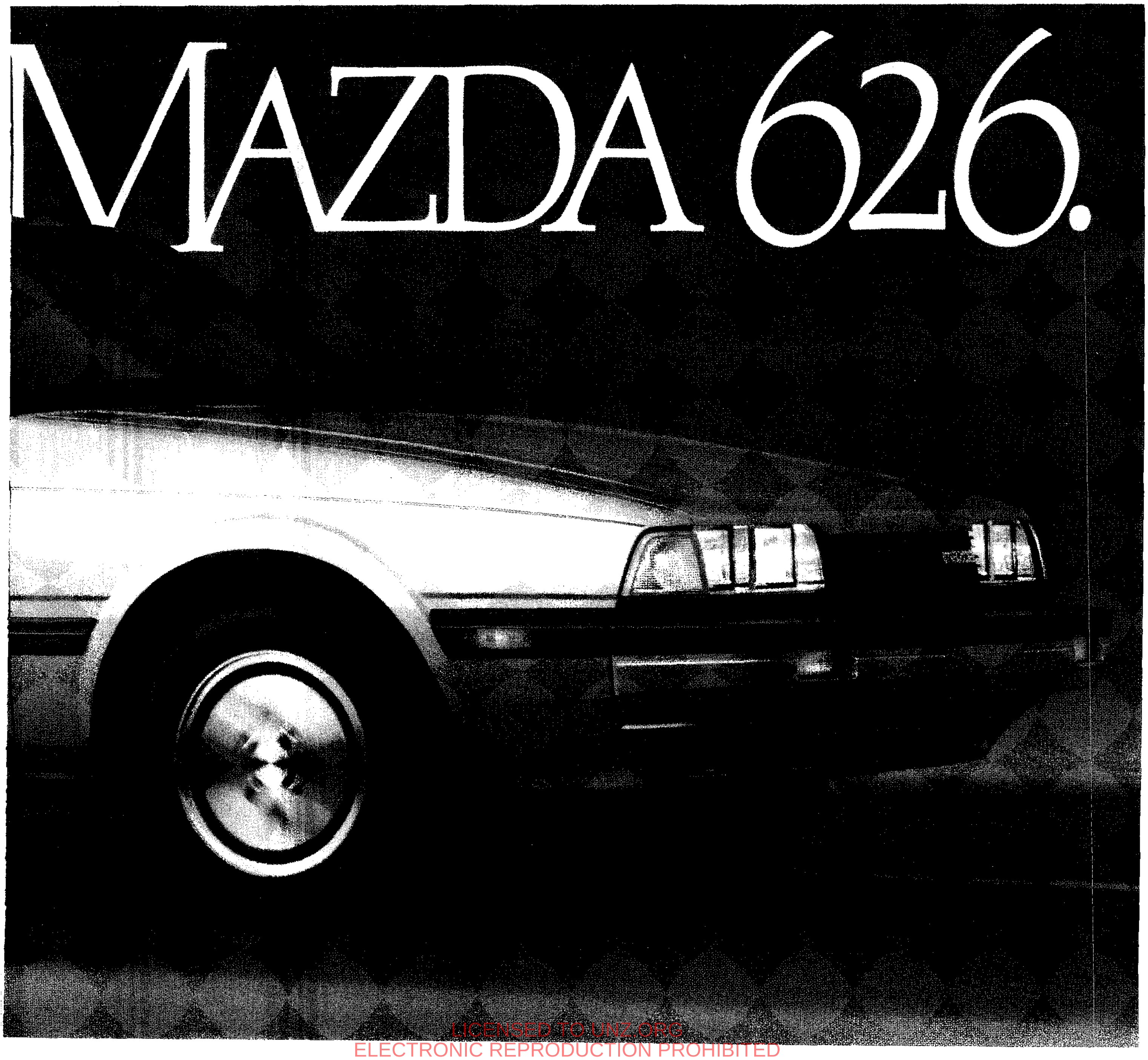
To get your free copy of our 24-page, full-color catalog detailing the entire Mazda 626 Series, write to:

Mazda 626 Offer
Box 5960
Orange, CA 92668

*EPA estimates for comparison. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price set by dealer. Taxes, license, freight, options (tires/al. wheels shown) and other dealer charges extra. Price may change without notice. Availability of vehicles with specific features may vary.

mazda

THE MORE YOU LOOK,
THE MORE YOU LIKE.



Imported from England
Play to win.
SONATA
C. Arillon
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOMBAY
DISTILLED LONDON
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRIT FROM A 1761 RECIPE
86° Proof 750ml
PRODUCT OF ENGLAND
Sole Distributors for the USA
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD.
New York N.Y.
BOMBAY
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND

© Carillon Importers, Ltd., N.Y. 86 Proof. 100% grain neutral spirits.

lations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8.

Earl Coleman—With Mike Abene, Walter Bolden, and George Duvivier. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

Adam Ant—With the Romantics. (Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

John Cunningham—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.

Jazz Center of New York—Friday, Feb. 17, at 8:30 and 10: Ralph Dorsey Ensemble, with Tina Fabrik. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30 and 10: Jimmy Owens and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25, at 9: James Jabbo Ware and the Me We & Them Orchestra. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 924-5026.)

Irving Plaza—Saturday, Feb. 18: Drongoes, Backbones, and Armband. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25: Eek-a Mouse and Calabash. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows begin after 11:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings in which bold, centered motifs are bordered in softer contrasting patterns. Through March 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975)—Eight paintings, including a still-life done in 1917 and a sunrise on Martha's Vineyard, dated 1969. Through Feb. 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Federico Castellon (1914-71)—Paintings and works on paper from the thirties, by a Surrealist. Through March 1. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Maureen Connor—Sculptures in which drapery motifs are carried to abstraction. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Robert Cottingham—Photo-Realist works on paper, sometimes rendering the same subject in different mediums—in graphite, for instance, or then again in watercolor. Through March 23. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Rackstraw Downes—New paintings and works on paper, some with panoramic views of Manhattan and of Portland, Maine. Through March 10. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Paintings. Through March 3. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Seventeen oils and eleven works on paper dating from the mid-twenties until the year he died. Through March 31. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Lobe—New sculptures. Through Feb. 29. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Howard Newman—Abstract bronzes and related paintings in acrylic and charcoal on paper. Through March 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Francisco Oller (1833-1917)—Fifty-odd paintings by a leading Puerto Rican artist who studied in France and has several works in the Louvre. Through March 18. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Working drawings for some of his sculptural pieces, done in bold black-and-white strokes. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Hoffeld, a new gallery at 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Twenty-six works that were all considered avant-garde not so long ago, by such artists as Niles Spencer, Lachaise, Calder, Matulka, and Joseph Stella. Through Wednesday, Feb. 22. . . . **SPANIERMAN**, 50 E. 78th St.: A show of nineteenth-century American genre paintings includes a colorful East Indian procession by Edwin Lord Weeks; two youths, one black and one white, by James Clonney; and a portrait by Frederick MacMonnies of his two daughters. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . **STEINBAUM**, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs by sixty-two artists whose works are shown in pairs because this is a husband-and-wife show: the Drexlers, the Kozloffs, the Woodmans, others. Through Saturday, Feb. 18.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Sculpture—One work and one drawing each by ten Minimalists, including Tom Butter, Brigid Kennedy, Mia Westerlund Roosen, and Jay Coogan. Through Feb. 28. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Paintings and works on paper from throughout the artist's career. Through Feb. 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ella Bergmann (1896-1971)—Drawings and collages by a Constructivist connected with the Bauhaus and the Dadaists. Through March 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Bosman / Sylvia Plimack Mangold—Heroic brush drawings, each narrating a disaster at sea—the monstrous wave, the flooded engine room, the lowered lifeboats, etc. / Pastel landscapes framed by the trompe-l'oeil tape that is her hallmark. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer / Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Heavily impastoed paintings from the past year. Through Wednesday, Feb. 22. / Nonobjective drawings reflecting the influence of Mondrian. Through March 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ernest Briggs—New oils by an Abstract Expressionist. Through March 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Sam Cady / Pierre Klossowski—Steeply foreshortened shaped canvases representing a rowboat, a bungalow, a highway bridge, and so on. / Almost life-size and mildly erotic colored-pencil figure drawings by Balthus's philosopher brother. Through Friday, Feb. 24. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. In the foyer is a group of early drawings and paintings by Mark Tobey.)

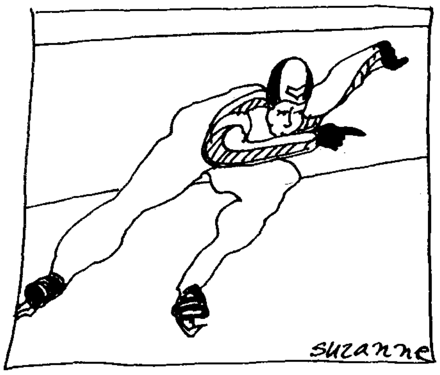
Bernard Chaet—Paintings: still-lifes and scenes of Rockport, Massachusetts. Through March 3. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Chiriani / Christopher Jones—Cityscapes executed from the various bridges around Manhattan. / Large, loosely painted landscapes of Maine. Through Feb. 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gregorio Cuartas—Hard-edge realist paintings. Through March 3. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Peter Dean—Recent Expressionist paintings centered on three themes—Revolutionary heroes, American Indians, and lovers. Through March 10. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jimmy Ernst (1920-84)—Paintings of kachina dolls, landscapes with sea grass, and abstractions by this artist, who was the son of Max Ernst and who died suddenly the day before this show opened. Through March 3. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)



Alvaro Guevara (1894-1951)—Paintings of everyday life in London and Paris—a park scene, a swimming pool—by a Chilean-born artist who married Meraud Guinness, herself a painter. Through March 8. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Dieter Hacker / Hugh O'Donnell—Paintings and drawings by a contemporary German artist. / Works on paper. Through March 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Diana Kurz—Figures and still-lifes are seen in these new paintings, and the latter are also on view in charcoal and pastel drawings. Through Feb. 27. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert LaHotan—Paintings of figures in gardens, the seashore, and so on, all in Maine. Through March 3. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Rodger Mack—Abstract brass sculptures. Through Feb. 28. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ethel Magafan—Mountain landscapes of Colorado, Montana, and other Northwestern states. Through March 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Michael Malpass—Recent steel sculptures. Through March 2. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

James McGarrell—A fifteen-foot realist triptych, with a flashy Italian landscape in the background and a wealth of incident in the foreground, dominates this show of lively new works. Through March 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Richard Merkin—Literary and musical figures are prominent in these lush pastels, one of them an imaginary portrait of Ambrose Bierce lurking in Mexico. Through March 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Charles Moser—New paintings and drawings of lonely landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St.)

Alice Neel—Paintings from the past five decades of subjects the artist characterizes as "human creatures." Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Marsha Pels—New bronze sculpture, some of it involving castings made in loose sand and capitalizing on the antic run of the molten material. One piece suggests a thicket of plants rising from a jungle of tangled roots. Through March 3. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Robert Ryman—Recent paintings. Through March 16. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

F. L. Schroder—Abstract wall sculptures made of sections of aluminum tracking welded together; the artist currently has a show at the Queens Museum. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Bright-colored shaped canvases, circular, oval, and in clusters, in a two-gallery show—at the uptown Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and at the downtown Washburn, 113 Greene St. Through Saturday, Feb. 25.

Donald Sultan—Strong new paintings, of white-faced steers forming a pattern on a black ground; or cantaloupe pickers with white sun hats and tow sacks; or pumping oil wells silhouetted in tarry black on a surface of dried autumn leaves. Through March 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Diane Townsend—Profusions of peaches, apples, quinces, persimmons, and black plums occupy these paintings and pastels, along with an occasional bit of landscape in the background. Through Feb. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

American Women Artists—Sixty works by as many painters and sculptors—among them Janet Fish, April Gornik, Ida Applebroog, and Nancy Grossman—who came to prominence in the sixties and after. Through March 3. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **DONSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Prints from the past four centuries by Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya, Matisse, Nolde, and others. Through Feb. 29. . . . **HERSTAND**, 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Europeans and a few

Americans, including a Morandi still-life, Bauhaus-period watercolors by Klee and Kandinsky, and a bronze maquette by Noguchi. Through March 10. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Fifty nineteenth-century prints, including a lithograph by Soulange Teissier done after William Sidney Mount's painting "Coming to the Point," and a number of depictions of the exploits of George Washington. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . **PROTETCH,** 37 W. 57th St.: A wall drawing by Sol LeWitt and new works, mostly paintings, by Joan Snyder, Robert Mangold, and others. Through March 3.

GALLERIES—SoHo

BRUCE BOICE—Curvilinear forms are painted in pastel shades in these large, bubbly compositions. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

ROGER BROWN—Stylized paintings: political and historical subjects, landscapes. Through March 7. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

DAVID BUDD—A dozen new canvases in which a slender rope of built-up paint snakes across a black ground, plus an all-white example of this pioneer monochromatic painter's early (1955) work. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

JAY COOGAN—A sculptural installation containing abstractions in bronze and in concrete over Styrofoam. Through March 6. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

HERVÉ DI ROSA—Wildly imaginative creatures painted on unstretched canvas or modelled in synthetics by this member of the French Figuration Libre movement; his influences include circus posters, and his local peers are the Graffitists. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

RAFAEL FERRER—Paintings of figures in tropical settings. Through March 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

LEON GOLUB—Large paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

GEORGE GREEN / JERRY WILLIAMS—Charcoal drawings of a Vorticist nature; a realistic eye peeps out of the curlicues in some of them. / Illuminated dioramas set in cases, one depicting a pair of thieves deep inside a museum, cutting Titian's "Venus of Urbino" out of its frame. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

GARY HALL—Paintings of trapeze artists going through their disciplined movements, seen against dark backgrounds. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

GORDON HART—Gold leaf, silver leaf, and lacquer applied to canvas, plus other, largely new works by an abstractionist. Through March 14. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at 1.)

JÖRG IMMENDORFF—Outsized paintings heavily freighted with symbols—swastikas, eagles, hammer-and-sickles, stars; the artist is a German Neo-Expressionist. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

EVE INGALLS—Paintings of winter's traceries shown in icebound trees and snowy mountains. Through Feb. 29. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

JASPER JOHNS—Bathroom details (faucets, a straw hamper) and plaster-cast arms that hang down the front of several works seem to be the new developments in this series of paintings, most of which carry patches of his familiar herringbone pattern. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

DIANE KAROL / CHING-HUANG CHUNG—Collage paintings. / Painted wall reliefs. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

MIKE KELLEY—Declamatory works in which the artist deals, in words and cartoonlike drawings, with matters like the expanding universe, and also invents new and bawdy constellations. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

NIKI LOGIS / LARRY CLARK—A large architectural sculpture made of painted steel and assembled with angle irons and other structural necessities. / A series of eighty-three photographs entitled "Teenage Lust." The prints date from 1963-80. Through Feb. 28. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

NICHOLAS MARSICANO—Figure paintings. Through March 3. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

DENNIS OPPENHEIM—Noisy working models for museum projects, plus related drawings, among other works. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

LEE QUINONES—Very large paintings of murder and mugging, for instance, by one of the Fab 5 spray-can Graffitists (they concentrated on the No. 5 I.R.T. trains). Included in the show is a traditional Crucifixion. Through March 1. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

RICHARD SABA—Large colorful abstractions. Through March 7. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

GREGG SMITH—Figurative drawings and paintings, the former veiled by a scrim of colored, wiggly lines, and the latter severely stylized. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

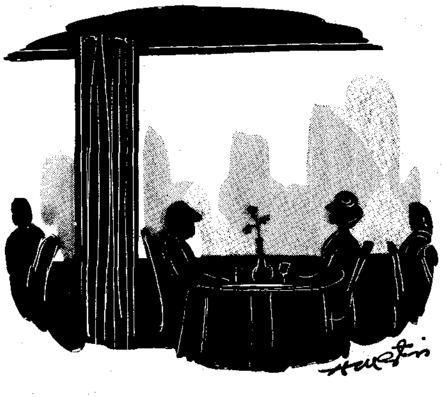
SELINA TRIEFF—Figures in charcoal and oil. Through Feb. 29. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

TERRY WINTERS—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

NATURE AS IMAGE—Eighteen artists exhibiting their treatments of that timeless theme Mother Nature, in a show of paintings and works on paper presented by the Organization of Independent Artists. Gregory Amenoff, Jennifer Bartlett, Peter Flaccus, Thomas Nozkowski, Marina Cappelletto, and others. Through Feb. 28. (Directions on Broadway, at No. 452. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

TOTEM—A three-gallery show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by more than forty artists whose works, while primarily figurative, incorporate primitive images and symbols. Some of those represented are Georg Baselitz, Jonathan Borofsky, Susan Rothenberg, Susan Laufer, Joseph Nechvatal, and Sandro Chia. Through March 3. (Bonnier, Cowles, and Germans van Eck, all at 420 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by ten artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. . . . **ESMAN,** 121 Spring St.: Sculptures by nine artists, among which are bright-painted wall pieces by Abraham David Christian, a young German, and sombre constructions containing found pieces by Brett DePalma. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . **THORP,** in an expansive new space one floor above the post office at 103 Prince St.: April Gornik and Ken Kiff are two of the gallery artists included in an inaugural show, which is also the occasion for welcoming new members of the stable (Robert Helm, Porfirio Di Donna, others). . . . ¶ In another room here, drawings and stone sculptures by Edward Finnegan are on view. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: Abstract paintings by Hermine Ford, Ellen Phelan, and Jan Hashey. Through Saturday, Feb. 25.



OTHER GALLERIES

PETER BROWN AND GARRICK DOLBERG—Two sculptors who work in wood, the former employing discarded crates in light trestlework constructions and the latter bending plywood into winglike pieces. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

STEPHEN LUDLUM / PETER YOUNG—Paintings of broken statuary, thorny vines, geometric forms, and rows of numbers, done in white on a black field. / Grid patterns in different colors laid down one on top of the other on large vertical panels, giving the effect of rich tapestry. Through March 10. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

CARTOON '84—Original work by more than fifty artists, among them Lee Lorenz, Roz Chast, Arnie Levin, Jack Ziegler, Charles Saxon, and Joseph Mirachi. Through March 16. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **80 WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST GALLERIES,** New York University: The exhibitors in the eighth annual small-works competition (all entries must be a foot or less in dimension) were selected by Carroll Janis. Through March 2. (Open Tuesday evenings until 7.) . . . **GARET,** 204 E. 10th St.: Small works on paper by fourteen artists, among them Alice Neel, Tom Otterness, George Sugarman, and Robert Yarber. Through Sunday, Feb. 19. (Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . **VISUAL ARTS MUSEUM,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Two abstract paintings each—one large, one small—by six New York artists who stand, presumably, at the halfway points of their careers: Jake Berthot, Jerry Buchanan, Alan Kleiman, Joan Snyder, Joan Thorne, and Jerry Zeniuk. Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Mondays, except Feb. 20, through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

SCULPTURE—A show called "Id" (as in Freud), containing works by fourteen artists, among them Italo Scanga, Christy Rupp, Mia Westerlund Roosen, and Nancy Grossman. Through March 10. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

DAVID BAILEY—Eighty large-scale prints featuring celebrities from the sixties. Through April 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

JO ALISON FEILER—Twenty-three photographs in a first solo show in New York. Through March 10. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

FRANCIS FRITH (1822-98)—Sixty prints of the Middle East, taken on three trips made in the eighteen-eighties. Also, stereographs and books. Through April 20. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays, except Feb. 20, through Wednesdays, 10 to 9, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

NIC NICOSIA—A show of trick color photographs called "Near Modern Disasters." Through March 3. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

SUSAN RANKAITIS / ROBBERT FLICK—Prints that the gallery describes as "hybrids of painting and photography." They deal in some way with symbols of flight (airplanes, the space shuttle). / Landscape and cityscape photographs taken in sequence and mounted on a grid. Through March 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ART SINSABAUGH (1924-83)—Twenty-two landscapes of the Southwest taken in 1980 and 1981 and printed by the photographer, specifically for this show, shortly before his death last September. Through March 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT J. STEINBERG—Photographs of still-lifes and nudes. Through March 16. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

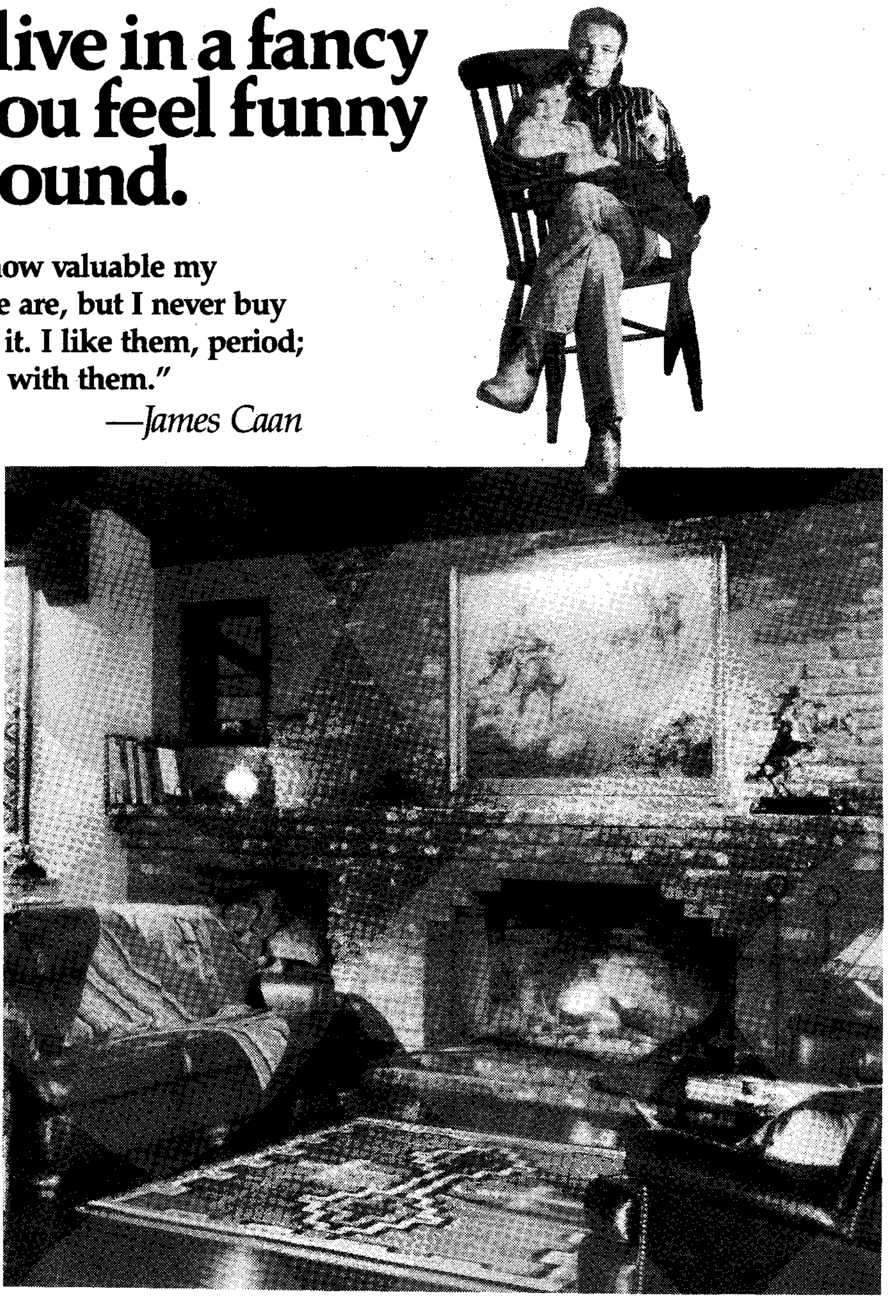
JAMES VAN DERZEE (1886-1983)—More than seventy prints, along with memorabilia from the photographer's home and studio. Through March 2. (City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **LEDEL,** 168 Mercer St.: Prints of New York City, 1890 to now. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Opens at noon.)

"I couldn't live in a fancy house where you feel funny lazing around.

People tell me how valuable my art and furniture are, but I never buy anything to sell it. I like them, period; that's why I live with them."

—*James Caan*



Architectural Digest is not just about architecture. Nor is it a digest. It has become what The Wall Street Journal called "the pre-eminent publication in the world of interior design."

As an interior design magazine, it is especially gratifying to us to be able to reveal the unique, and very private, ambiance of a home belonging to someone like James Caan.

Or Julia Child—who told us she was thrilled with "the splendid feature about our Cambridge home. We are absolutely delighted to have the copy, which we shall treasure the rest of our lives."

Or Diana Vreeland, who found our coverage of her home "too delightful for words..." She wrote, "How beautiful the whole magazine is."

Our high standards have won us the respect of the top interior designers and their clients. So we are invited—and sometimes, frankly, begged—to include some 700 interiors a year. From those we choose only la crème de la crème—one out of ten.

In addition, we seek out the private homes of such celebrities as Fred Astaire, Truman Capote, Mary Tyler Moore, Givenchy. And evoke with color camera and pen the grandeur of such historic houses as Sir Winston Churchill's Chartwell and North Carolina's Biltmore House.

If you love beautiful homes—and would love to look behind the closed doors of delightful country estates, penthouse apartments, Mediterranean villas, imposing old town-houses, film stars' mansions, French provincial castles—isn't it about time you, too, discovered *Architectural Digest?*

To make the discovery easy, we invite you to mail the coupon at right for a complimentary copy (retail value, $4.50). No obligation to continue as a subscriber unless you are delighted and feel that you want to.

Send for a complimentary copy.

© 1984 Knapp Communications Corporation

ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST
P.O. Box 2418, Boulder, Colorado 80322

Please send me a complimentary copy of *Architectural Digest* (retail value, $4.50) and enter my special introductory subscription. You may bill me $19.95 for eight issues. That's seven issues plus my complimentary issue. I save almost 45% off the newsstand price. If I am not delighted with my complimentary copy, I may simply write "cancel" on the bill and return it to you without paying or owing anything. In any case, the complimentary copy is mine to keep. I understand that it will be mailed within 6-8 weeks. New subscribers only, please.

☐ Bill me ☐ Payment enclosed (mail in envelope)

ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST

Name ______________________
(Please print)

Address ______________________

City ______________________

State ______________ Zip ______________

Offer valid in U.S.A. only.

63115

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

. . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paul Caponigro's photograph of a cloud and a tree nicely illustrates a show of photographs, paintings, and graphics called "Clouds and Trees." Through Saturday, Feb. 25. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A selection of fifty of Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical drawings from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle is being shown in conjunction with an exhibit of sixty anatomical Renaissance prints. Both through April 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings (watercolors, chiefly) by American landscape artist Charles Burchfield. Through March 25. . . . ¶ Forty-one seventeenth-century Dutch portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and genre and marine paintings on loan from the Royal Picture Gallery, Mauritshuis. Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, van Ruisdael, and a number of their esteemed colleagues. Through April 15. . . . ¶ A selection of miniature paintings and illuminated pages from Islamic books in the collection of Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan which date from the twelfth century to the seventeenth. Starts Friday, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—The museum will be closed for renovations for a few months.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of thirty works on paper by Walter Stein (1924-81) which were a bequest from his estate. Starts Friday, Feb. 17. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, Feb. 20, from 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Two concurrent shows of the works of Willem de Kooning. Drawings (close to a hundred and thirty) from the past six decades have been mounted on the second floor. Through Sunday, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and sculptures from the past fifty years occupies the fourth-floor galleries. Through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ A recent bequest of nine drawings by sculptor Theodore Roszak (1907-81), plus an outright gift of two more, prompts a small show of sculptures, drawings, and a painting originally seen in the Whitney's second biennial. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The fifty paintings in the Malcolm Morley retrospective trace the artist's progression from Photo-Realism to Expressionism. Starts Friday, Feb. 17. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, Feb. 20, from 1 to 5.)

CHINA INSTITUTE, 125 E. 65th St.—The bicentennial of the establishment of trade and cultural relations between the United States and China is the occasion for a loan exhibit of Chinese Export porcelains from the Mottahedeh collection. Through March 7. A complementary show is currently at the Museum of the City of New York. (The institute is open daily except Monday, Feb. 20. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of etchings by the Tiepolos, father and sons. Through April 22. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of more than three hundred netsuke, generally small carved figures, which were formerly used by Japanese men to anchor small pouches to their obis and are now collected as decorative objects. Through April 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A hundred items (rare books, manuscripts, prints, and objects) that played a significant part in the hundred-year history of exhibitions at this institution, which opened in May of 1884 with a show of modern etchings which drew an audience of six hundred in the first three days. Through March 31. (Open daily, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 20, from 10 to 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The British Library has provided forty-nine examples of manuscript painting by Renaissance artists, including Jean Fouquet, who is represented by a leaf from a Book of Hours commissioned by his patron Étienne Chevalier. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Nearly a hundred examples of Chinese Export porcelains (from miniature teacups to a six-gallon punch bowl), dated 1750-1865 and made specifically for New York customers, among them Alexander Hamilton and John Jay. A similar display is at the China Institute. (The museum is open daily. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 20, from 1 to 5.)

NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—"Art & Ideology" has more than eighty works by ten artists who address social and political issues in their paintings, photographs, installations, videotapes, and performances. Allan Sekula, Nancy Spero, Jerry Kearns, and Hannah Wilke are included. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Ten contemporary artists showing assemblages and constructions that are related stylistically to Constructivism and Dadaism. Through March 10.

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—An exhibit of paintings and other works by artists affiliated with seventeen of the galleries operating in the East Village. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures by Belgian artist Didier Vermeiren. Both through Saturday, Feb. 18.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Marty St. James and Anne Wilson (performance), Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Mail Art Then and Now," a show of postcards and other such documents by various theorists of this off-the-wall movement. Through March 10.

THE KITCHEN, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Eric Bogosian (performance), Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 16-18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Ishmael Houston-Jones and Fred Holland (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 23-26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Tim Burns, containing slides and film with a soundtrack. Through Friday, Feb. 24.

RIVIERA
CONCERT TONIGHT
50's ROCK 'N' ROLL 60's
NEW MUSIC EVERY WEEK
TICKETS ON SALE 4 PM
LIVE BAND 8PM
dag dart

P.S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—Minimalist Robert Grosvenor is exhibiting eight sculptures (using beams, pipes, railroad ties); another show consists of sculptures made from found objects by about two dozen artists, including Carolee Schneemann, TODT, Joe Smith, and Marcos Margall. Through March 18.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Galina Savova, Richard Cassilly, and Håkan Hagegård; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Macbeth," with Adelaide Negri, Sherrill Milnes, Neil Shicoff, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 17, at 8: A program entitled "Stravinsky," consisting of three of his works—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with Kimberly Graves and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gianna Rolandi, Claudia Catania, and Philip Creech; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Florence Quivar, William Lewis, and Franz Mazura. Jeffrey Tate will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 12:30: "Les Troyens," with Jessye Norman, Tatiana Troyanos, Edward Sooter, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Rinaldo," with Carol Vaness, Gail Robinson, Eva Podleś, and Dano Raffanti; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Mignon Dunn, David Rendall, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with Kimberly Graves and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gianna Rolandi, Claudia Catania, and Philip Creech; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Florence Quivar, William Lewis, and Franz Mazura. James Levine will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Rinaldo," with Marilyn Horne, Edda Moser, Benita Valente, and Dano Raffanti; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 23, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Galina Savova, Richard Cassilly, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Mignon Dunn, David Rendall, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25, at 2: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with Kimberly Graves and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gianna Rolandi, Claudia Catania, and Philip Creech; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Florence Quivar, William Lewis, and Franz Mazura. James Levine will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Rinaldo," with Marilyn Horne, Edda Moser, Benita Valente, and Samuel Ramey; Mario Bernardi.

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—Benefit performances of the 1934 version of Shostakovich's opera "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk" (in English). Staged by Roberto Goldschlager, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Maxim Shostakovich. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Feb. 15, and Friday, Feb. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 19, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays, from 9:30 to 5:30.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci."

(Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 7:30; Sunday, Feb. 19, at 2:30; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, at 7:30.)

Bel Canto Opera—Igor Chichagov conducting the American première of Ferenc Erkel's "Bank Ban," in English, staged by Cynthia Edwards. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturdays, Feb. 18 and 25, at 8, and Sundays, Feb. 19 and 26, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

French Opéra-Comique Festival—Henry Lewis directing the American première of Massenet's "Chérubin" in concert form, with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Ashley Putnam and Valerie Masterson, sopranos; Nico Castel, tenor; Samuel Ramey, bass; and the Orpheon Chorale. The second in a series of three operas. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 19, at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta directing—Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8; Friday, Feb. 17, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 7:30: A Webern-Mozart-Gustav Holst program, with Radu Lupu, piano, and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8; Friday, Feb. 24, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 25, and Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 8: Performances of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Patricia Wise, soprano; Thomas Moser, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and the New York Choral Artists.

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Pinchas Zukerman conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8, an all-Beethoven program, with Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8, a Rossini-Mendelssohn-Mozart program, with Andras Schiff, piano.)

Philharmonia Orchestra—Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting and acting as piano soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 19, at 8, a Mozart-Debussy program. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 20, at 8, a Beethoven-Sibelius program.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a Beethoven-Scriabin program, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Israel Chamber Orchestra—David Shallon conducting, with Leonard Rose, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Cincinnati Pops—Erich Kunzel conducting, with Cleo Laine and the John Dankworth Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra—A program of music by members of the Bach family. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with Woody Herman, clarinet, and Bobby Rosengarden, drums. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony—Bruce Ferden conducting, with Young-Ho Kim, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Ensemble for Early Music's Grand Bande—A program of English music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 19, at 3.)

Music from Japan—A program of four premières performed by Eitetsu Hayashi, odaiko; Morris Lang, percussion; Hamao Fujiwara, violin; and the American Symphony Orchestra conducted by Hiroyuki Iwaki. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Jacques-Louis Monod conducting a program of contemporary chamber music, with Jan Opalach, bass-baritone. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8. For tickets, call 280-3050.)

Mannes Orchestra—Sidney Harth conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a program of music by Saint-Saëns, Grieg, Gerald Plain, and Stravinsky, with André-Michel Schub, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday

SANDEMAN

It's known as the pride of Portugal. Yet for centuries now, it's been as close to the hearts of the English aristocracy as the country weekend.

PORT

In England it's traditional to buy a vintage Port at the birth of a son, so he can enjoy the Port years later—when he and the wine both reach maturity. But one shouldn't wait for a special occasion to buy and enjoy Port.

Despite Dr. Samuel Johnson's "Claret is for boys, Port for men," Port is not a man's drink exclusively. Many women favor it. And who would not be taken with its full and generous flavor, its natural sweetness.

Port is a remarkable wine, made in rugged northern Portugal. It is ample. Satisfying. The classic drink to end a meal. It's perfect after dinner. No cordial can compare.

For nearly two hundred years Sandeman has been making some of the noblest Ports. And always keeping part of the finest in reserve for the exclusive enjoyment of family and friends. Now they are releasing some of this very special wine. Founders Reserve Port. Vigorous. Dramatic. Urbane. Sandeman is certain that a Port distinguished enough to honor their founder will be enjoyed by a wider circle of friends.

Fine Port is one of the world's truly great wines. Make friends with it.

Sandeman Founders Reserve Port.

SANDEMAN
FOUNDERS RESERVE PORT

Imported by Chateau & Estate Wines Company, N.Y.

and Saturday, Feb. 24-25, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 26, at 2.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a Rorem-Mahler-Haydn program, with Håkan Hagegård, baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 26, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting an all-Mozart program, with Ursula Oppens, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—With Samuel Baron, flute; Sylvia McNair, soprano; Thomas Paul, bass; James Buswell, violin; Timothy Eddy, cello; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of European and American madrigals. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Stephen Hough—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—The Guarneri Quartet and Walter Trampler, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

North / South Consonance—An ensemble performing a program of music by Max Lifchitz, with Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano; Paul Gallo, basset horn; Judith Otten, soprano; Pilar Urreta, dancer; and Mr. Lifchitz, piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Guild of Composers—A program of twentieth-century music, performed by Richard Goode, piano; Richard Lalli, baritone; Laura Flax, clarinet; and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

David Soyer and Cynthia Raim—Cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

National Chorale Soloists—Martin Josman directing an ensemble of singers and musicians in the first in a series of four concerts. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 869-0970.)

Maria Radicheva—Violin. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Thomas Bogdan—Tenor, in a one-hour recital. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 5. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Nikita Magaloff—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Beethoven Chamber Series—The fifth in a series of six concerts, this one featuring Lilian Kallir, piano; Elmar Oliveira, violin; the Concord String Quartet; and the Aspen Soloists. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Marvis Martin, soprano; David Singer, clarinet; Charles Wadsworth, piano; Masuko Ushioda, violin; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 19, at 2.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, Feb. 19, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Frank Patterson—Tenor, with Eily O'Grady, piano and Irish harp. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 19, at 2:30.)

Tokyo String Quartet—With Radu Lupu, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 19, at 3.)

Parnassus—A program of twentieth-century music, with Frank Hoffmeister and Douglas Perry, tenors; David Evitts, baritone; and Kenneth Bell, bass. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 19, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The second in a series of five concerts, this one a program of music by women composers, performed by L'Ensemble de la Guerre. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Feb. 19, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Laura Hunter—Saxophone. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Jan Opalach—Bass-baritone. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 2.)

Music from Marlboro—Two performances of the same program. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary British music, with Christopher Oldfather, piano, and Myron Romanul, zimbalon. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Elliott Carter, Louis Karchin, Jeffrey Mumford, and Stravinsky, with Fred Sherry, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Sue Ann Kahn—Flute, in a program of American music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—With Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Pepe Romero—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Sherrill Milnes—Baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Anton Kuerti—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 3.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one featuring Doris Yarick-Cross, soprano; Paul Kantor, violin; Seymour Lipkin, piano; the Yale Contemporary Music Ensemble; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Takács Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

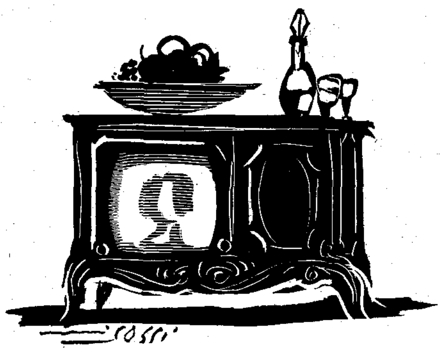
New York Renaissance Band—The second in a series of three concerts, this one featuring Italian music. With Pomerium Musices. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Bach Winterfest—The fourth in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Robert L. Barrows, organ, and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Saturday, Feb. 25, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

MISCELLANY

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a day-long concert of American music, with such participants as Meredith Monk, Oliver Lake, Rhys Chatham, and Barbara Cook. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. Saturday, Feb. 18, from noon to 6. For information about free tickets, call 598-7150.)

Paul Jacobs Memorial Concert—Among the performers will be James Levine, Gilbert Kalish, Ned Rorem, William Bolcom, and Joan Morris. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, Feb. 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)



Benefit Concert—Participants in a concert called "A Special Evening for Special Children" will include Renata Scotto, Eugenia Zukerman, Richard Cassilly, and the Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 8. For tickets, call 460-5133.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Knicks vs. Indiana, Thursday, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Tuesday, Feb. 21. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. San Antonio, Wednesday, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Thursday, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Saturday, Feb. 25. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Feb. 23. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Feb. 18, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues; Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday. Feb. 25, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Feb. 16, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders, Sunday, Feb. 19, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Feb. 22, at 7:35.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. The Stymie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 18, and the Next Move Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays; last day Tuesday, March 13. Post time will be 12:30 through Saturday, Feb. 18; after that, it will be 1.

Track Meet—U.S.A./Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championships Grand Prix Finals. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 24, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 31. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—John Ashbery and Douglas Crase reading from their own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 7. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Jamaica Kincaid reading from her own prose. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Feb. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 49th St. Saturday, Feb. 25, from 10 to 7, and Sunday, Feb. 26, from 10 to 6.)

National Antiques Show—The fortieth exhibition, featuring the usual displays of furniture, silver, and rugs, plus objects of art from the pre-Columbian period to Art Deco. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Saturday, Feb. 18, noon to 9; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 19-20, noon to 7; Tuesday, Feb. 21, noon to 6.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, Feb. 19, from 1 to 5.) Friday and Saturday, Feb. 17-18, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 23, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from the estate of Blanche Swift Morris and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 18. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 16, at 11: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 16, at 2: Contemporary art. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 23, at 10: Chinese Export porcelain, paintings, silver, and works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 18.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

NOW SHOWING
BUSTER K
Anne Burgess

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 16: "Wuthering Heights" (1954; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Feb. 17-23: "Le Crabe Tambour" (1977; Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Jean Rochefort.
From Feb. 24: "One Man's War" (1981; Edgardo Cozarinsky; in French).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Feb. 16: "Local Hero" (†).
From Feb. 17: "Zelig" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 16: "The Big Chill" (†); and "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.
Feb. 17-23: "Nostalghia" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson; and "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (1981; Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
From Feb. 24: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Never Cry Wolf" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Feb. 16: "The Right Stuff" (†).
From Feb. 17: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 16: "Star 80" (†).
From Feb. 17: "Blame It on Rio" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell. From Feb. 17: "Footloose" (Herbert Ross), with Kevin Bacon and Lori Singer.
Theatre 2: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.
Theatre 3: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 16: "The Riddle of the Sands" (Tony Maylam), with Michael York and Simon MacCorkindale.
From Feb. 17: "Yentl" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Feb. 16: "To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †).
From Feb. 17: "Blame It on Rio" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"A Woman in Flames" (Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor. From Feb. 17: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "El Norte" (†). From Feb. 17: "Crackers" (Louis Malle), with Donald Sutherland and Jack Warden.
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "And the Ship Sails On" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "The Lonely Guy" (†). From Feb. 17: "Zelig" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd. Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silkwood" (†).

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 16: "Local Hero" (†).
From Feb. 17: "El Norte" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st. Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Never Cry Wolf" (†).

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Flashdance" (†) and "Staying Alive" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: "Deathstalker." From Feb. 17: "Footloose" (Herbert Ross), with Kevin Bacon and Lori Singer.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "Star 80" (†). From Feb. 17: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah. From Feb. 17: "Yentl" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Chords of Fame" (directed by Michael Korolenko), with Bill Burnett; and "In Our Hands," filmed at the June 12, 1982, Central Park peace rally.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: "Lola Montès" (1955; Max Ophuls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin. Feb. 17-18: "Chan Is Missing" (1982; Wayne Wang), with Wood May; and "El Super" (1979; Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in Spanish), with Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. Feb. 19-20: "Rebecca" (†) and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934 †). Feb. 21: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" (†). Feb. 22-23: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (†) and "Being There" (†). Feb. 24-25: "Rockers" (1980; Theodoros Bafaloukos; a Jamaican film, with Jamaican patois), with Leroy Wallace; and "The Harder They Come" (†).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "Android" (Aaron Lipstadt), with Klaus Kinski.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: "The Lonely Guy" (†). From Feb. 17: "Yentl" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard. From Feb. 17: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes. From Feb. 17: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 16: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey. From Feb. 17: "The Dresser" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 16: "Vertigo." From Feb. 17: "The Dresser" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Backstage at the Kirov" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Feb. 16: "Yentl" (†).
From Feb. 17: "Fantasia" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Compleat Beatles" (Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Confidentially Yours" (François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Tender Mercies" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Basileus Quartet" (†).
Theatre 2: "That Sinking Feeling" (Bill Forsyth).
Theatre 3: "Dear Maestro" (Luciano Odorisio; in Italian).

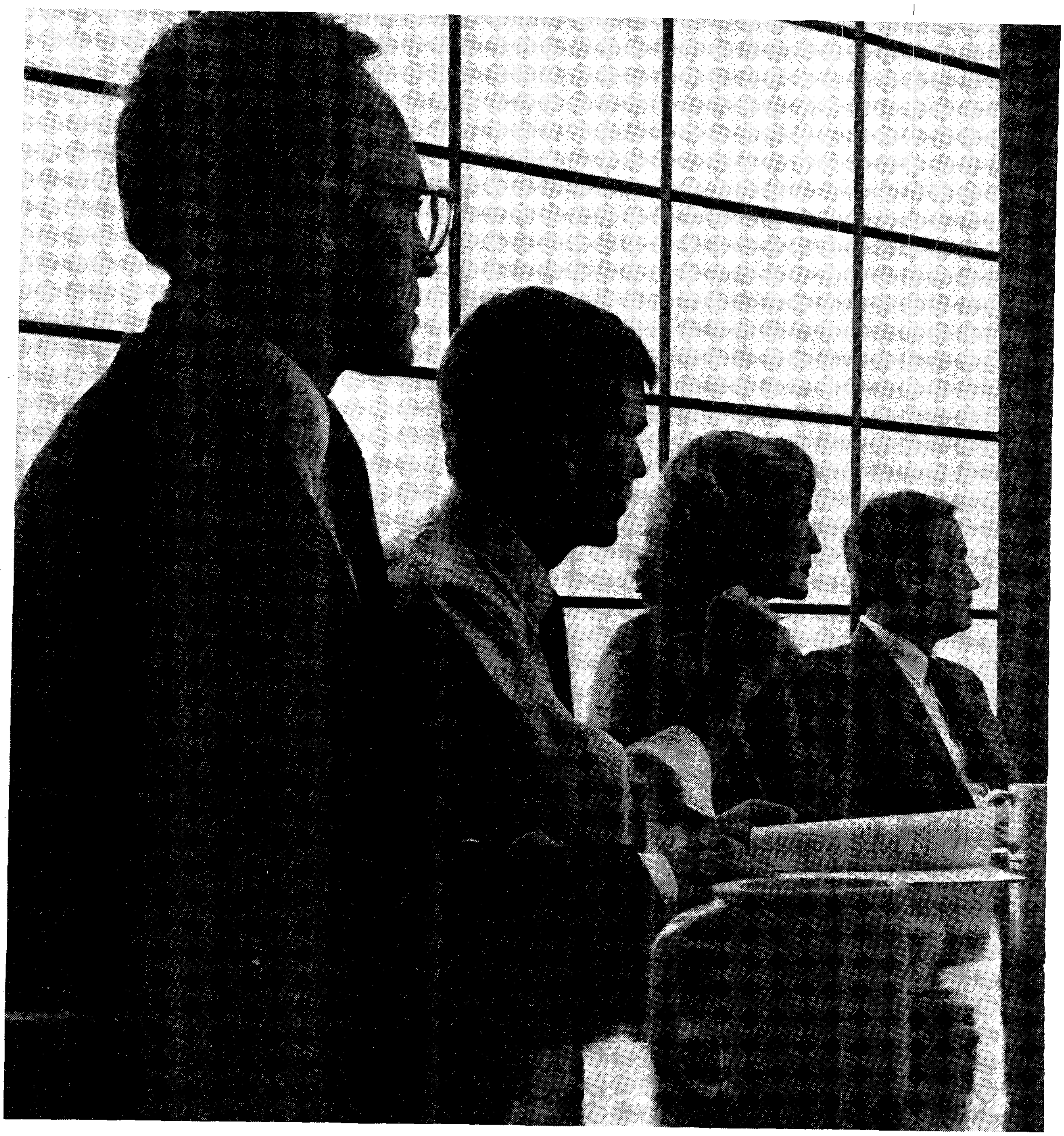
CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Theatre 2: "Entre Nous" (Diane Kurys; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: "Love Letters" (Amy Jones), with Jamie Lee Curtis. From Feb. 17: "The Dresser" (†).

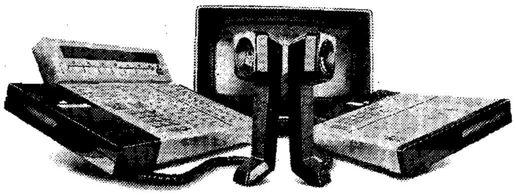
LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "Around the World in 80 Days" (1956; Michael Anderson), with David Niven and Cantinflas. From Feb. 17: "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.
Theatre 2: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 16: "Star 80" (†). From Feb. 17: "Yentl" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 16: "Never Cry Wolf" (†). From Feb. 17: "The Right Stuff" (†).

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 2: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "Flashdance" (†) and "Staying Alive" (†). From Feb. 17: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: (matinées only) "The Smurfs and the Magic Flute;" and (evenings only) "Uncommon Valor" (†). From Feb. 17: "To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †).
Theatre 3: "The Return of Martin Guerre"



It's your turn when all heads



The buck stops here: Go/No Go. Roll the dice. Bite the bullet.

Call it what you will, the decision is the moment of truth for every manager. And every manager will make better decisions with the *right* information at the *right* time.

That's what AT&T Information Systems will give you.

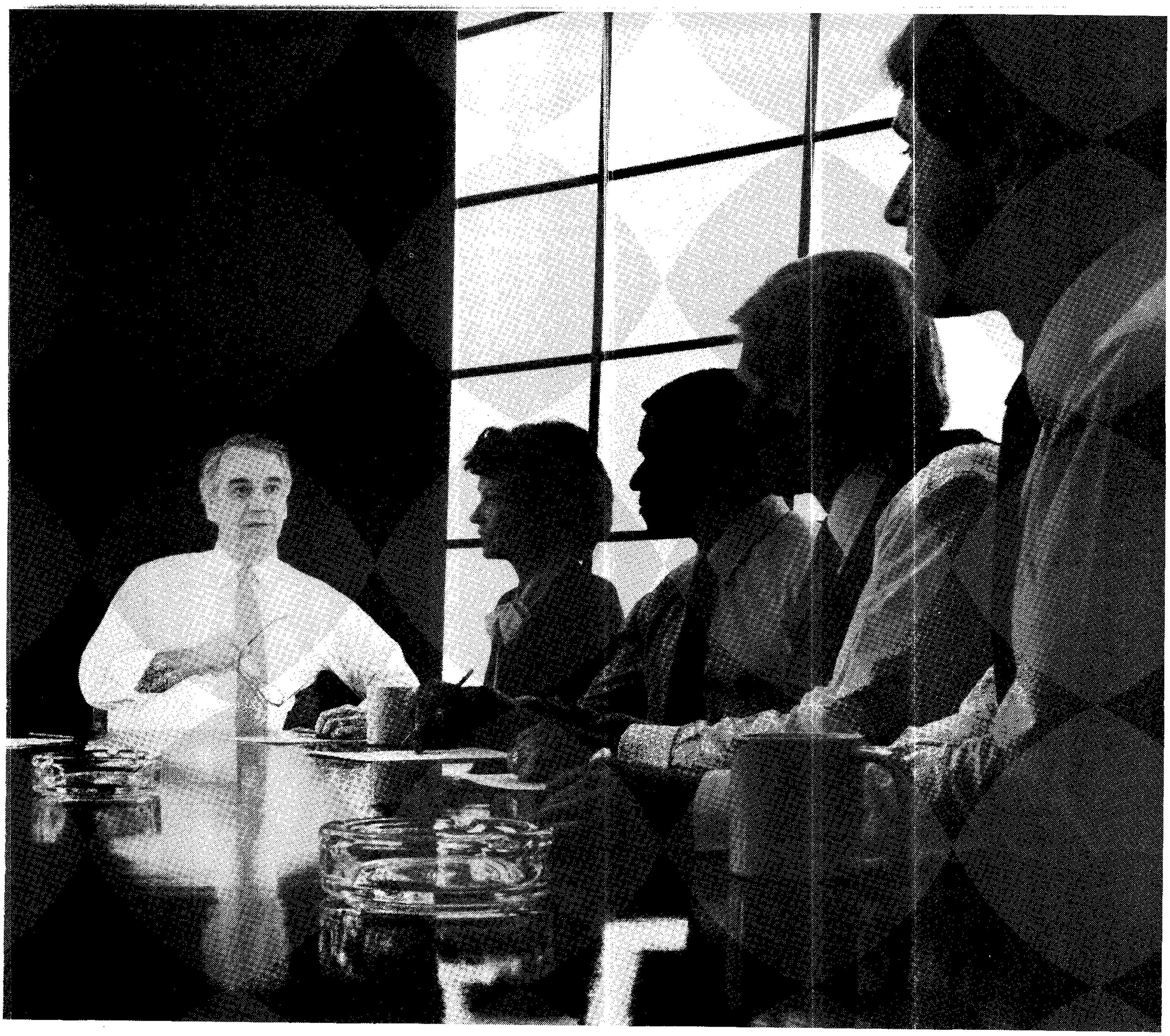
We give you systems.

We have designed a complete line of integrated products and systems that can be custom-fit to your company. Everything from a dependable small-business phone system to the most sophisticated communications systems that combine voice, data, office, building and network management functions into one vast, responsive unit.

We give you service.

Service is not a sometime thing. We *surround* our systems with it—before, during and after the sale.

We have a standing army of more than 28,000 dedicated specialists—more proven professionals than some of our competitors have total employees. We assign you people who know your system inside



© 1984 AT&T Information Systems

turn to you.

and out to help you with planning, installation and maintenance.

We give you experience.

AT&T started the communications revolution 108 years ago. Today, we number over 5 million business customers of every size and type—from general stores to General Motors. We apply this knowledge to your unique information needs.

No other company can marshall the systems, the service and the experience that we can. We stand ready to work with you to design a system that's right for your business now, and in the years ahead.

AT&T Information Systems. Turn to us to help you do the tough part of business, and do it right.

When you've got to be right.

AT&T

(Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 16: "Scarface" (†). From Feb. 17: (matinées only) "The Smurfs and the Magic Flute;" and (evenings only) "Scarface" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "The Right Stuff" (†). From Feb. 17: "Lassiter" (directed by Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: "To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †). From Feb. 17: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 3: "Sudden Impact" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 16: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton. From Feb. 17: "Blame It on Rio" (†).
Theatre 5: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.
Theatre 6: Through Feb. 16: "Stuck on You!" (Michael Herz and Samuel Weil). From Feb. 17: "Star 80" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Feb. 16: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).
From Feb. 17: "Yentl" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Uncommon Valor" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 16: "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn). From Feb. 17: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Big Chill" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Flashdance" (†) and "Staying Alive" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 16: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell. From Feb. 17: "Footloose" (Herbert Ross), with Kevin Bacon and Lori Singer.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Feb. 16: "Star 80" (†).
From Feb. 17: "The Right Stuff" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Smurfs and the Magic Flute."

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 23: "The Lonely Guy" (†). From Feb. 24: "Running Hot."
Theatre 2: "Deathstalker."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.
Theatre 2: "Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"When the Mountains Tremble" (1984; directed by Pamela Yates and Thomas Sigel; in Spanish); and "Nicaragua: Report from the Front" (1984; Deborah Shaffer and Thomas Sigel).

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Burroughs" (1984; Howard Brookner), a documentary.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 16: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
Feb. 17-18: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
Feb. 19-21: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
Feb. 22-23: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; and "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe.
Feb. 24-25: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 16: A Clint Eastwood festival.
From Feb. 17: "The Right Stuff" (†).

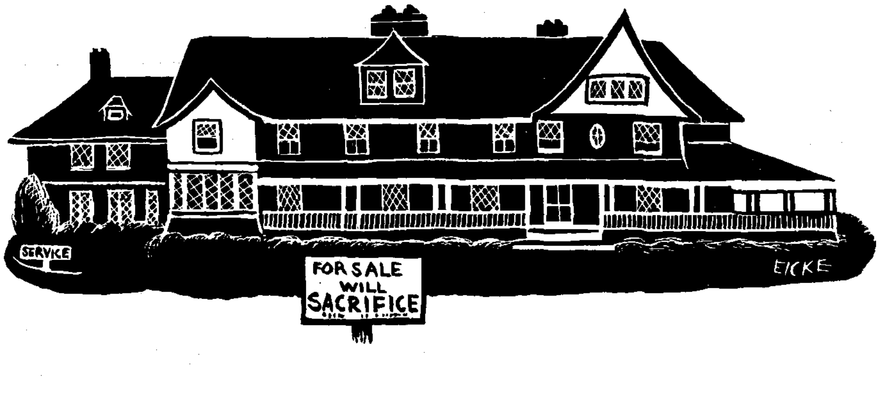
Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Feb. 15: "Shogun Assassin" (1980; Robert Houston), with Tomisaburo Wakayama; and "Revenge of the Ninja" (1983; Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
Feb. 16-18: "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), "The Big Store" (1941; Charles Reisner), and "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood), all with the Marx Brothers.
Feb. 19-20: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.
Feb. 21-22: "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson; and "Personal Best" (1982; Robert Towne), with Mariel Hemingway, Scott Glenn, Patrice Donnelly, and Kenny Moore.
Feb. 23-25: "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol; and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Feb. 16: "The Great Gatsby" (1974; Jack Clayton), with Mia Farrow, Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern; and "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence.
Feb. 17-18: "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "The Magnificent Seven" (1960; John Sturges), with Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach, and Steve McQueen.
Feb. 19: "La Cage aux Folles" (1979; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru; and "La Cage aux Folles II" (1981; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.
Feb. 20-21: "Enter the Dragon" (1973; Robert Clouse), with Bruce Lee and John Saxon; and "Game of Death" (1979; Robert Clouse), with Bruce Lee, Gig Young, Dean Jagger, Colleen Camp, and Hugh O'Brian.
Feb. 22-23: "Fire and Ice" (1983; Ralph Bakshi), an animated film; and "Heavy Metal" (1981), an animated film.
Feb. 24-25: "1941" (†); "Animal House" (1978; John Landis), with John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, and Verna Bloom; and "The Blues Brothers" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Feb. 15: "Red Beard" (1965; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Feb. 16: "I Vitelloni" (1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, Franco Interlenghi, and Franco Fabrizi; and "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (1958; Mario Monicelli; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, Totò, Claudia Cardinale, and Renato Salvatori.
Feb. 17-23: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.
Feb. 24: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.
Feb. 25: "Chinatown" (†); and "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Richard Crenna.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Feb. 15: "That Man from Rio" (1964; Philippe de Broca; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais; and "Topkapi" (1964; Jules Dassin), with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, and Akim Tamiroff.
Feb. 16: "Nanook of the North" (1921) and "Man of Aran" (1934), both documentaries by Robert Flaherty.
Feb. 17-18: "China Seas" (1935; Tay Garnett), with Jean Harlow, Rosalind Russell, and Clark Gable; and "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor.
Feb. 19-21: "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters; and "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.
Feb. 22-23: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" ("Wild Horses of Fire;" 1964; Sergei Paradjanov; a Ukrainian film); and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada.
Feb. 24-25: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Feb. 15: "Zatoichi and the Doomed Man" (1965; Kazuo Mori; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "The Bogus Policeman" (1967; Satsuo Yamamoto; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.
Feb. 16: "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio; and "Algiers" (1938; John Cromwell), with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer.
Feb. 17-18: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean



Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French).

Feb. 19: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "Fellini: A Director's Notebook" (1973; Fellini).

Feb. 20: "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (†).

Feb. 21: "Blue Collar" (†); and "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barber Shop: We Cut Heads" (1983; Spike Lee).

Feb. 22: "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinodo; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando; and "Ugetsu" (1954; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo.

Feb. 23: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson; and "A Little Night Music" (†).

Feb. 24-25: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale; and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 15: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "The Birthday Party" (1968; William Friedkin), with Robert Shaw, Sydney Tafler, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols.

Feb. 16: "Jewel Robbery" (1932; William Dieterle), with William Powell and Kay Francis; and "One Way Passage" (1932; Tay Garnett), with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon.

Feb. 17-18: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

Feb. 19: "Wuthering Heights" (1939 †); and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles, and Elizabeth Taylor.

Feb. 20: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

Feb. 21: "Jezebel" (†); and "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

Feb. 22: "Lady in the Lake" (1947; Robert Montgomery), with Montgomery, Audrey Totter, and Lloyd Nolan; and "Night Must Fall" (1937; Richard Thorpe), with Rosalind Russell, Robert Montgomery, and Dame May Whitty.

Feb. 23: "Summer and Smoke" (†); and "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn.

Feb. 24-25: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"PM Magazine," a five-channel video and sound installation by Dara Birnbaum. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Closed Mondays.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

And the Ship Sails On—The year is 1914. A luxury liner called the Gloria N. is sailing from Naples, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up several boatloads of Serbian refugees, whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the Pirandellian conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer. The movie is rife with symbols and the story line does lend itself to allegorical interpretation and facile critical analysis. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. In Italian. (12/26/83; under Letter from Rome.) (Cinema I.)

Backstage at the Kirov—We are introduced to the new and gifted young ballerina Altynaï Assylmuratova as she prepares for her début in "Swan Lake." Then we are driven mad by camerawork that prevents us from seeing what she looks like dancing. Present-day and former Kirov stars are glimpsed, but few are named; there seems to be only one prima ballerina, the relatively drab Galina Mezentseva, who is also seen in extensive "Swan Lake" footage and for whom, strangely enough, the camera behaves like a dream. (Guild.)

Basileus Quartet—We may never get to see another movie about a string quartet, and so it's disappointing that this one turns out to be less interested in music and musicians than in demonstrating the perils of asceticism, but it's fairly pleasing, anyway. The quartet has toured together for thirty years—the four men have given up everything for their musical careers—when the first violinist (François Simon) has a fatal heart attack. He is replaced by a twenty-year-old virtuoso (Pierre Malet) with long ringlets, flaring nostrils, and the animal sensuality of a young Nureyev. This young man denies himself nothing—he has his pick of the beautiful women of Europe, he drinks, he gambles, he smokes pot—and his music does not suffer. The life in him is, of course, too much of a shock to the three older men, and, with no ill will on his part, he brings them to grief. The writer-director Fabio Carpi is somewhat too measured and solemn in his approach (the movie really should be a comedy—it's a bit like "Death in Venice" with three Gustav von Aschenbachs), and the material sags when one of the three (Michel Vitold) deludes himself that the young fiddler is his lover. But the other two—Omero Antonutti and Hector Alterio, both with trim, lordly beards—bring the film force and dignity; the rounded domes of their high foreheads and partly bald heads loom in the richly varnished, wood-panelled rooms. If you're going to give a movie Old Master lighting, these are certainly the actors to soak up the light. With Gabriele Ferzetti and Alain Cuny. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/6/84.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Being There (1979)—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel. The picture, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction, is frequently comic, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (Film Forum; Feb. 22-23.)

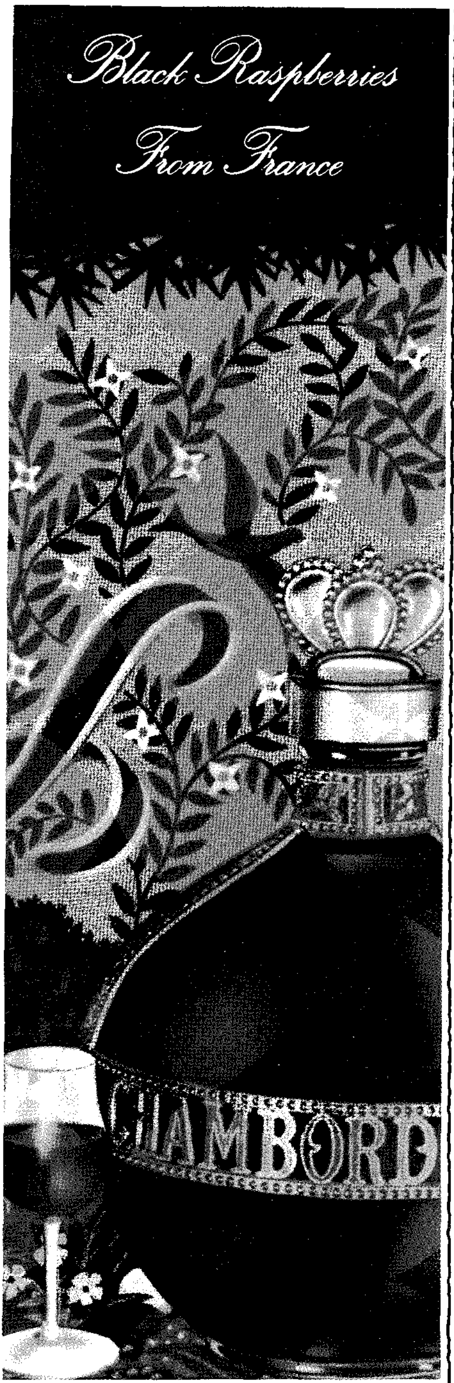
The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (10/17/83) (Loews New York Twin, and Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 16.)

Blame It on Rio—With Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna, directed by Stanley Donen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres; starting Feb. 17.)

Blue Collar (1978)—The phenomenally successful young screenwriter Paul Schrader ("Taxi Driver," "The Yakuza") in his début as a director, with a script he wrote with his brother Leonard. It's about three Detroit auto workers (Richard Pryor, Yaphet Kotto, and Harvey Keitel) who rob their union headquarters; the destruction of their friendship as a result of the robbery is used to illustrate the you-can't-win thesis. Shot in an ominous, fatalistic style, the film says that the system grinds all workers down, that it destroys their humanity and their hopes. Schrader's jukebox Marxism carries the kind of cynical charge that encourages people in the audience to yell "Right on!" His hostile, melancholy tone unifies this amalgam of pilfered pieces of old pictures and ideologies, but he has imposed his personal depression on characters who, in dramatic terms, haven't earned it. The picture seems dogged and methodical, though it is graced with a beautiful performance by Kotto as a man who's gentle and pleasure-loving, and an unusual one by Pryor, who plays a turncoat with mean, calculating little eyes. With Harry Bellaver, George Memmoli, Lucy Saroyan, Cliff De Young, Ed Begley, Jr., Lane Smith, Borah Silver, Leonard Gaines, and Harry Northup. Script suggested by Sydney A. Glass's source material. (Thalia; Feb. 21.)

The Blues Brothers (1980)—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie, and they don't really click together in the slightly hallucinated way one expects them to. It's a good-natured, sentimental folk-bop movie, in which the Blues Brothers antagonize so many people in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film's big joke is how overscaled everything in it is; this has an unfortunate result—Landis is working with such a lavish hand that his miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are too many jokes that miss, too many musical numbers that fizzle. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she's so completely there and so funny as she sings "Think" that she transcends the film's incompetence. The picture's tragedy is that she has only one number. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, and Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 24-25.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice (1969)—A lively, unabashedly commercial American comedy on the subject of modern sexual mores—the first feature directed by Paul Mazursky. The



CHAMBORD
Liqueur Royale de France

Created in the glorious time of King Louis XIV, Chambord is a magnificent liqueur. It has the deepest, richest black raspberry taste of any liqueur in the world.

After dinner, lace your favorite liqueur glass with Chambord, sit back and enjoy its rich aroma and taste. For other ways to enjoy this delicious liqueur, send for our free recipe book: Chambord Imported from France, Box 1600, New York, NY 10116.

Imported by La Maison Délan, Phila., Pa. 33 Proof.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

period is late 1969, when the concept of legal marriage is being undermined and Southern California middle-class people are culturally uneasy about clinging to something square, and personally tantalized by thoughts of the sex possibilities they're missing; swinging is in the air. The film contrasts the marriage of Robert Culp, as a documentary filmmaker, and his wife, Natalie Wood, with the mismatch of Dyan Cannon and her lawyer husband, Elliott Gould—she's bored and he's bewildered. Mazursky and his co-writer, Larry Tucker, who served as producer, designed the picture as a series of sketches, letting the rhythm of the actors' interplay develop as it does in satiric improvisational-revue theatre. Natalie Wood is the wrong kind of actress for this material, but the scenes involving Gould and Cannon are small miracles of timing. Cannon (who looks a bit like Lauren Bacall and a bit like Jeanne Moreau, but the wrong bits) is also remarkably funny in her scenes with an analyst (played by the analyst Donald F. Muhich). You can feel something new in the comic spirit of this film—in the way Mazursky gets laughs by the rhythm of clichés, defenses, and little verbal aggressions. With Horst Ebersberg, K. T. Stevens, Lee Bergere, Greg Mullavey, and Gary Goodrow. (Film Forum; Feb. 22-23.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—Audrey Hepburn's Holly Golightly is a tad refined for a girl who lives so improvisationally (on the money men give her), but for about the first three-quarters of an hour this picture, directed by Blake Edwards, has a fair amount of sophisticated slapstick comedy, especially at a cocktail party that ranks with the best screen parties of the era. If you've read the Truman Capote novella that the movie is based on (and even if you haven't), you may be dismayed to see things go soft and romantic. The film wanders, and Hepburn is forced to become too frail and too enchantingly raffish before it comes to its makeshift, fairy-tale end. The madcap Holly, with her attachment to a writer (George Peppard) whose apartment is just below hers, is, of course, very similar to Sally Bowles with her Isherwood, except that the setting here is New York, not Berlin. Patricia Neal is amusing in the rather impenetrable role of an interior decorator who appears to be a lesbian but is also keeping Peppard. (It may be wise not to let the mind linger too long over that.) Mickey Rooney does a wild bit of racial caricature as the Japanese photographer who lives in the apartment above Holly's; it's the most low-down and daring thing in the movie. The cast includes Buddy Ebsen, John McGiver, Martin Balsam, José-Luis de Villalonga, and Gil Lamb. The script is by George Axelrod; the cinematography is by Franz Planer; the song "Moon River" is by Johnny Mercer and Henry Mancini; Hepburn's clothes are by Givenchy, and Neal's are by Pauline Trigère. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 24-25.)

Broadway Danny Rose—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent, a little schmo in loud plaids who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, isn't working with post-Freudian comedy here; he has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is Mr. Goodness-and-Poignancy; he's a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is rather uninformed. It's dim and larval, like Danny. Allen leaves us in the uncomfortable position of waiting for laugh lines and character developments that aren't there. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. Allen plugs up the holes with gags that still get laughs; he remembers to pull the old Frank Capra, cut-rate Dickens strings, and he keeps things moving along. (2/6/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 17.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 25.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 17.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld; starting Feb. 17.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III," and it's like a sleazo putting the make on you. The eighteen-year-old working-class Catholic heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina, handed bouquets, like a princess. The music throughout is synthesizer pop—some of Giorgio Moroder's throbbing specials along with bits of other whiplash disco songs; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. It has Vegas sound, thumping, thumping; the whole damn thing throbs, and it gives a hard sell even to the heroine's confessions to her priest. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie, is so fast that he isn't subjected to the chop-chop editing—he's allowed to perform in his own time. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.) . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Feb. 16.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Film Forum; Feb. 24-25.)

Jezebel (1938)—A dazzling romantic melodrama. Bette Davis is impulsive, complex Julie, the Southern belle who destroys her chances for happiness by perversely flouting convention. William Wyler produced and directed this sumptuous, moss-hung evocation of pre-Civil War New Orleans, with its great balls where tradition decreed that unmarried ladies dress in white—and where Julie's red dress wrecks her life. It's hard to know which is Davis's "big scene" in the movie—the painful, flamboyant error of her appearance in red or the breathtaking moment of her apology in white. The material was already dated but was brought out of mothballs and refurbished because of the popularity of the novel "Gone with the Wind," which the production beat to the screen; without the zing Davis gave it, it would have looked very mossy indeed. She took the Academy Award as Best Actress. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, Margaret Lindsay, Richard Cromwell, John Litel, Donald Crisp, Spring Byington, Eddie Anderson, Henry O'Neill, Irving Pichel, and Fay Bainter (Best Supporting Actress). The script, by Clements Ripley, Abem Finkel, and John Huston (based on a play by Owen Davis, Sr.), has some remarkable passages. Cinematography by Ernest Haller; music by Max Steiner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 21.)

A Little Night Music (1978)—You know what you're in for near the beginning, when the hero (Len Cariou) is greeted with "Good afternoon, Lawyer Egerman." This film is a cut above "Song of Norway" and "The Blue Bird," but it's in that general sylvan-settings category. It's an adaptation of the Broadway show, which was a reworking, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by Hugh Wheeler, of Ingmar Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." What was lyrical farce in the Bergman film has now become clodhopping operetta. This picture has been made as if the director (Harold Prince) had never *seen* a movie. With Diana Rigg and Lesley-Anne Down, who manage to get a performance rhythm going in some of their scenes, and with Elizabeth Taylor. (Thalia; Feb. 23.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story (which involves a rabbit that doesn't turn into anything but a dinner) is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. He never formulates his infatuation with the villagers, the crescent of beach, the glistening bay, the starlight, and the good, dark beer; we see the effect it all has on him in his wistful, stupefied face. Forsyth is rarely explicit about anything—the picture is like one of those lovely Elizabethan songs that are full of tra-la-la-la-la-las. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. (Each has its own form of self-satisfaction.) Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The opening sequence, set in a Houston skyscraper, is heavy-handed and coy, and most of the other Houston scenes falter, but the rest of the film has an original, feathery charm. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (R.K.O. Century Art, and 72nd Street East; through Feb. 16.)

The Lonely Guy—With Steve Martin and Charles Grodin, directed by Arthur Hiller. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini, and Greenwich Playhouse; through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Rivoli; through Feb. 23.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1934)—This Hitchcock thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, Nova Pilbeam as the kidnapped child, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has the director's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but Hitchcock seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes (a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version, which he made in 1955, in color, with James Stewart and Doris Day). (Film Forum; Feb. 19-20.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith (1941)—A marital comedy, written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Thalia; Feb. 20.)

Never Cry Wolf—Adapted from Farley Mowat's autobiographical book, this Carroll Ballard film is about a young biologist (Charles Martin Smith) working for the Canadian government, who is sent to spend a year in the sub-Arctic North. His mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds, but he learns that men, rather than wolves, are the predators. Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. It needed a more stirring script and a central actor with more range (and some depth). But there's a lot of free-floating transcendence, and though it doesn't serve the prosaic story, it certainly holds you. Everything that Ballard (working with Hiro Narita as the cinematographer) shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. (12/12/83) (Gramercy, and U. A. 85th St. East. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1; through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and Embassy; starting Feb. 17.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion;" and maybe, because it's about the Second World War and Renoir's film was about the First, at times it's like a more deracinated "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. The full fresco treatment that the directors give to the events of that summer is based on their own wartime experiences as adolescents, and on the accounts of others; it's this teeming, fecund mixture, fermenting in their heads for almost forty years, that produces the film's giddy, hallucinated realism. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (68th St. Playhouse.)

1941 (1979)—Steven Spielberg's big, childish, earsplitting farce about panic and patriotism on the Southern California coast in the days just after Pearl Harbor. It has a few good sight gags in it (including Japanese submarine shooting down a Ferris wheel), but most of the picture's energy is devoted to careering vehicles and crashing planes and kick-in-the-groin humor. The movie is aimed at young audiences, who deserve better fun. With Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Robert Stack, Toshiro Mifune, Slim Pickens, and many others. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 24-25.)

El Norte—Directed by Gregory Nava. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet; through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Feb. 17.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances—he seems pinched and too calculated—but even when he's uncomfortable in his role he's more fascinating than most actors. Joan Fontaine

BOSTON'S
GRANDE DAME
REQUESTS
YOUR PRESENCE
FOR THE WEEKEND.

THE COPLEY PLAZA
1912–1984
Celebrating our
72nd anniversary.

So you may experience a truly uncommon weekend in Boston, we at The Copley Plaza have arranged something quite special.

Dubbed our "Uncommon Weekend," it is a series of events and escorted tours we think you will find most enjoyable.

Mid Winter Doldrums	Feb. 24
Treasure Hunt	Mar. 2
Garden Holiday	Mar. 9
All That Jazz	Mar. 16
Fishermen & Their Piers	Mar. 23
Backstage at the Ballet	Mar. 30
Designers & Their Fashions	Apr. 6
The Easter Parade	Apr. 20
Brahmin Boston	Apr. 27
Artists & Their Studios	May 4

For our regular weekend rate, stay Friday and Saturday nights; only $155 per couple, including continental breakfasts, accommodations and gratuities. Taxes additional. Deluxe rooms $40 and Suites $80 extra. Availability is limited.

"Uncommon Weekend" packages are additional, and vary. Please call for details. And ask about our gift certificates, an uncommon gift.

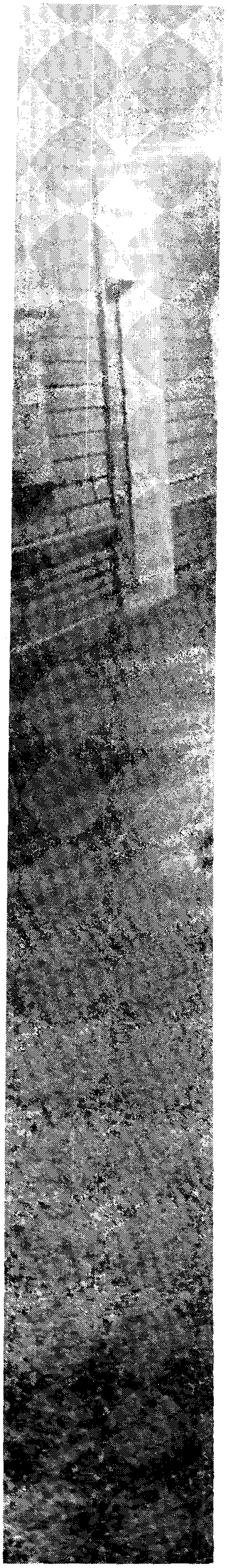
RSVP: 800-225-7654
In Mass: 800-225-7643,
or (617) 267-5300, or your travel agent.

THE COPLEY PLAZA
The Grande Dame of Boston
Copley Square
Boston, Massachusetts 02116
Operated by Hotels of Distinction, Inc.

This is a tribute to
Fred Lowenhar's seven year old
London Fog raincoat.
It's seen 483 downpours
and snowstorms.
It's been used as a pillow
55 times on late night flights.
It's been worn over
business suits,
tuxedos and pajamas
with equal style and grace.
And, because it's a London Fog,
even the buttons have done
something quite amazing.
They've stayed on.
But, after seven long years—
perhaps it's time
to get a new one.

LONDON FOG®
lets you laugh at the weather.

From the outerwear experts at Londontown Corporation, Londontown Boulevard, Eldersburg, MD 21784



DUPONT
ZEPEL
RAIN/STAIN REPELLER

© 1984 London Fog® and tower design are trademarks of Londontown Corporation.

gives one of her rare really fine performances—she makes the character's shyness deeply charming. With Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates—all three showing their flair for playing rotten people. Also with Gladys Cooper, Nigel Bruce, Leo G. Carroll, Reginald Denny, C. Aubrey Smith, and Melville Cooper. From Daphne du Maurier's novel, adapted by Robert E. Sherwood and Joan Harrison; the cinematography is by George Barnes; music by Franz Waxman. (Film Forum; Feb. 19-20.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Manhattan. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Criterion Theatres; through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, Movieland, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 17.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (86th St. East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad. Evening performances only Friday, Feb. 17, through Saturday, Feb. 25.)

Silkwood—An absorbing but cloudy and unfocussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film is permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but she's like a replicant—all shtick. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid gets laughs out of her tight walk and line readings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. The cast includes Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, and Fred Ward. The script is by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen. (1/9/84) (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

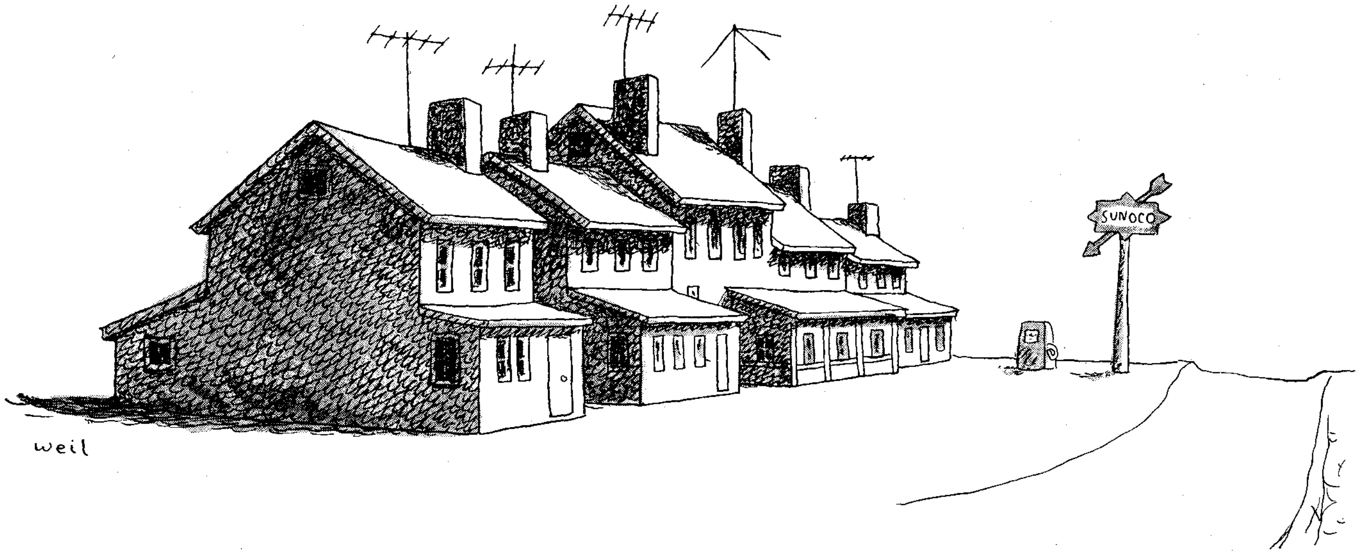
Star 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Snider, Eric Roberts gets the film's central idea across: that Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, Josh Mostel, Cliff Robertson, and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland; through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Feb. 17.)

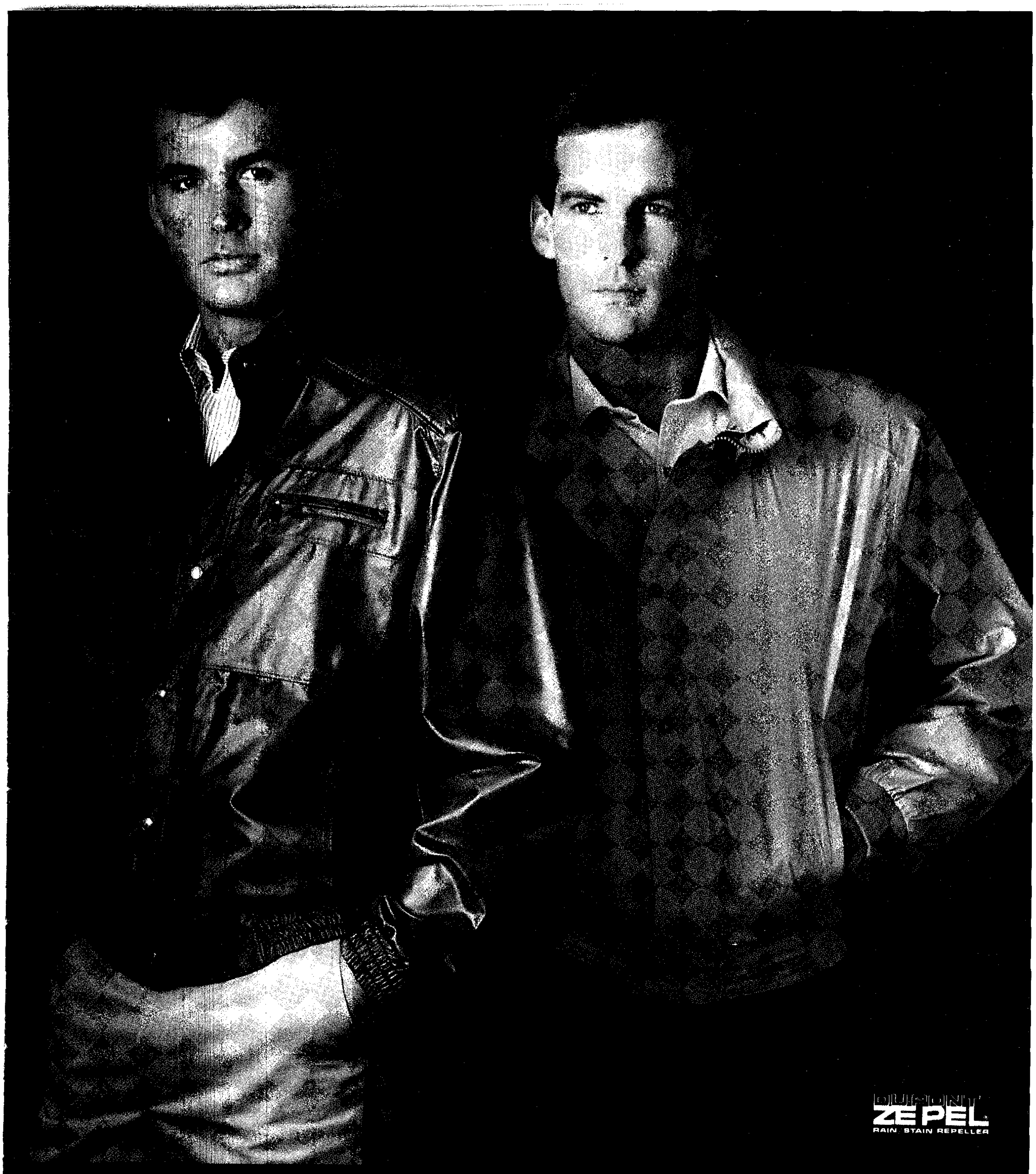
Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero from Brooklyn's Bay Ridge, is a weirdly stripped-down-for-action musical. The whole movie seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the wham-bams. Travolta still has his star presence; he holds the screen more strongly than ever—but too flagrantly. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Feb. 16.)

Sudden Impact—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time, and the picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Saturday-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots them. The murderer he's on the trail of is played by Sondra Locke, who, it turns out, is a saintly executioner, much like him; she's taking care of her quota of scum, and might just as well be called Dirty Harriet. The whole thing is so obvious that it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, Bradford Dillman, Albert Popwell, Paul Drake, Jack Thibeau, Mara Corday, and Michael V. Gazzo. (1/23/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

Summer and Smoke (1961)—There's supposed to be something on fire inside Alma, Tennessee Williams' lonely, inhibited preacher's daughter, but from Geraldine Page's performance and Peter Glenville's direction 'tain't smoke that rises—just wispy little old tired ideas goin' to rejoin the Holy Ghost. Page is all delicate shadings and no surprises; her performance is so meticulously worked out it's dead. Laurence Harvey is the virile doctor's son who represents flesh to her spirit. With Una Merkel, Thomas Gomez sweating and shouting, Rita Moreno being tigerish, and Pamela Tiffin dimpling, and also John McIntire, Earl Holliman, Lee Patrick, and Malcolm Atterbury. The play, written in 1948, was adapted by James Poe and Meade Roberts; music by Elmer Bernstein. (Williams' rewritten version, "The Eccentricities of a Nightingale," was given a far superior production on TV in 1976, with Blythe Danner as Alma.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 23.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the widow's motel-gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how she could ever make a living from it.) Mostly the picture



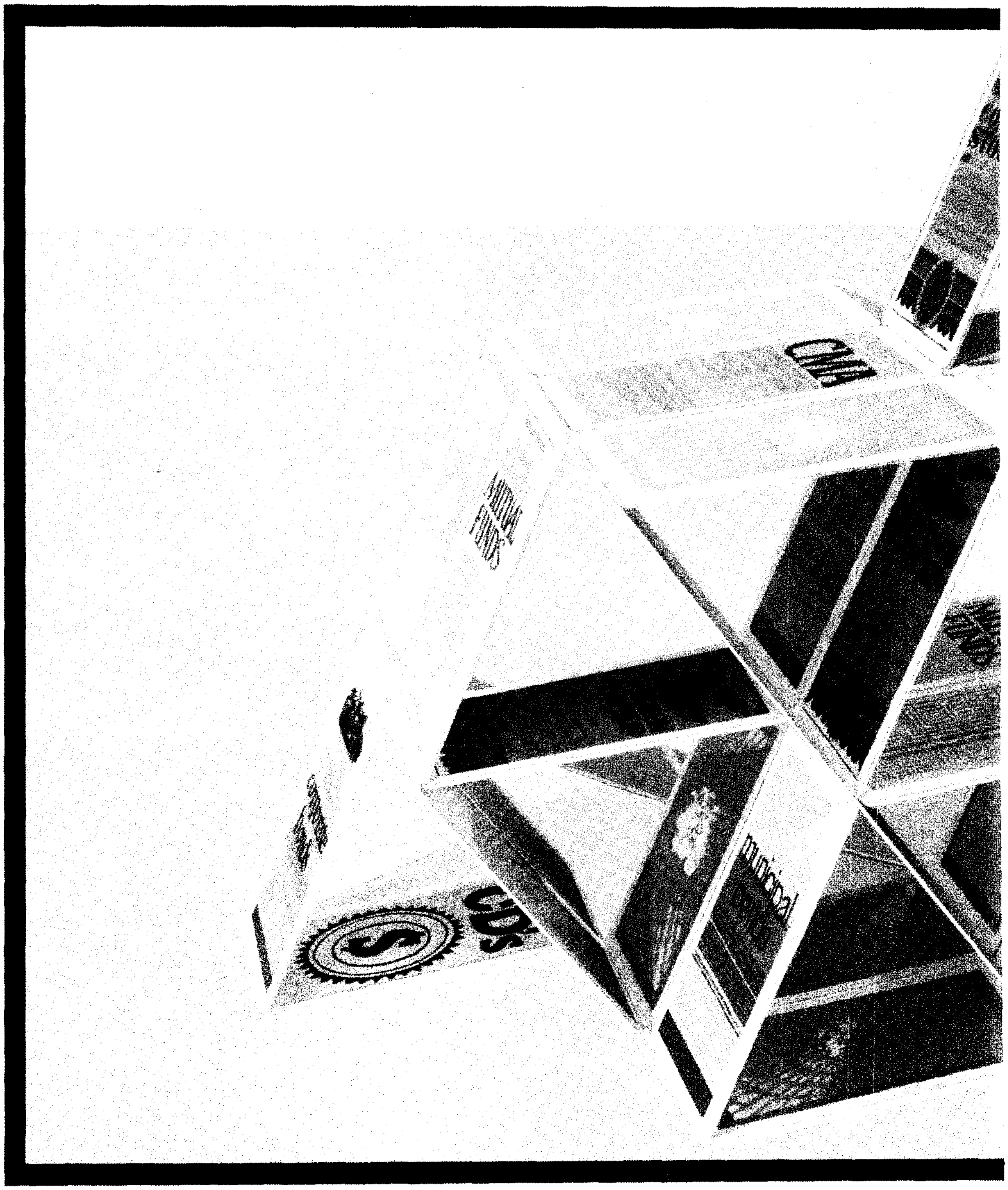

DUPONT
ZEPEL
RAIN/STAIN REPELLER

THE **jacket**

CURRENT, CLASSIC
AND VERY LONDON FOG®

LONDON FOG®
lets you laugh at the weather.
From the outerwear experts at London Fog,
Londontown Corporation, Eldersburg, MD 21784.

©1984 London Fog® and tower design are trademarks of Londontown Corporation



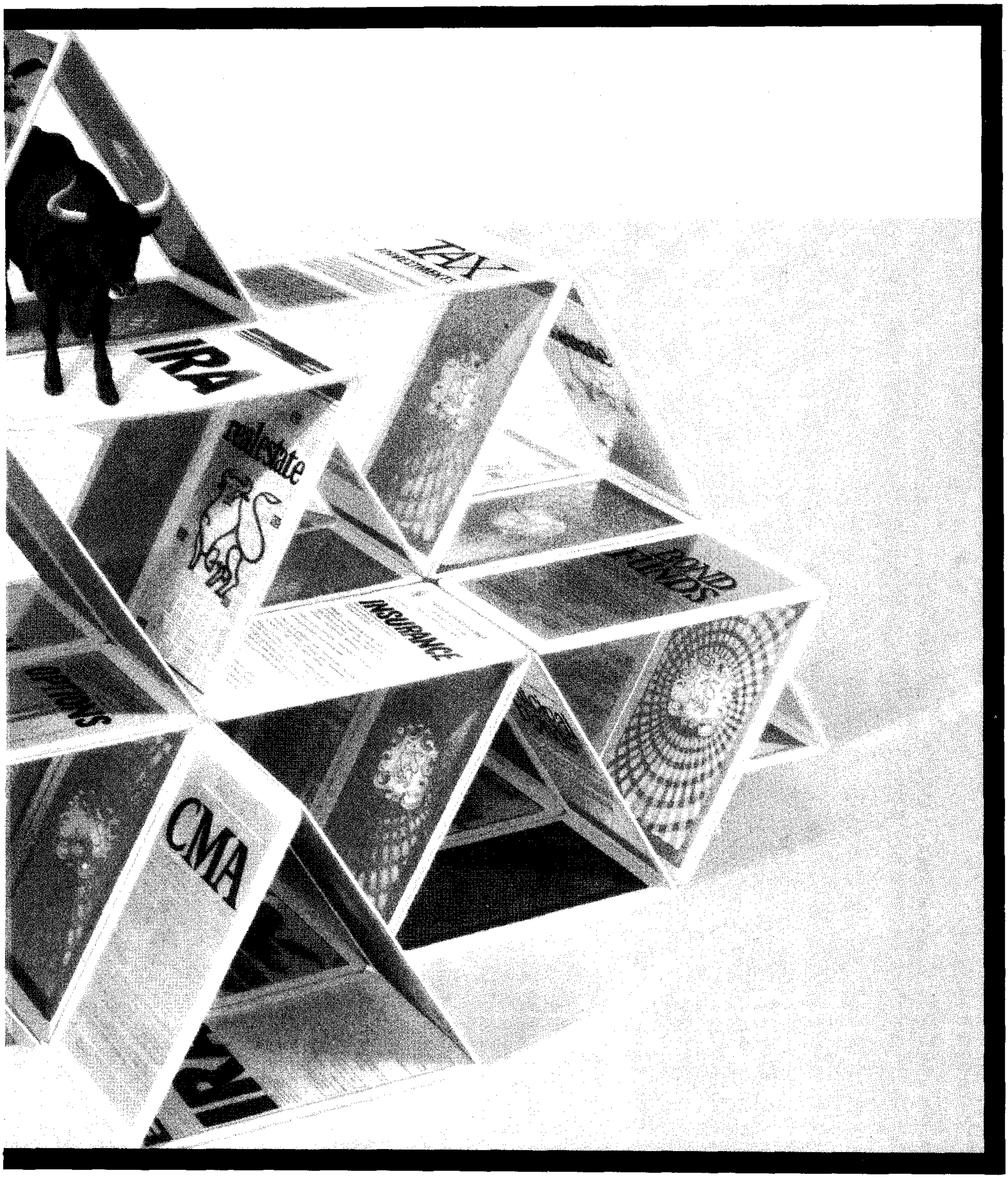
© Copyright 1984 Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Incorporated. Published in U.S.A. All rights reserved. Member, SIPC.

It's how we make each piece support all the others that makes us what we are:

Merrill Lynch.
A breed apart.

XIV Olympic
Winter Games
Sarajevo 1984

Merrill Lynch
The Official
Financial Services Sponsor



Arranging your finances can be a fragile affair. That's why you need to build a lasting relationship with a firm that offers a full range of integrated financial services. A firm that has the commitment to deliver each one with the same uncompromising quality.

For an introduction to the many ways in which we make each part of your finances work in concert with the others to create a single, solid structure, please look at our new brochure, *A Commitment to Excellence.* For your copy, just call 1-800-MERRILL (ext. 9080) Monday through Friday from 8:30 a.m. to midnight Eastern time.

Merrill Lynch
Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc.
A breed apart.

INCIDENTALLY, THERE ARE ALSO A FEW PRACTICAL REASONS TO OWN ONE.

A lot of people buy cars because they like the way they look.

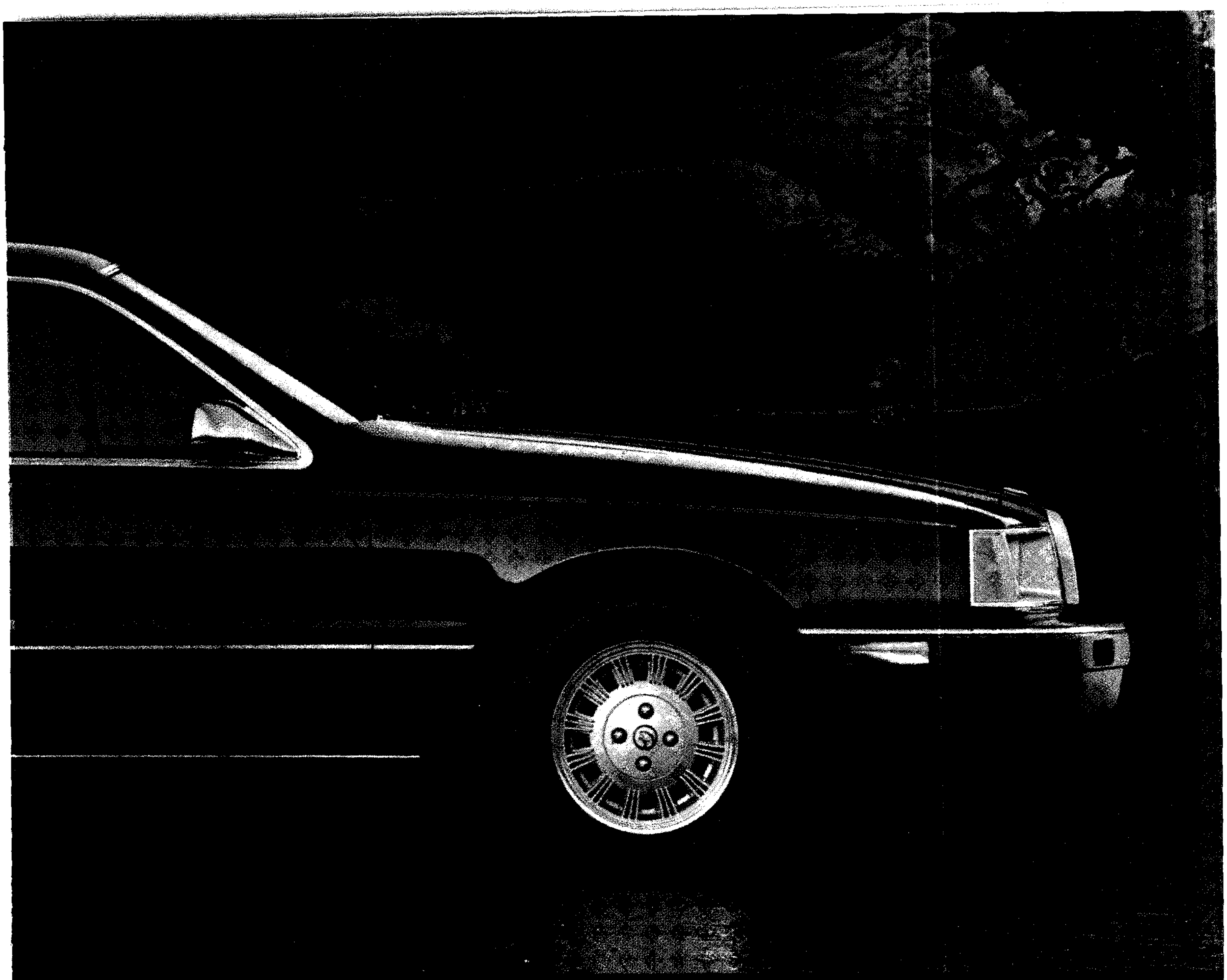
We're not against that.

But we do think it would be a shame if people bought the new Cougar only for its beautiful lines.

Because an extraordinary amount of advanced design and engineering has gone into Cougar's styling.

Its aerodynamic shape, for example, is as practical as it is beautiful, able not only to slip cleanly through onrushing air, but to use that air to help the car hug the road.

Get it together—buckle up.



Its EEC-IV electronic engine control ystem is the most advanced in the vorld, and is capable of controlling six lifferent functions at once to keep the ngine operating at peak levels of both ower and fuel efficiency.*

Even the Cougar's shock absorbers re specially designed with pressurized itrogen to respond to jarring road obstructions consistently better than conventional shocks.

And while most cars in its class ave not undergone significant tyling changes in several years, his Cougar was newly and aerodynamically shaped for 1983.

Obviously, we're pleased if you are attracted to Cougar's looks.

But after a careful consideration of its many practical features, we hope you won't let its looks blind you to its real beauty.

Call us toll-free at 1-800-MERCFAX for a copy of our 1984 Cougar catalog.

*27 EST. HWY. $\boxed{20}$ EPA EST. MPG. Compare to the estimated MPG of other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage less.

MERCURY. A MORE ENLIGHTENED APPROACH.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

MERCURY COUGAR

Pan Am. First In Space.

The first thing you notice as you enter the First Class Cabin of a Pan Am 747 or L-1011 Clipper® is the extraordinary feeling of space.

First In Comfort.

And as you settle into your Space Seat, your Pan Am Sleeperette® Seat, this sense of spaciousness becomes even more impressive. There's space in front of you, around you, above you. But above all, space to give you something so very rare in air travel today, a sense of privacy.

First In Food And Wines.

And because of the comfort so much space offers, Pan Am's Five Star Dining is gracious dining. Offering a wide selection of international entrées from the trolleys. Served on fine china. On snowy linen. And you'll whet your appetite with some of the world's most respected wines, especially selected from the wines of the world by Pan Am's international wine consultant.

First In Service.

Pan Am enjoys a 56 year tradition of fine service, impeccable service. Truly First Class from the time you're welcomed aboard till your coat is returned. It seems, in fact, as though we invented luxury in the air. But then, after all, we did.

For reservations and information call your Travel Agent or Pan Am.

Pan Am. You Can't Beat The Experience.®

consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. (These two have matching deep-sunk eyes.) The theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Cinema 3.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

To Be or Not to Be—This remake of Ernst Lubitsch's 1942 picture about a Polish theatre troupe that outwits Nazi officialdom is a mild farce—benign but not really very funny. The roles once played by Jack Benny and Carole Lombard are now filled by Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft. She's friendly and sexy, and she seems more at ease in the general silliness than Brooks does. He rushes around in one disguise after another, pretending to be a whole series of Nazis; he never cuts loose. The tall, dazed Christopher Lloyd has a good moment or two, and Charles Durning (as a Nazi colonel) keeps his energy up high enough to give the picture a boost. Others in the cast include José Ferrer, Jack Riley, Tim Matheson, George Gaynes, and James Haake. Directed by Alan Johnson, who doesn't seize his opportunities to work up a head of steam. The semi-new script is by Thomas Meehan and Ronny Graham. (1/9/84) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres; through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 17.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

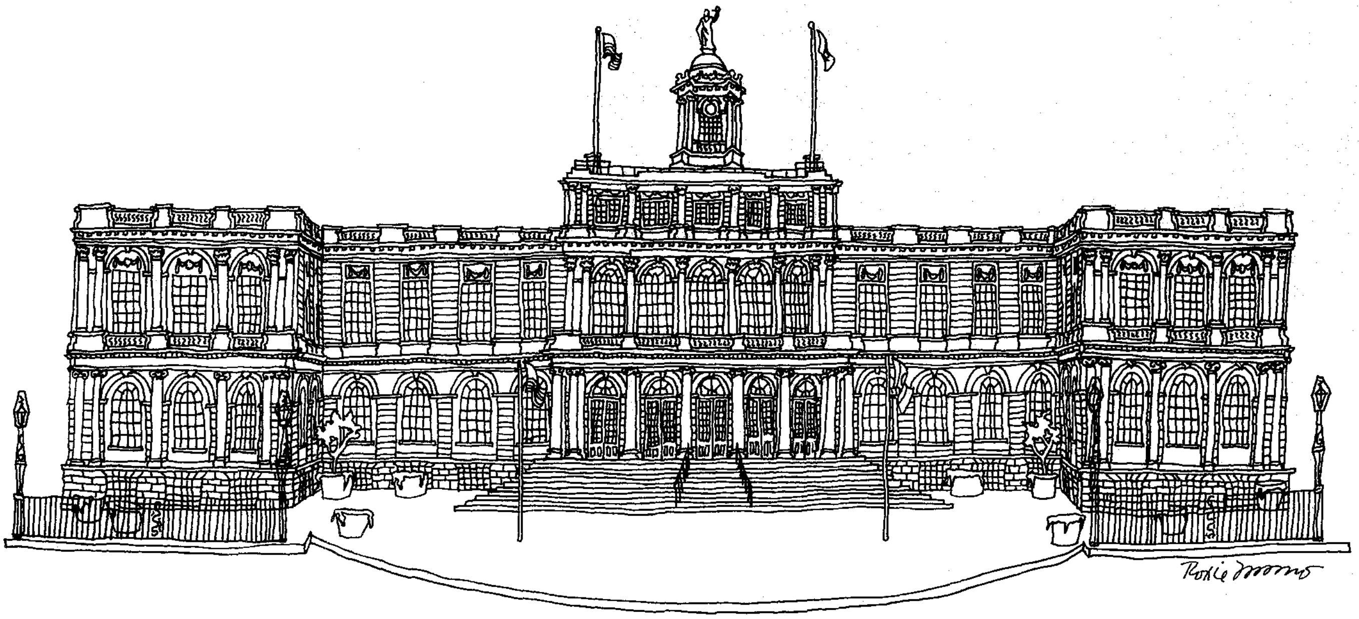
The Tree of Wooden Clogs (1979)—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (Film Forum; Feb. 21.)

Uncommon Valor—This realistic action fantasy, in which a group of seven former Marines get together for an expedition into Southeast Asia to bring out the missing-in-action men from their Vietnam unit who have been slave laborers for ten years, is right wing and racist, but the director, Ted Kotcheff, keeps the grandiosity in check and the movie is understated and surprisingly enjoyable. It moves on a strong emotional current. As their leader, Gene Hackman treats soldiering in a businesslike way, and he offers a range of held-in, adult emotion that you don't expect to see in an action movie. The cinematography by Steven H. Burum and Ric Waite and the smooth authority of the editing by Mark Melnick also help to undercut the cheap jingoism. With the heavyweight prizefighter Randall (Tex) Cobb, and Fred Ward, Harold Sylvester, Reb Brown, Tim Thomerson, Patrick Swayze, and also Robert Stack, Alice Lau, Debi Parker, Kwan Hi Lim, and Gail Strickland. The script is by Joe Gayton. (1/23/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Feb. 16, evenings only.)

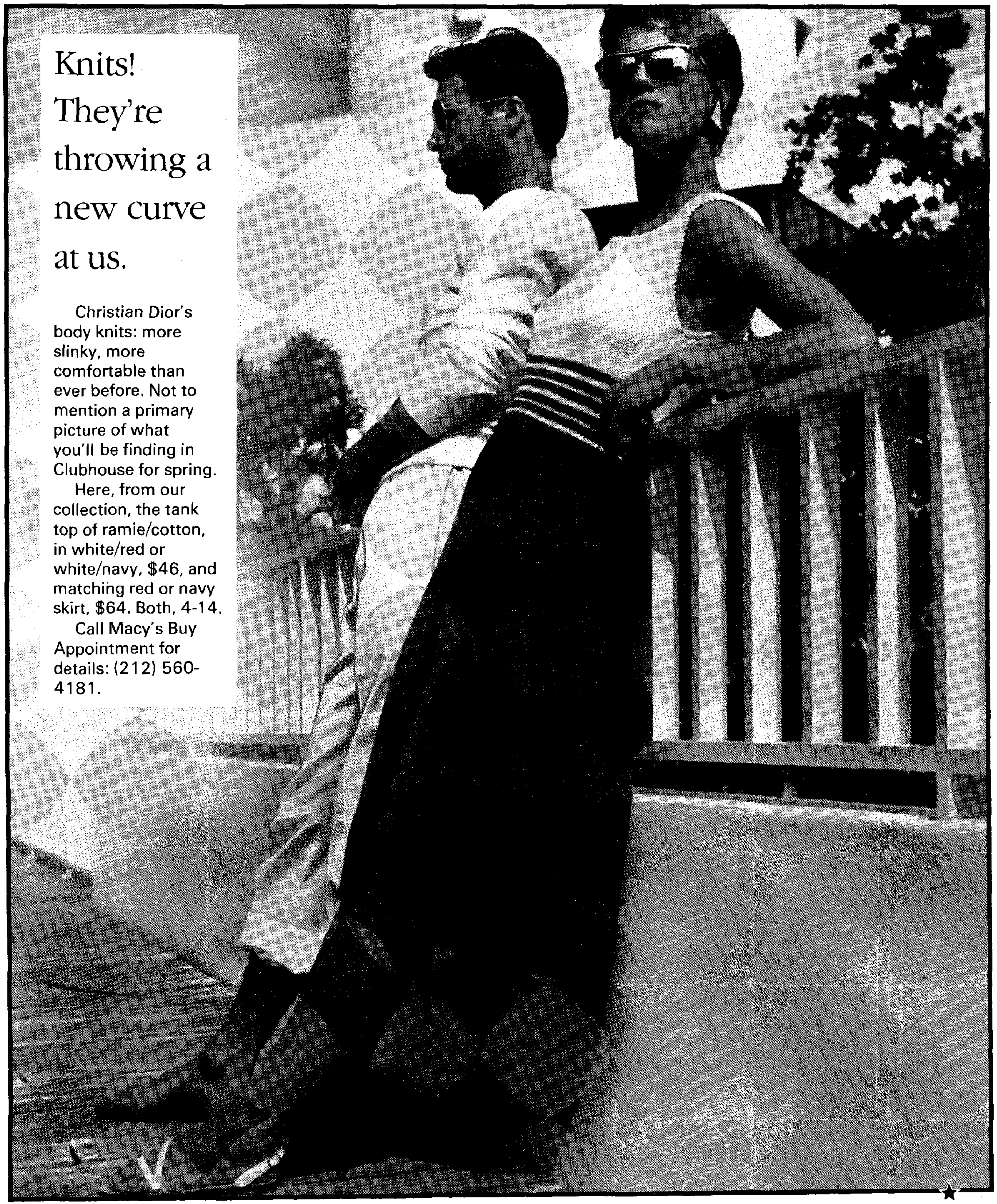
Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that as Heathcliff he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Hecht and MacArthur did the script; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer; Alfred Newman did the music. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, Leo G. Carroll, Miles Mander, Cecil Kellaway, and Alice Ehlers at the harpsichord. The Ventura area (about forty miles north of Los Angeles) was used for the Yorkshire moors. (The novel was first filmed in England in 1920; the many movie versions include one that Buñuel made in Mexico in 1953, an Egyptian production, and another English version, directed by Robert Fuest in 1970 and starring Timothy Dalton and Anna Calder-Marshall. There have been at least seven TV versions—the Heathcliffs have included Richard Burton, Keith Michell, Charlton Heston, Richard Boone, and Tom Tryon, and the Cathys have included Rosemary Harris and Claire Bloom.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 19.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl for the first time feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction. The cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Ziegfeld; through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1; starting Feb. 17.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (R.K.O. Century Art, and Gemini; starting Feb. 17.)



CHRISTIAN DIOR



Knits! They're throwing a new curve at us.

Christian Dior's body knits: more slinky, more comfortable than ever before. Not to mention a primary picture of what you'll be finding in Clubhouse for spring.

Here, from our collection, the tank top of ramie/cotton, in white/red or white/navy, $46, and matching red or navy skirt, $64. Both, 4-14.

Call Macy's Buy Appointment for details: (212) 560-4181.

macy's
NEW YORK

Clubhouse Sportswear (D.178), Third Floor, Herald Square. Use your Macy's charge, or the American Express® Card.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"CALL Europe $1.42," said a phone-company ad we saw a couple of weeks ago. "Additional minutes are only 80c each." Our phone was a short reach away as we read this ad, and there in the list of available countries were Austria, Denmark, France, Italy, and Sweden, where people live whom we thought instantly of calling up to say, "Hi! It's us!" A dollar forty-two for a minute with Europe struck us as an amazing bargain. And the ad gave a number to call for international information.

We called it and got the number of a woman in Copenhagen we haven't seen in ages, wrote it down, sat and studied it, drew some lines and circles and fancy patterns around it, and finally put it away in a desk drawer. We simply couldn't think of what to say to Europe. The first minute would go like this:

We: Hi! It's us!

She: Who?

We: Us!

She: You're kidding! Where are you calling from?

We: America!

She: Really?

We: Really!

More exclamations, an exchange of "How are you?"–"Fine"s, additional surprise, and "What time is it there?"

That minute would be worth $1.42, no question about it. But we couldn't think of what might sustain the additional, eighty-cent minutes. After the initial drama of a call from America, the conversation might very well go dry.

"So. What's new?" she would say.

"Oh, not much."

We'd feel foolish calling Europe only to say, "Oh, not much. What's new with you?"

We've always written letters to those Euro-friends. A particular type of letter: written small, with a fountain pen, on an aerogram made of translucent blue featherweight paper. A very carefully composed letter. In our book, "Dear Georges, Just a note to say hello and hope you're doing O.K." is not how a letter to Europe is supposed to begin. A letter to someone so distant should be a *belle lettre*, an essay, a little masterpiece, a real keepsake. The idea of calling up Europe and saying, "Hi! It's us!," as if we were calling St. Paul or San Francisco, strikes us as odd, a violation of the scale of distance, although we're sure that a great many Americans will do exactly that. Poland is available, and Czechoslovakia, and East Germany, and one can imagine all sorts of benefits coming from inexpensive normal, loose-jointed telephone conversation along the "What's new?" line.

Our lingering loyalty to the composed *lettre* on the precious translucent paper has more to do with the instruments involved, we think, than with the message. We like the feel of a good pen when we're stroking along, thinking *hard* about our reader across the miles, laying down a particularly graceful "g" for her, an "m" that looks poised for flight, a plump and cheerful "q." We enjoy the ceremony with the ink bottle, the memory of early penmanship, the lip-chewing over a sentence that can't find its predicate, and, finally, the triumph when we have the whole thing in hand—a handsome draft, unsmudged, the lines in smart formation—and seal it with our tongue and pound on the stamp, and savor the delicacy of the letter, as light and fragile as what we wrote inside.

To us, a telephone is a blunt, cold instrument, and there's not much more to say about it than that. Three minutes of holding a receiver to our ear, and we can't wait to set it down. And yet saying goodbye into a phone is much more complicated than writing "Yours ever" or "Best" or "Hugs & kisses." We can imagine that call to Copenhagen drifting on and on while the meter clicks as two people try to sign off:

We: Well, I better be going.

She: Same here. Thanks for calling.

We: It was fun talking to you.

She: I was so surprised to hear your voice!

We: Well, you sound great.

She: I'm amazed at how clear you sound. It's as if you were calling from next door.

We: Yeah. Well . . .

She: Well, I'll let you go. This must be costing you a lot of money.

We: No, actually the rates are pretty reasonable. A dollar forty-two for the first minute, eighty cents for each additional.

She: You're kidding! That's wonderful.

We: Well, I got to be running along. I'm supposed to be someplace in a little while.

She: O.K. Well, be sure to write.

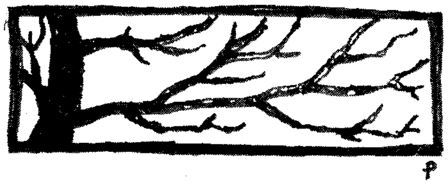
We: You bet I will. See you, now.

She: Thanks again for calling.

We: My pleasure.

She: 'Bye.

We: 'Bye.



• •

Mushers in the Adirondacks

"TO get a dog to run for you, you have to be real friendly. You have to think like a dog. You have to lie down on all fours to see what the world looks like to a dog," said Yvan Binette, a Quebec dogsled driver we met at the Mushers' Ball, which was a party marking last month's Alpo International Sled Dog Championships at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks.

"Dogs are very telepathic. You've got to be *so* careful about playing favorites. You've got to make all of them on the team feel they're important, and then they'll feel the same way about you," said Harris Dunlap, a dog breeder who can "lengthen critical bones like the tibia" in just a few generations; a racing champion; and a swami of the sport, who spent most of the Mushers' Ball talking to correspondents from magazines like *Gun Dog*.

"We had a friend who had a dog who rode a surfboard," Violet Schirone, of Syosset, Long Island, said while her husband, Robert, was at the Musher bar fetching drinks. "The dog never got her feet wet. They'd tow her out, and she'd ride the waves in. And the rest of the time, when she wasn't surfing, she'd watch their child on the beach and make sure he didn't go in the water. We got into sled-dog racing because we like animals, I guess, and cold weather. During the summer, to keep the dogs in shape, we hitch them to a stripped-down Japanese car—it has no engine—and they pull that around in the cool of the evening."

At that point, her husband returned, and told us he was a high-school biology teacher. "I'm close to my dogs and I'm close to my students," he said.

Sled-dog racing has yet to gain the national recognition of some other sports—squash, for instance—but not because its enthusiasts are insufficiently enthusiastic. Many of the mushers at Saranac Lake had driven across the continent from Alaska or British Columbia, or had come from Minnesota and other unheated places not quite so far away. As for the dogs, they lunged at their traces as they waited in the starting chute, insanely eager to be off and pulling the sleds on courses that stretched as far as sixteen miles.

"You'll notice that a number of these dogs are ugly as sin—they've been bred for speed, and they often have some hound in them, among other things," Kathy Ivimey, one of the race organizers, told us as we watched racers in the six-dog category finish their heat, the dogs still running hard. "Appearancewise, we may not be talking 'Nanook of the North,' but these dogs can run as fast as twenty-five miles an hour in spurts."

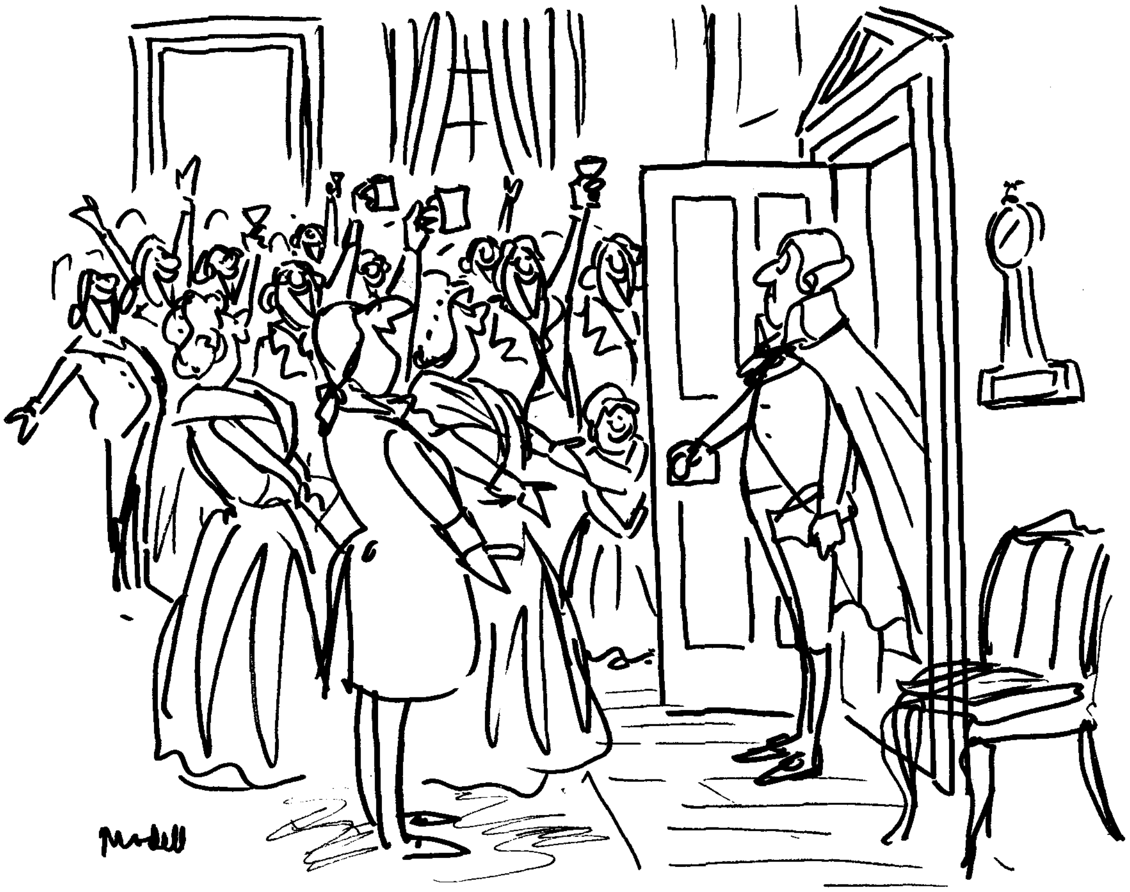
The races began and ended in the parking lot of Charlie's Inn, which is the sort of bar that has a lot of plaques on the wall with funny sayings on them ("I've drunk so often to your health that I've ruined my own"). Inside its doors, Genesee Cream Ale flowed as fast and foamy as the nearby Ausable River in the spring (this time of year, it just sits there); outside, in the parking lot, all was barking and confusion. The dogs arrived in trucks divided into small, straw-lined compartments. Many of the pickups bore the insignia of corporate sponsors: "Tuffy's Pet Foods," "Jappy—Nourriture pour Chiens," "SHUR-GAIN." In one corner of the lot, the weight-pull event drew spectators while the racers were out on the course; our favorite dog, Timber, sat resolutely on the ice, ignoring his handler's pleas that he tug a sled loaded with four hundred and thirty-three pounds of chicken-flavored Alpo from one blue line to another. Nearby, Ed Blechner, who lives in Vermont, gave demonstrations of his "working" sled dogs, slow but strong Samoyeds and malamutes, who, he assured us, "are better suited to pulling heavy weights than horses or tractors are—they can pull up to twenty-five times their body weight." He also explained the derivation of the word "mush"—a corruption, he said, of the French "*Marchez!*" "No one says it much anymore—people tend to say things like 'Go for it!' or rely on intonation," Blechner said. "Anyway, dogs don't tend to understand words the way we do. When I say 'Nuki, good dog,' he hears 'Uhhh-uh, uhh-uhhh,' or something like that. But he sort of understands."

Nearby, a concessionaire was offering sled-dog rides. We careered down a practice trail behind a hundred-pound Siberian named Mukluk, who, all by himself, managed to give us some feel for the power of a team of dogs. "Gee!" we said, and he turned right. "Haw!" we said, and he turned left. Mukluk's only liability was a Muirlike love for his surroundings—particularly the scent of certain trees, bushes, and rocks, of which there proved to be many in the woods. But when he licked our palm we forgave him for all the detours.

On the final day of racing, we hiked

"You may tell the waiter he can take his time. I've conquered my neurotic need to be served immediately."

far out into the countryside, away from the noise of Charlie's, and stood by the side of the course waiting for the sleds to dash by. About half a mile away, at a clearing, we could see the leading team pulling hard, and then we could hear the dogs yelping, and then they were right in front of us, all grace and strength and coördination and happy fury, and then they were by, and there was only the back of the musher disappearing into the woods, and it was quiet again, save for the whine of a distant snowmobile.



"*Surprise!*"

• •

Gizmos in Las Vegas

THE future can get mighty shifty in the fast-paced field of high tech, but there's no better place to look for it than Las Vegas, at the International Winter Consumer Electronics Show, which claims to be "the biggest annual trade show in the world" and won't get any argument from us. This year's show filled the entire Las Vegas Convention Center and large sections of the nearby Riviera, Sahara, and Hilton hotels besides. More than ninety thousand people attended, none of whom, we were assured, were "the general public." It was easy, we can testify, to spend three days at the show and not see everything there was to see. But we managed to take in a robot named Hubot, with a "molded one-piece Hubody . . . made to last a lifetime" (just whose lifetime was left unclear); a Freudian video game called The Institute, in which the player-patient travels from dream to dream, searching for the key to his disorders, and (as one of the designers told us) "you see your psychiatrist with a gun to his head and you tell him to shoot himself, and he does;" a foam-headed hammer called the Bit Banger, for those suffering from computer frustration; and a handy exercise-bike accessory that lets you play video games as you pedal in place. "You get your exercise almost by osmosis," said George Coakley, the exuberant president of the company that makes this item, and he added, "As a point of interest, I was the one who marketed the pet rock. That was my first lesson in mass hysteria. I never would have believed that people would tear each other apart to get to a product."

Outside, in the wider world of Las Vegas, the moon might have been just another neon sign, and a pale one at that, next to signs extolling the charms of Robert Goulet, Wayne Newton, the "Bal du Moulin Rouge starring Suzanne Somers," and "All New Direct from Paris—Les Bluebell Girls with a Cast of 100 Starring Bobby Berosini's Orangutans." But what need had we for such stars when right there on the Convention Center floor we could admire the talents of Art Linkletter, promoting a computerized spinoff of his best-selling book "Kids Say the Darndest Things," retitled "Kids Say the Darndest Things . . . to Computers;" Minnesota Fats, Leonard Nimoy, and the Nevada state muscular-dystrophy poster child, all somehow affiliated with a video billiards game; and Debbie Reynolds, with "Do It Debbie's Way," a video exercise cassette co-featuring Teri Garr, Florence Henderson, Dionne Warwick, Rose Marie, and Virginia Mayo. "I couldn't do the tapes that I bought," Miss Reynolds explained when she was asked about the origins of her program. "And I figured if they were too hard for me there might be a lot of ladies like me."

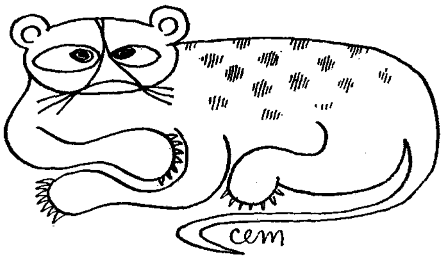
Other home-video companies were peddling other new entries in the star-powered exercise market, including the country singer Irlene Mandrell with "Irlene Mandrell's 'Texersize' " and the TV personality Jayne Kennedy with "Love Your Body." And we saw a preview of a video course in the Lamaze method of natural childbirth, with Patty Duke Astin top-lined. But at a panel discussion of the video-software business Stuart Karl, of Karl Video, which is the co-producer of the pioneering tape "Jane Fonda's Workout," seemed less than flattered by all the imitation. He warned that consumers would not stand for the use of celebrities merely "as a hook" for programs to which they weren't deeply committed. Competition run amok was a recurring theme of the show. One of the keynote speakers, Don Kingsborough, who is a senior vice-president of Atari, exhorted his colleagues to put more emphasis on quality and less on low prices. "Who are we helping if a consumer buys a cheap computer and uses it as an electronic doorstop?" he asked. "The price wars, my friends, must end for everyone's sake." Warner Communications' Atari subsidiary, incidentally, had one of the spiffiest and most spacious pavilions, perhaps to deflect attention from the more than five hundred million dollars in losses that the company sustained last year. Video games, Mr. Kingsborough acknowledged, were no longer "a galactic joyride for everyone," but he predicted that if the industry made the proper adjustments—forsaking "the stick figures of yesterday" for sharper graphics, voice control, and synthesized speech, while finding a way to appeal to senior citizens, "a very large growth market"—balmy days might yet lie ahead. "We've got to make the consumer say 'Wow, I didn't know a computer could do that!' and, most important, 'I want one!' " he concluded.

In the world of videocassette recorders, there was a feeling that it might be time to let well enough alone. The big news was Kodak's new camera-recorder combo, with a scaled-down cassette. Kodak's competitors made no effort to conceal their fear that consumers might begin to think of the conventional half-inch machines as obsolescent. Bob O'Neil, the executive vice-president of Hitachi, questioned the wisdom of "spotlighting a new product before its time" and announced that *his* company, for one, had no intention of switching video formats. "At an explosive growth-rate position in the industry's life cycle," he explained, "management should take responsible and prudent action not to interfere with the high sales rate currently being enjoyed." Stephen Stepnes, an RCA Consumer Electronics division vice-president, sought to console his colleagues with the news that Kodak's new system had a maximum recording time of ninety minutes—not enough for a football game. The product, he said, would have "some appeal to the upscale videophile."

At countless receptions, dinners, and hospitality suites where exhibitors and retailers congregated off the show floor, there was much talk about the troubles of Atari, Apple, Coleco, and Commodore; about a Japanese effort to adopt a standard programming language for home computers; about the quality of sound offered by the new compact audio disc; about the spectacular sales figures for telephones and related devices; and about the coming of stereo TV, which Jeff Berkowitz, of Sanyo, called "one of the real hot buttons in terms of consumer purchasing." Mr. Berkowitz warmed the hearts of many retailers by forecasting that stereo TV would be "a middle- to high-end market," offering "an excellent profit opportunity for all of you." The second sound channel could be used for foreign languages, he pointed out. And William E. Boss, who is also with RCA Consumer Electronics, raised the prospect that as Americans buy a new generation of TVs they will bequeath older sets to their children for use as computer and video-game screens. The consumer-electronics business enjoyed such an extraordinary year in 1983, Mr. Boss said, that "any manufacturer, distributor, or retailer who failed to make record profits" ought to look into the mirror with a probing eye. The reverses suffered by a few computer companies, he said, were only part of a weeding-out process that had yielded a "cleaner market." We, too, everywhere we went, had the feeling of being in a privileged community of Americans (and Japanese, Taiwanese, Koreans, and Britons), floating far above the mire that is the rest of the world economy, at an altitude where the old notions of progress and growth remain miraculously intact, and such conflicts as there are have the flavor of a Punch-and-Judy show, with the purveyor of the latest gizmo forever bopping the next-to-latest on the bean.

Shakespeare in Concord

THE key February Democratic primary in New Hampshire wasn't even mentioned in passing earlier this month in Concord, New Hampshire, during a two-hour meeting of a hundred and thirty-three citizens at the Havenwood retirement community, where Richard Lederer, columnist *extraordinaire* ("Looking at Language" in the Concord *Monitor*, among other newspapers) and teacher *infatigable* (chairman of the English Department of St. Paul's School, a few miles away), was giving a seminar *compréhensif* on "A Brief History of the English Language Up to Shakespeare and Insights Into the Bard's Personal Contributions to Our Vocabulary with Special Attention to Sonnets XII and LXXIII." In the Concord *Monitor* that morning, a reporter named Richard Mertens had told about the "wild cheering for the most unusual and elusive of the Democratic Presidential candidates—Jesse Jackson," who had spoken at a Concord hotel the night before for almost as long as Mr. Lederer's seminar was to last, and had demanded justice for the poor, for women, for students, for the elderly, and for the unemployed, saying, "You cannot believe Ronald Reagan is invincible. He is incomprehensible, but he is not invincible." And that morning, at the new, modern Eagle Square marketplace, a sculptor, Emile Birch, had completed a Mt. Rushmore-type likeness in ice of Gary Hart, among likenesses, previously completed, of John Glenn, Walter Mondale, Jesse Jackson, and Ronald Reagan. The weather was unseasonably warm, and the sculptures were dripping, but they were still recognizable. The next morning, in a wooded area, with white birch trees and opaquely iced miniature Niagaras over rocks, where the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests has its headquarters in a solar-oriented modern building of local pine and birch, Environmentalists for Mondale would meet. The society is the largest conservation group in New Hampshire (more than five thousand members) and among the strongest in the country. Reports would be typed: "President Reagan in his State of the Union Message on January 25, 1984, proposed research only on acid rain, and no control of the sulfur emissions that are the primary cause of acid rain. In this instance and throughout his term of office, Mr. Reagan has demonstrated a fundamental lack of leadership in the acid-rain issue by failing to confront and seek a solution to this serious environmental, public-health, and economic problem." And Walter Mondale would tell the New Hampshire Environmentalists, "Dirty air, dirty water, acid rain, and toxic waste are good business for the few, and the laws of the land are meant to protect



all of us. . . . We need to restore professionalism in our government. . . . I would restore certain funds. . . . As President, you take an oath to take care of the laws of the land. . . . They've trashed the laws. . . . Some of these people, these toxic-waste perpetrators, ought to go to jail. These people ought to go to the slammer for a long time to think it over."

At Havenwood, the atmosphere was calmer but the pace was faster. Mr. Lederer, a burly, woodsy-looking man who stands six feet four in sneakers, faced his audience wearing a rust-colored chamois shirt over a brown turtleneck. He was equipped with a record-player and a filmstrip projector. His audience was mostly well beyond middle age and was very respectably dressed, the men in suits, shirts, and bow ties, the ladies in print dresses, cardigan sweaters, and orthopedic black shoes. Mr. Lederer grinned at them with approval.

"We have much gray eminence here tonight," he said, and then he nodded, drew a deep breath, and put on a record of the original, 1948 Broadway production of the Cole Porter musical "Kiss Me, Kate":

> Brush up your Shakespeare,
> Start quoting him now!
> Brush up your Shakespeare,
> And the women you will wow.

The audience barely stirred. Everybody looked solemn.

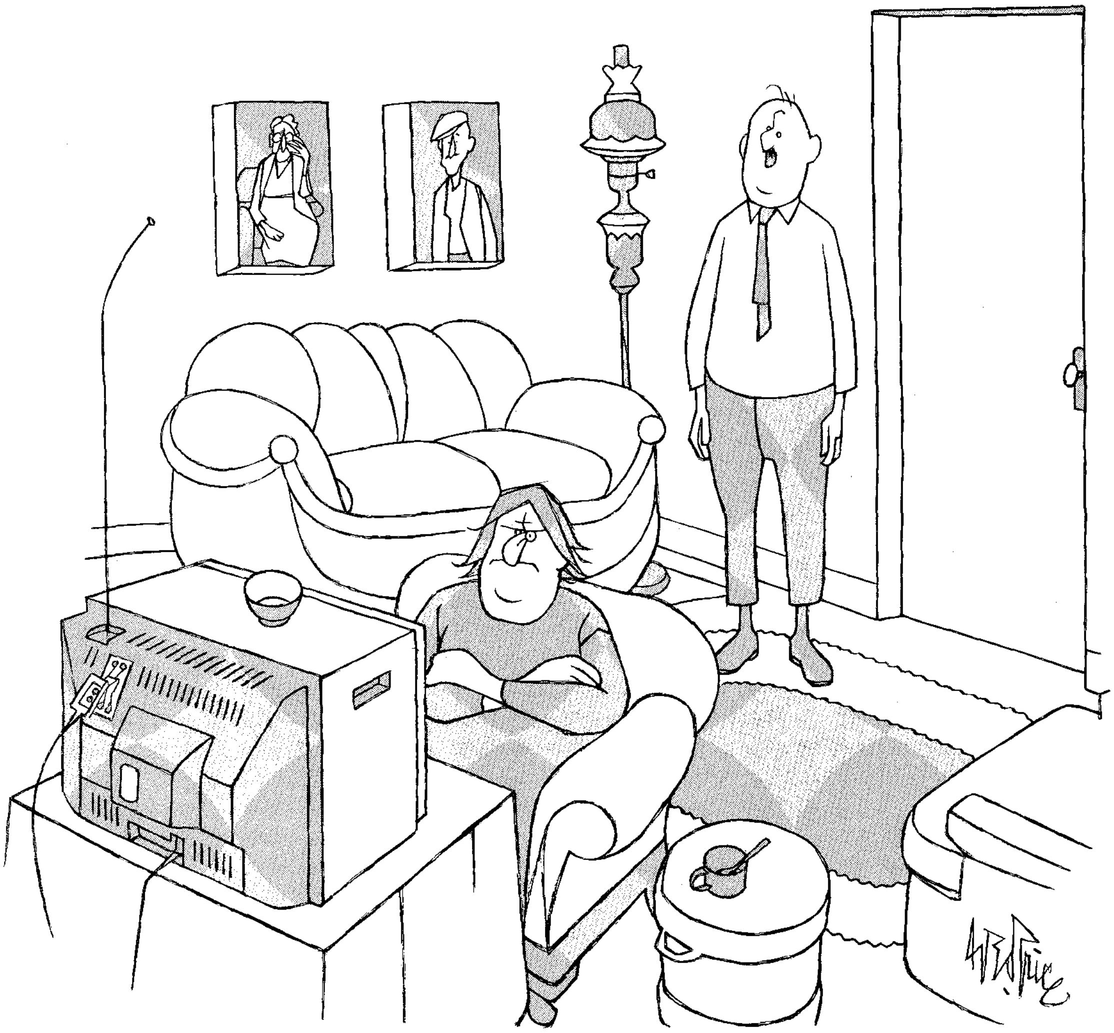
> If your blonde won't respond when you
> flatter 'er,
> Tell her what Tony told Cleopatterer.

"Well!" Mr. Lederer said cheerfully when the song was finished. "What a guy, that Shakespeare!"

The ladies and gentlemen in the audience started pulling themselves up. A few smiled. Some took out pencils and paper.

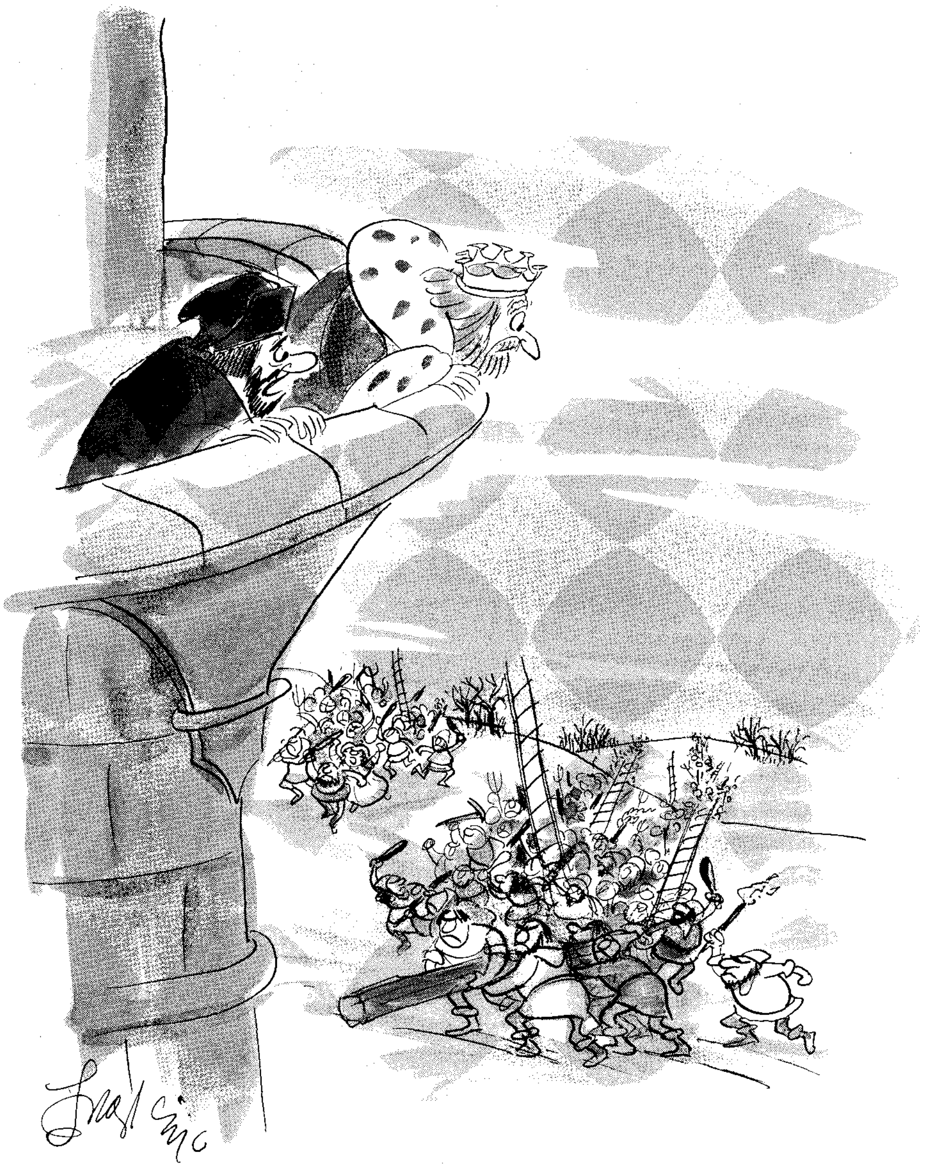
"We are going to start with a thirty-five-minute history of our language," Mr. Lederer said briskly. He fixed his attention successively on individual members of the audience, winning response and attention. "Only Chinese is spoken as a native tongue by more people in the world than English is, and that's only because there are so many Chinese," Mr. Lederer said. "English is spoken by all religions and all classes all over the world. You and I share a tongue that is the closest thing to a world language." The notetakers hadn't yet taken a note. "Sixty per cent of the world's phone calls"—Mr. Lederer raised his voice slightly—"are made in English." Pencils moved.

Over the next few minutes, with the aid of a filmstrip depicting our forebears in drawings somewhat in the style of "The Flintstones," Mr. Lederer clearly made speed a priority. With the lights dimmed, some members of the audience started to slump, but most soon resisted the slouch in favor of alertness to the Angles, the Jutes, the Saxons; the West Saxon dialect, the Old English dialect; King Alfred; the German, Scandinavian, and small Latin element in Old English; Beowulf; the change from the Anglo-Saxon influence in 449 A.D. to the Norman influence in 1066; the reason for the multiplicity in English of words with the same meaning; the significance of Chaucer's writing; the significance of 1362, when English became England's official language; the significance of William Caxton's printing press in 1476; the significance of French words in English ("chivalry," "tournament," "banquet"); the significance of Latin words in English ("legal," "regal," "social"); the direct importation of Greek and Latin words during the Renaissance; and the emergence of early modern English by 1600. Lights on. Nobody was asleep. Mr. Lederer looked pleased at the way things were steaming along. "Ours is



"I'll be on the porch, minding my 'p's and 'q's, watching my step, and keeping a civil tongue in my head."

• •



"I warned you about them, Sire. They call themselves the Council of Economic Advisers."

a wonderfully hospitable language," he said, beaming. "No words are ever rejected because of color, creed, or national origin." Intermission.

"English has more words and more ways of saying them than any other language," Mr. Lederer said the moment business resumed. "Shakespeare was the greatest wordmaker of all time. Of the seventeen thousand six hundred and seventy-seven words that Shakespeare used in his thirty-seven plays, his hundred and fifty-four sonnets, and his two narrative poems, he was the first to use over seventeen hundred in writing. One-tenth. He was the most verbally innovative of all our authors. He provided generations of authors with titles: 'The Sound and the Fury,' 'Vaulting Ambition,' 'Something Wicked This Way Comes,' 'The Moon Is Down,' 'The Dogs of War,' 'Cakes and Ale,' 'The Boys in the Band,' 'Call Me Madam,' 'Kiss Me, Kate,' 'Remembrance of Things Past.' Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare, 'He was not of an age, but for all time.' Here are some of the words he gave us: 'accommodation,' 'assassination,' 'auspicious,' 'baseless,' 'castigate,' 'control'—used as a noun—'countless,' 'critic,' 'dislocate,' 'eventful,' 'exposure,' 'frugal,' 'generous,' 'hurry,' 'impartial,' 'lapse,' 'lonely,' 'majestic,' 'obscene,' 'pious,' 'radiance,' 'sanctimonious,' and 'submerge.' He gave us compounds: 'green-eyed,' 'leapfrog.' And as a phrasemaker! 'Though this be madness, yet there is method in't,' 'To thine own self be true,' 'The dog will have his day,' 'Brevity is the soul of wit,' 'Not a mouse stirring,' and 'To be, or not to be.' Also, 'It was Greek to me,' 'itching palm,' 'the naked truth,' 'All that glisters is not gold,' 'paint the lily,' 'the milk of human kindness.' "

The notetakers were working away. "I like to tell about a student who went to see 'Hamlet' for the first time and came back and complained that the play was nothing but a bunch of clichés strung together," Mr. Lederer said. Bob Hope couldn't have got a better laugh from the audience.

Mr. Lederer looked at his watch and began talking really fast. In the next minute and a half, he dealt with the sonnet—iambic pentameter, fourteen lines, each sonnet a serious, dignified statement, very few traditional love poems among the Sonnets—and with how Shakespeare does not go with the conventional.

"Now," Mr. Lederer said, opening his arms as though he were about to hug all hundred and thirty-three of the Havenwood ladies and gentlemen, "with your collective energy and your collective wisdom, share with me your thoughts and feelings about the Sonnets."

On request, a woman who had a little hat on got up and read Sonnet XII:

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white . . .

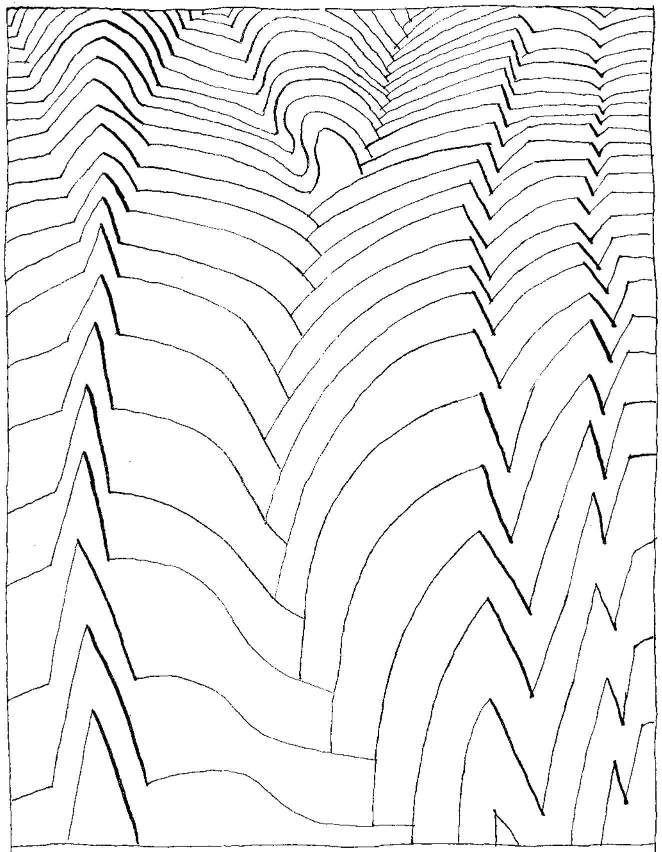
A gentleman wearing high storm boots read Sonnet LXXIII:

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

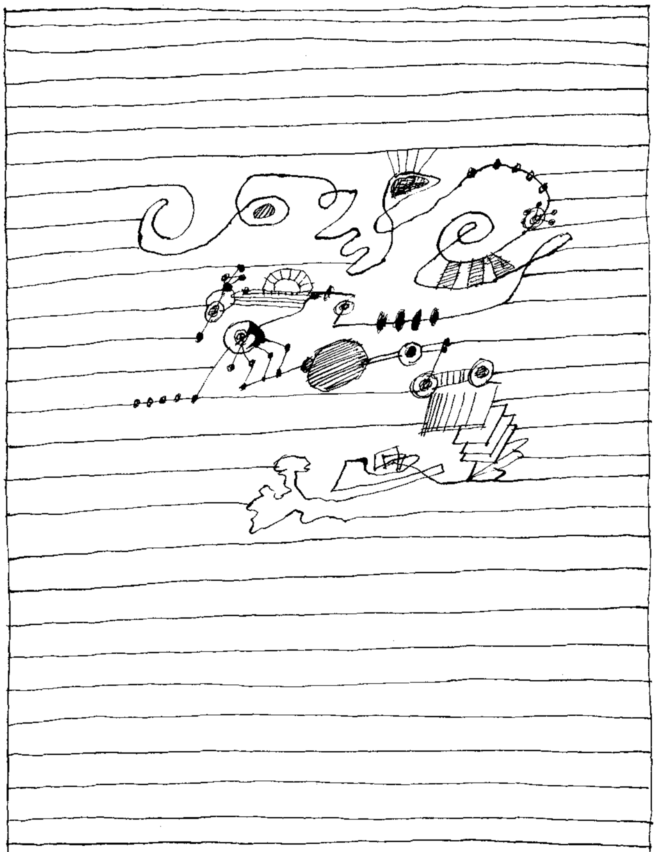
With collective energy and collective wisdom, the ladies and gentlemen gallantly shared their thoughts and feelings about life, death, immortality, time, clocks ticking, children, the seasons, dying fires, heating bills, enjoying beauty, and not feeling sad but feeling part of life, and about hope, friendship, and love.

"Thank you, folks," Mr. Lederer said. "That's what the guy would have wanted."

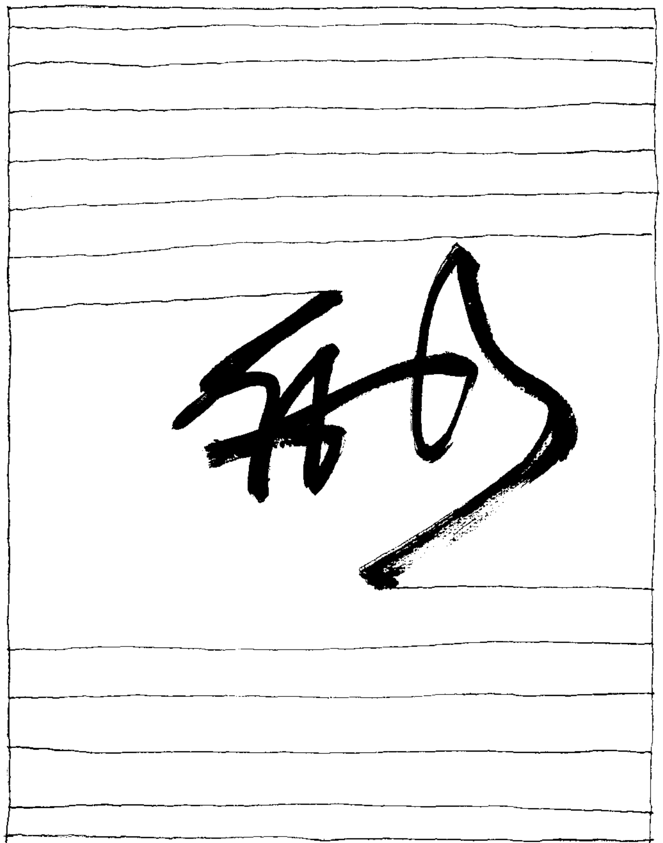
BODY ENGLISH



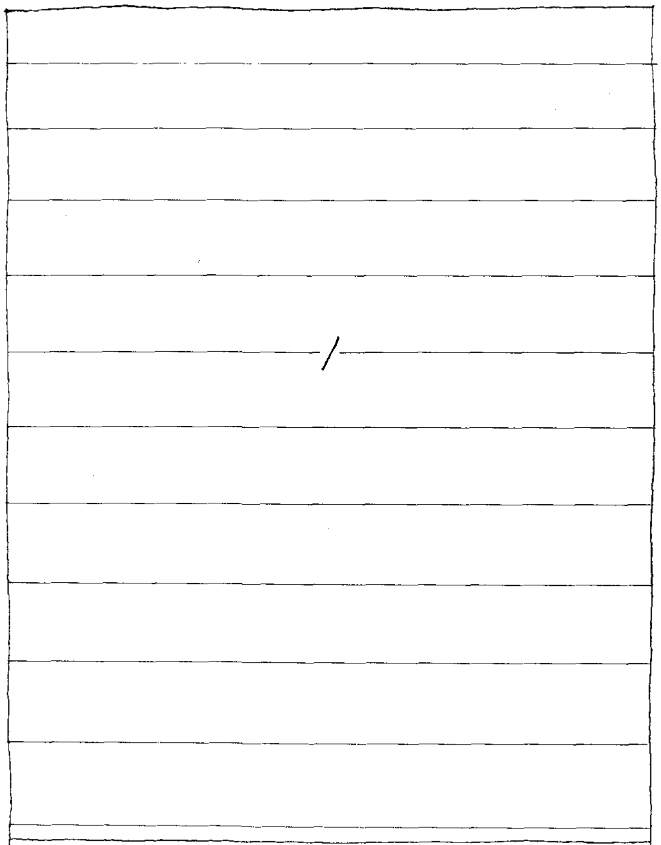
SIGH



GIGGLE



GASP



BLINK

ST

THE NEW THING

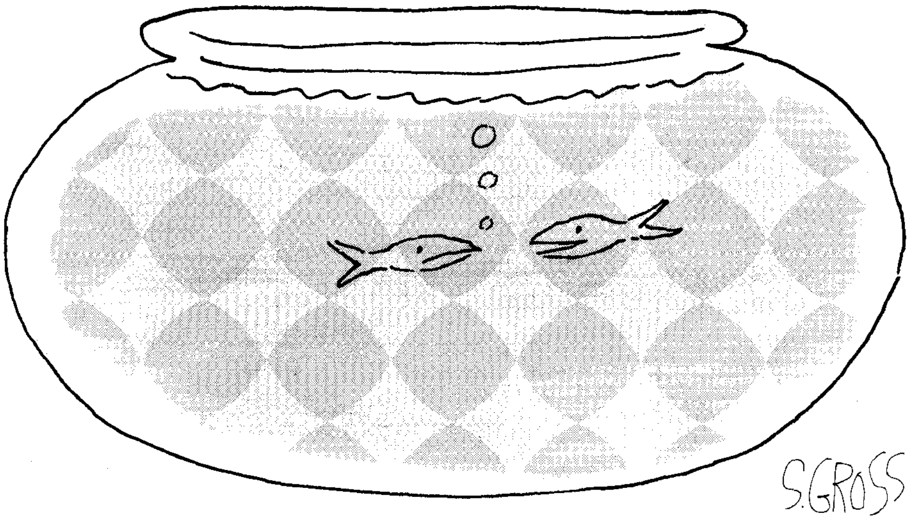
INEVITABLY it's going to be the first thought that people have, so before anybody can even bring it up, let me say that obviously it was our first reaction, too. There's no escaping it. People are going to ask—and right from the start we had to ask ourselves, even though the question is probably the last thing that should be on our minds: Are we just going to be an imitation of "Saturday Night Live"?

Of course, there are only the two of us. Right there, that should differentiate us in the eyes of the public. But as soon as Ed and I started living together, we knew we were eventually going to have to deal with this "imitators" accusation, even though there really is no way to deal with it except to honor it as a legitimate concern and then proceed from there as if the issue didn't exist. I mean, we can't get on with our life if we have to keep looking back over our shoulder all the time, wondering if "Saturday Night Live" did it first or did it better. For a while, though, we were afraid to leave the apartment or have people in for drinks, because we know that everybody has this preconception that we're trying to compete with the image they have of Laraine and Danny and Belushi and Gilda and that whole original "Saturday Night Live" group. But then we discovered that if you actually go back and look at the old "Saturday Night Live" shows, they really weren't as immoral as you remember, so right there we have a definite advantage. My relationship with Ed has an easy, natural way of offending people which, I don't know—maybe it's an outgrowth of the eighties, but it's *something you didn't see on television* a decade ago.

And then we plan to keep the company very small. As I said, the regulars will be just me and Ed. We've wanted to get together for years, and we think we're a good solid nucleus of talent. Ed started a bulletin board with pictures of young, new faces we considered negotiating with, but we felt that the public wouldn't go for that format. There will be an occasional guest. One of the hopefuls we've lined up is Ed's mother, who as you may know is Michael Jackson's favorite white person.

Another difference—although, don't get me wrong, we're aware that this obsession with being different is an inherent danger—is that we have many more hours to fill than "Saturday Night Live." Which puts horrendous demands on us for material. The first few weeks, we went bananas trying to make sure we didn't repeat anything that had been on "Saturday Night Live." Some of our early dates were just nightmares, with me sitting there staring at Ed in stark terror, afraid that if I screamed I'd sound too much like Laraine. And Ed later confessed that he was worried the whole time that he was just another Bill Murray clone. Then gradually we realized that if we eliminated everything about "Saturday Night Live," we would have eliminated all of life itself. So we just relaxed and decided that if we can please *us*, that's achievement enough. If, on top of that, some people enjoy us, then fine.

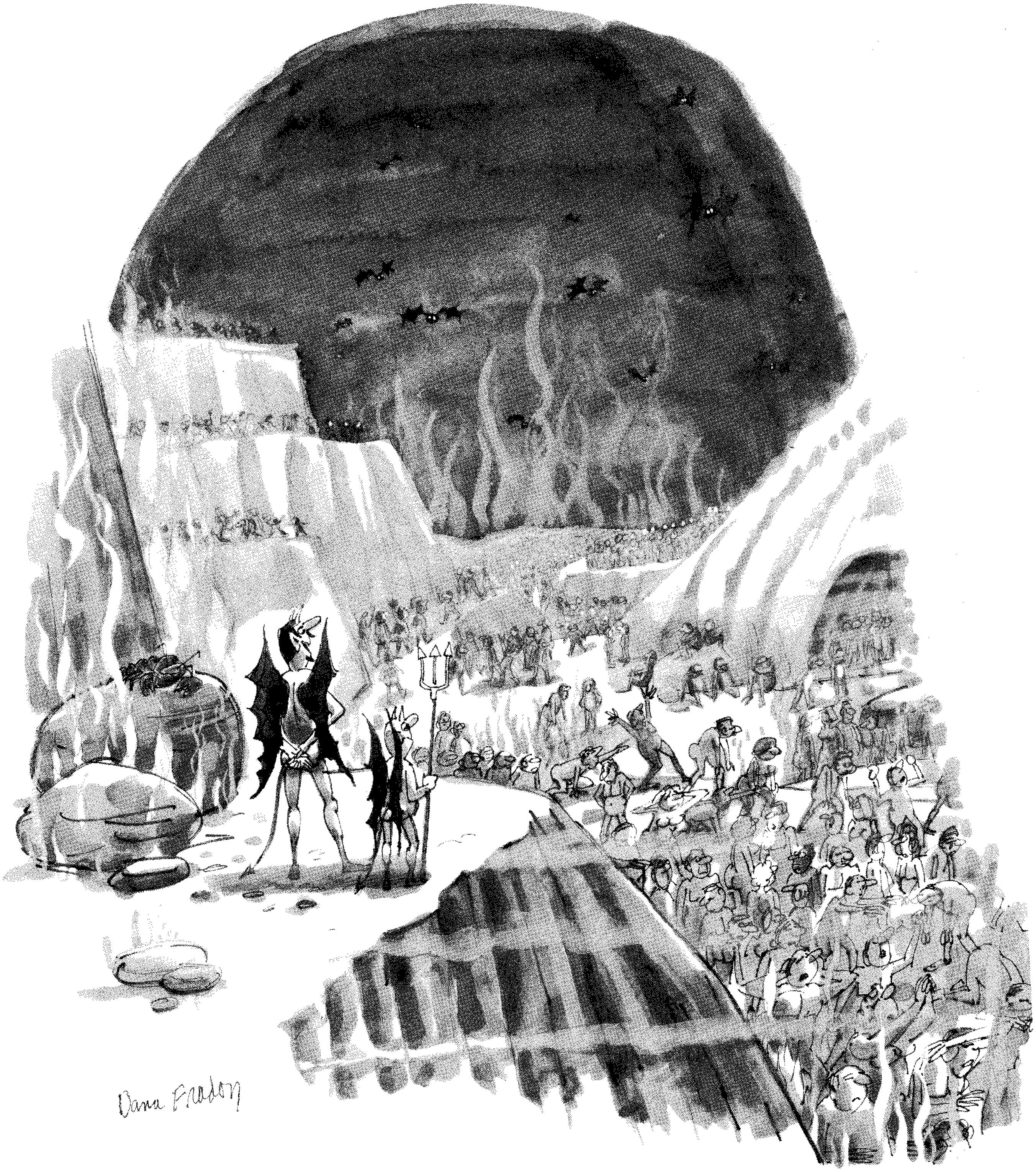
Mainly the thing we have to resist is this constant pressure to go "farther" than "Saturday Night Live" did. O.K., so they did everything there is to do, but of course it's always possible to do it again only making it more repellent. And frankly, if you want to know the truth, it's a temptation, the way so many people look at us expecting to see gratuitous sex. We're fiercely determined not to go that route. If an idea spontaneously occurs to us and it seems dirty, then great—we're not going to censor ourselves. But once you start getting calculated about it, then you have to have even more gratuitous sex the next time to get any reaction at all. It's like what happened to the new phone company. They started out with the strategy of just openly admitting that they were going to imitate "Saturday Night Live," with the slogan "You'll Never Know the Difference." But then one of their publicity hacks came up with a few cheap shots that certain jaded consumers said were more daring than the original, and pretty soon they were having to incorporate more and more gratuitous sex into their business practices just to keep the public scared.



"I just figured out the true meaning of life. Water!"

So, for the most part, how Ed and I measure up vis-à-vis "Saturday Night Live" is a concern we've relegated to the back burner. If others want to keep harping on "Saturday Night Live" and how great Chevy and Gilda and Laraine and Danny were compared to us, that's their problem, not ours. Anyway, I just don't have the emotional energy to think about it, because in my job as head of a federal agency I'm much, much more concerned about being investigated for secretly taping all my telephone conversations with White House officials. At the moment, I'm living in constant fear that if the judge subpoenas my tapes, he's going to think they're too much like the old "Saturday Night Live." On one of them, where I'm screaming at White House Chief of Staff James A. Baker III, I swear to God I sound exactly like Laraine. You don't necessarily set out to copy somebody, but there are only *x* number of ways to go with a horror scream. And that's the least of it. There are tapes of whole telephone calls that will sound like blatant ripoffs to anybody who isn't sophisticated enough to understand the odds against any two different sketch premises being totally different.

Basically, my point is that in our instant electronic media culture, novelty is no longer possible. That's a lesson that has somehow eluded one of



"We do pretty well when you stop to think that people are basically good."

• •

my colleagues in the federal government—Linda Chavez, the new Reagan-appointed staff director of the Commission on Civil Rights. What a hype artist! She's getting all this newspaper coverage for being into "reorientation" of the commission, away from good-taste concepts like affirmative action, equal pay for jobs of comparable value, bilingual education, and study of the discriminatory impact of numerical under-representation of minorities. This is supposed to be a "major change of course." It's supposed to be so fresh and irreverent. For her information, the identical material could easily have been done on the old "Saturday Night Live," by Garrett Morris, whom she would probably now claim she doesn't remember. The only reason he didn't bother to actually do it was because Garrett was hip enough to know that it had already been done a million times. Plus, because even on the old "Saturday Night Live" some things were sacred.

—Veronica Geng

SLIPPAGE

A NOT quite slight earthquake—5.4 on the Richter scale—afflicted Harrison's area early one morning, at 6:07 the newspapers later said; he awoke abruptly, nauseated without knowing why. Then the last shudder made the bedside lamp tingle, and in the little heave, as if the bed were a boat slewing in a wave trough, he looked about the room wide-eyed, to see what damage there was. There appeared to be none; the crisp low plaster ceiling was intact to its corners, no broken glass showed on the windowsills, the water glass and alarm clock and folded spectacles had not abandoned their stations beneath his lamp. His wife at his side had not stirred. Only the top of her head showed—long blond wisps, mussed. She always slept deep under the covers, her face off the pillow as if in the night she had slipped down toward the foot of the bed. Her body under the covers was flattened somehow frighteningly. He pressed his own body more securely against the mattress and waited, eyes open, for the slewing to renew itself; he waited for the end of the world. But the little earthquake had subsided, and within an hour had become an amusing item on the televised news, the kind that lets the anchormen, after tense recitation of international massacres and negotiations, relax their faces and segue kiddingly into the weatherman.

No significant damage had been reported. The center of the disturbance lay in the thinly populated mountains eighty miles to the north. Area residents had flooded the station with calls.

"Interesting," Harrison said to his wife, over their second cup of coffee, "that people call television stations now."

"Instead of what?" She was much younger than he, and seemed cranky as a child in the mornings, her face still imprinted with the creases of the wrinkled bedsheet. "What *should* they call?"

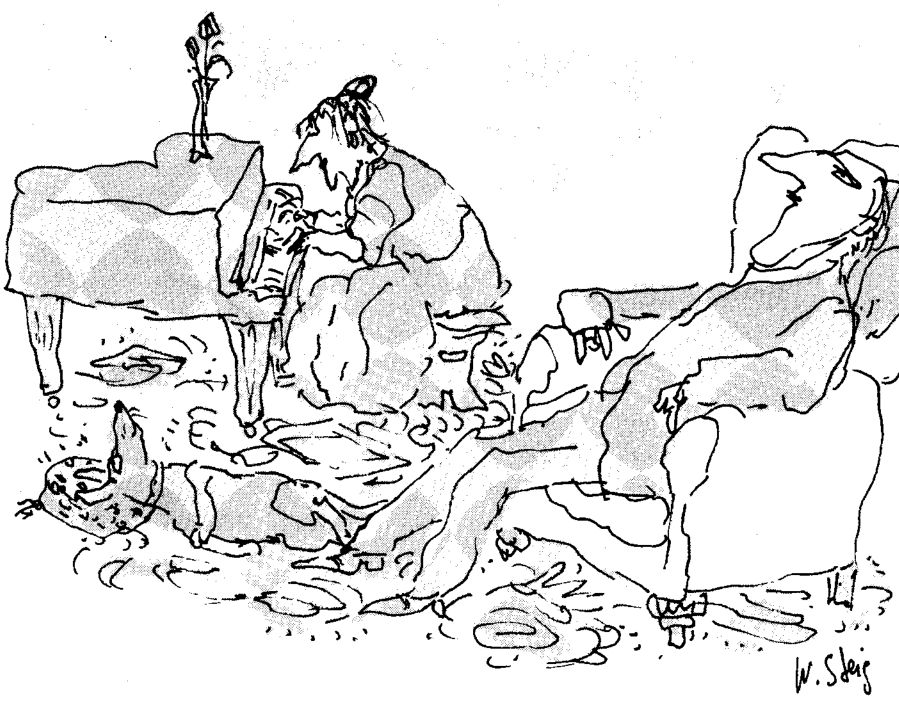
"Oh, I don't know. Police stations. City Hall. They seem to think authority now is vested in the television station."

"There's no point in calling *anybody* about an earthquake anyway," she said irritably.

"I agree," Harrison quickly said, feeling the conversation slipping toward a quarrel.

"Did you really wake up seasick, or are you just imagining things again?"

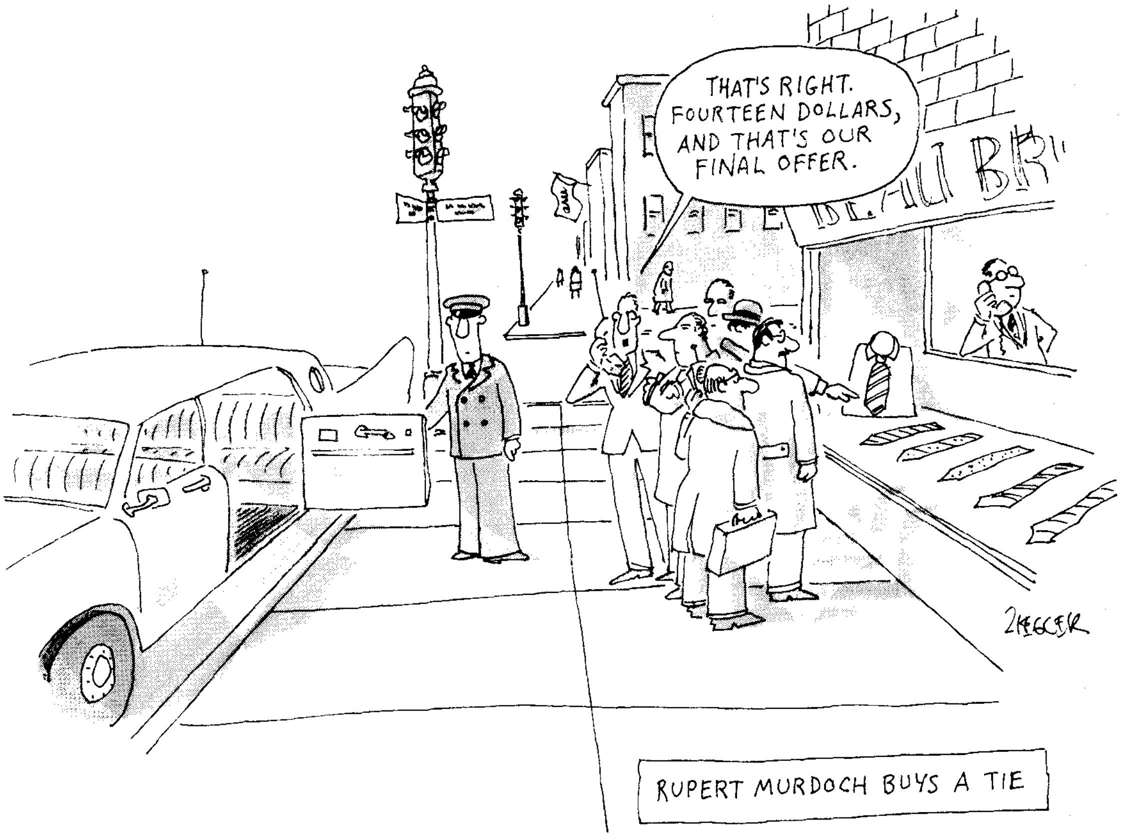
His memory extended so much further back in time than hers that she liked to dismiss its superior content as imagination. She was getting them both ready, he sometimes felt, for senility, though he was barely sixty. "I certainly did. The whole room shook. The bed absolutely jumped. *You*," he added in an accusatory tone, "slept right through, like a"—he didn't want to say "baby"—"like a log."



Eine Kleine Nachtmusik

"I was *tired*," she whined, reaching for another cigarette, though she knew the sight of her smoking pained him. "All these end-of-the-year parties with drunken professors. Keuschnig last night got all sentimental with me about the Anglo-Saxons. Their valor, the comitatus, I forget all what. His hand kept creeping to my knee and I could have sworn at one point there were tears in his eyes." All this was volunteered by way of making up, after her unconscious offense of sleeping through his earthquake.

Harrison's wife had been a student of his. He was a history professor, and today he concluded the spring term of his survey course, "Europe 1453-1914." The students customarily applauded the last lecture, and today the applause went on longer, it seemed to him, than usual, wave upon wave, with a warmth and valedictory enthusiasm that kept renewing itself. In a little trough between two waves of applause it came to Harrison, smiling and bobbing his gray head uneasily, that this noise was indeed goodbye: his work was essentially done. Though he had written a notable monograph or two and, with a colleague now dead, a general account of the Austrian Empire still considered standard, the revolutionary thesis, the sweeping and unifying insight that would forever have pinned his name to history's turning wheel, had not come to him. As a young assistant professor, he had felt it well within his grasp; a little more study, a sabbatical spent airily scribbling at his desk, and he would have it, one of those radical perceptions that in hindsight loom as inevitable as those of a Weber or Burckhardt. The possibility had been there, fair as a willing young woman, and he failed to nail it. His specialty had turned out to be a comic-opera patchwork, a muddle of "provisional absolutism," an empire without a coronation ceremony, a reactionary monarchy tottering through a paper blizzard of decrees and concessions, a study in inertia and fragmentation. Yet for all that, Harrison had somehow thought, a model of human arrangements. The students' compassionate fond applause was wrapping him up, sealing him into his coffin; his mind had made its run, and at a deep level that his body had yet to detect he was exhausted. He was, with his old-fashioned tweed jacket and gray flannels, his memories of the last good war and of the intellectual gold


THAT'S RIGHT. FOURTEEN DOLLARS, AND THAT'S OUR FINAL OFFER.

RUPERT MURDOCH BUYS A TIE

rush that had come with the G.I. Bill, his dated "slant" and late-capitalist liberal humanism, himself now history, a flake of consciousness within time's shale.

A tug of nausea returned with this perception. The applause spattered to a close. Harrison gathered his worn lecture notes, the pages frayed with repeated handling and the typed text spidery where second and third thoughts (none of them recent) had spun over the years a web of insertions. Like a person who takes a backache or a love pang onto a crowded bus, Harrison moved with his queasiness out through the exiting students. They were bright-faced and noisy and clad in light rags. June was almost here. A boy in denim cutoffs and a tank top—one of the pushers, a clever young man with a future, seeking professorial intimacy right to the edge of exam period—voiced puzzlement and a disposition to quarrel with the somewhat ironical portrait Harrison had painted of a Europe halcyon and the envy of the globe in 1914, until Austria-Hungary's doddery decision to launch war against Serbia for the sake of a dead prince no one had liked. "But, sir, what about the poverty and sweatshops? What about the abortive revolutions, like in 1905?" Harrison brushed by the boy as if he were shouting in a foreign language. He had no heart left for history; his retrospect was obsessed by that immense, subtle tremble in whose arms he had hours ago awoken.

SEX, Harrison thought as the day wore on. Sex was what had slid away. Not the fact of it—his young wife, though she needed her sleep, was less fussily obliging than any woman of Harrison's generation would have been—but the hope, the expectancy that used to draw all days and hours to a point. In his untenured years, he would look forward all day to a dinner party, to seeing Mrs. R. or combative Ms. B. or languorous Madame de L. of the French Department in a silk or satin party dress, to seeing the skins of these females flush and their gestures widen under the influence of drink and food and what the behavorial scientists called socialization, to hearing their voices rise and grow adorably raucous and reckless. The air then was full of signs, of meanings, of flashing immaterial knives. Now at dinner parties he would sit and be amazed that there was not one woman at the table he wanted to sleep with. It was a kind of deafness, a turning down of the sound on a television set. The mouths moved absurdly, like the mouths of fish. Polite, even animated, he and his colleagues (his comitatus) were going through the motions. It was, Harrison supposed, what Freud had meant by civilization; no one healthy, really, had ever had much use for it.

Students, too, had had their signals, their secondary meanings of pose and glance—pitfalls, at times, of delicious hazard. Now the girls in their provoking undress were to Harrison like foliage, blandly thronging the sides of his vision as he walked the campus paths. Though only thrice wed, in a profession notorious for its marital casualties, he had been—all those years when the great theory, the seminal statement, waited to be discovered—in a constant fever of love, talking to one female or another in his head incessantly, making her the unwitting witness of his being, his lectures, his conferences, his reading of term papers, his carpentry, his leaf-raking, even his lovemaking to another. Now, if he thought of women, in a moment of silent occupation, or while falling off to sleep, it was of his daughters, with great pity and sorrow and, obscurely, self-blame. He had had three, by the first two wives, and all three were adult, and lived alone in tiny rented rooms in various ungrateful cities. When he thought of a daughter, he pictured a pea suspended in the center of an empty cube, waiting to be found, a tiny hard slightly shrivelled core of disappointment floating in a room whose one window gave on identical other windows. The picture had the sadness of a Magritte. So it would startle him, confronting one of his daughters in actuality, to find her large and hearty and solicitous toward *him;* he was aging, he would read in her eyes. To them he appeared a fragile relic of the past they had shared, when they had been giggling babies and he dark-haired and omnipotent. Harrison would have wept, if he could weep as easily as Keuschnig, over his daughters.

His daughters and his teeth. A left lower bicuspid, having long ago lost the molar behind it, now was wearying of carrying a gold bridge, and stood with its root all but completely exposed by the eroding jawbone, and felt palpably loose to Harrison's tongue. And he could not stop touching it, testing to what degree the looseness was fact and to what degree morbid illusion.

In his office, he pawed through stacks of term papers pounded out under the inspiration of cram notes and NoDoz. He made few marginal remarks; these *final* papers were often not even retrieved, but left to gather dust on a chair in his locked office all summer. Outside, the afternoon glided by with a waxy brilliance. The sky was cloudless, earth and heaven, poets to the contrary, showing no sympathy. The motion of the bed this morning, produced by subterranean thunder, in Harrison's memory had become less like a boat slewing, less large: more of a nervous, sharp motion, as if the bedposts had been socketed in cups of grease. His tongue pressed against the weakening tooth again. It gave, or did he imagine it? There was another dinner party tonight, and his failure to feel *excitement* seemed another slight softening, an installment of eventual total loss.

Yet it was here, at this party in the home of a younger colleague—a disciple of Braudel deep into the statistics of Midwestern grain and cattle shipment in the eighteen-eighties—that she appeared, the stirring woman. She was an unscheduled guest, the visiting sister of a geologist. Slender, tall, her hair dyed a gaudy orange and teased into a compact airy ball around her pale face, she marched into the room erect as a soldier, chin up and an arm extended before her toward the hostess in a gesture almost balletic, as if her fingers held a wand. No husband accompanied her. To Harrison she seemed so precious, so precarious and knifelike a vision in her pale-green sheath of a dress, that he shied from talking to her. Only in the second hour of pre-dinner drinks, the small crowd around her mysteriously dispersing, did they come face to face. Her eyes, like her dress, were pale green, and they fastened on his with an intensity that suggested they had met before, in circumstances that had been discreditable. The tilted-back angle of her bright bony face looked a little unnatural and tense up close. "Are you retired?" she asked, unsmiling.

He provided the smile. "Not quite yet. Do I look as though I should be?"

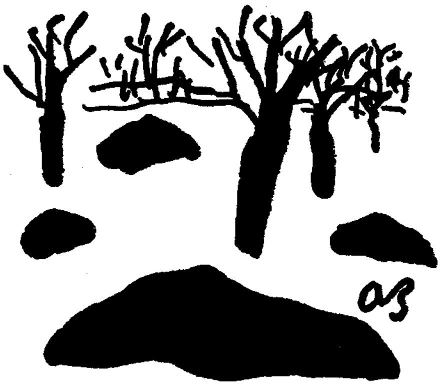
It was her chance to flirt, but she said with a hiss, "Yes."

He changed the subject. "Your brother is a geologist."

"My brother," the woman said, "is a bully." The muscles at the points of her jaw kept jumping, and her long throat was composed of rigid vertical cords.

"I was curious to know what he thought about the earthquake this morning. Has he expressed anything to you? Any theories? Is this the beginning of a cataclysmic trend?"

She said nothing, merely stared at him with a face about to fling itself into outrage; it was as if he were daring to speak to her in a sacred code, as if he were violating the terms of an agreement they had arrived at in secret. She was lovely, Harrison thought, in her bones, the widely spaced cheekbones and jaw points, and in the tilt of her nose and the darkness of her narrow pink-rimmed nostrils. She was vivid as a wild animal; he needed only to find the tone that would settle her down.



"Did you notice it?" he asked, softer-voiced. "This morning? My wife slept right through, but it was all over television, and the afternoon papers."

"I don't want to be here," she explained, wagging her jaw slightly from side to side and barely unclenching her teeth, as if afraid of releasing something. "It's my brother's idea. I have a lovely home. But my crazy husband—"

"Your husband?"

"He says I shouldn't talk about it." For the first time, her eyes left his, and her head swivelled, surveying the room so rapidly her ball of teased hair bounced under stress of rotation.

"Your husband says?"

"My *broth*er." The corners of her lips, which were very long and somewhat imprecisely painted a purplish red, bent upward in a cramped attempt at a smile. "He's taking it from me, my *beau*tiful home, and now my children, oh my God, he has *law*yers, and *doc*tors, he *buys* people, and gets them to *lie*—"

"This is not your brother, this is your husband," Harrison said. It was a

---

DOWN BY THE STATION, EARLY IN THE MORNING

It all wears out. I keep telling myself this, but
I can never believe me, though others do. Even things do.
And the things they do. Like the rasp of silk, or a certain
Glottal stop in your voice as you are telling me how you
Didn't have time to brush your teeth but gargled with Listerine
Instead. Each is a base one might wish to touch once more

Before dying. There's the moment years ago in the station in Venice,
The dark rainy afternoon in fourth grade, and the shoes then,
Made of a dull, crinkled brown leather that no longer exists.
And nothing does, until you name it, remembering, and even then
It may not have existed, or existed only as a result
Of the perceptual dysfunction you've been carrying around for years.
The result is magic, then terror, then pity at the emptiness,
Then air gradually bathing and filling the emptiness as it leaks,
Emoting all over something that is probably mere reportage
But nevertheless likes being emoted on. And so each day
Culminates in merriment as well as a deep shock like an electric one,

As the wrecking ball bursts through the wall with the bookshelves,
Scattering the works of famous authors as well as those
Of more obscure ones, and books with no author, letting in
Space, and an extraneous babble from the street
Confirming the new value the hollow core has again, the light
From the lighthouse that protects as it pushes us away.

—JOHN ASHBERY

• •

• •

stupid, professorial effort to keep things clear, but he was becoming frightened.

The woman looked at him with astonishment. He had the irrational fear her face might fly apart, like an explosion of shrapnel, cheekbones and nostrils and the eyes that seemed bones of a different color. "You're *won*derful," she pronounced at last, and silently laughed, a huge ghost of a laugh, her mouth opening wider than he would have thought possible, so that from his angle he saw the ribs of the roof of her mouth and the black fillings throughout her molars.

She was, he realized, quite mad; her defiant entry into this party, her situation as she described it were all suddenly explained, and the mystery of why the people around her had dispersed, leaving Harrison to face her. And she, seeing what must have been a change, a slippage, in his own face, tipped back her face in triumph and attached herself to him with a slim, nervous, hard hand. For the rest of the evening, she followed him with her gaze and her voice, seating herself beside him at the table, staring, pleading that he understand her, that the code they had worked out in the fathomless past continue to bind them together and become the basis for her rescue. The vague human appeal that always hangs in the air of parties had become suffocatingly solid; he had the sensation of the ceiling of the room lowering and chasing him from corner to corner, from group to group, as the woman circled in her hunt.

"WHAT a nightmarish evening," Harrison said to his wife when at last it was over and they were home.

"She *did* take quite a shine to you," she said. "Poor soul. Apparently she was quite brilliant and lovely once, and just flipped. Her brother was saying they don't want to have to do shock treatments."

"I thought nobody did those anymore." The idea slightly sickened him. "It was terrifying," he confessed, "to realize suddenly that she wasn't *there*, in the way that people normally are. I must have looked foolish."

"No more than old guys on the make ever look," she said. Having mussed her hair pulling off her dress, she tossed her head with petulant violence, like a child who does not want any more snarls combed out; thus shaken, this hair, silky and blond, loosened of its own down her back. In bed, by way of making up, she smoothed his gray hair and massaged the front of his skull as if to ease the creases from his forehead. "Everybody at the party thought you were heroic," she said.

This all formed a signal, and he wanted to respond, for his wife now seemed a treasure, sleepy but sane; but the moment when he should have nailed, as it were, her attention passed, and she slipped in his arms into forgetfulness of him.

Harrison lay in the wide bed and waited. Though the ceiling had receded to its proper distance, his memory of that mouth, so suddenly, avidly flexible, with its ribbed cave roof and black back teeth, afflicted him. His tongue touched his own tooth, testing the give; perhaps he was imagining it. He thought of Franz Josef, punctilious even on his deathbed, all the strands of his rotting web still gripped by his tenacious memory. Harrison thought of his daughters in their empty rooms, and of the thinly populated mountains to the north. Suddenly the mattress seemed to slew a bit sideways, to give a little flirtatious tug; but the bed lamp didn't tingle, so he must have imagined it.

—JOHN UPDIKE

REFLECTIONS

WEAPONS AND HOPE

III—PEOPLE

War is waged by men; not by beasts, or by gods. It is a peculiarly human activity. To call it a crime against mankind is to miss at least half its significance; it is also the punishment of a crime. That raises a moral question, the kind of problem with which the present age is disinclined to deal. Perhaps some future attempt to provide a solution for it may prove to be even more astonishing than the last.—*Frederic Manning, 1929.*

AMATEURS AT WAR

THREE letters from a soldier named Freeman Atkey:

9th Yorkshire Regiment,
British Expeditionary Force,
September 23, 1915

DEAR FATHER,

We are leading a trench life, not in the comfortable front line, but in a hastily sketched-out reserve line where we have everything to make and not much material to make it with.... Alas our field kitchen was destroyed, and the cooks were seen decamping in great haste from the farm where it was housed, a very comic sight which cheered the men up no end. We've had really topping weather, a very good thing considering that we are practically bivouacking in the open.... The men in the firing line do a lot of machine-gun and rapid fire at night, and whenever an aeroplane is up about a dozen anti-aircraft let loose at it. So that one continually has to break off in the middle of a sentence—a most irritating thing.

I believe we move out of here shortly into the firing line which will be much more comfortable and perhaps less randomly dangerous, i.e. anybody hit will have the comfort of knowing he was aimed at. But as a matter of fact I think the whole business as things are going at present (no attacks across the open) is about as safe as riding a motor-bike in London.

Please tell Muff that I want very badly hanks, puttees, socks, pijamas, winter drawers against the change in the weather.

Your loving son,
FREEMAN

No. 14 General Hospital
Boulogne
February, 1916

DEAR FATHER,

...My arm is going on splendidly. I have already discarded the sling and taken to dry dressings.... A fellow [here] called James [is] by trade and education a metallurgical chemist; studied at Zürich, knows Germany very well, has been to Constantinople and shot bears in Bulgaria, then to U.S.A. to study at Cornell University in New York Province [sic] and to do work for several big factories over there. As I was dozing off to sleep last night (I share a room with him) he was telling me of a thrilling chase of German incendiarists in which he took part as chauffeur at the beginning of the war. The Germans were trying to burn down a large Aeroplane factory, they were disturbed and escaped in a car, he and the others went in pursuit, one man sitting in the front of his car and potting at the fugitive car with an automatic pistol with view to puncture tyres. This finally proved successful and the fugitives pulled up in a lonely gorge. James was knocked on the head, one of the Germans shot through stomach, one of loyalists hit with heavy revolver bullet in arm which was shattered. He told me various other interesting adventures since outbreak of war over there—how he disguised himself and attended the Deutsche Verein and took down *verbatim* the speech of a Professor Faust of Cornell University who urged rebellion against U.S.A. should latter espouse English cause....

Hope you are keeping fit and not disturbed by fears of Zeppelins.

Your loving son,
FREEMAN

July 2, 1916

DEAR FATHER,

We are in bivouacs pretty near behind the line hearing a tremendous tow-row but not experiencing any of the dangers of a battle. We are sleeping entirely in the open, last night in a field, the night before in a wood, as it has been lovely weather it has been very jolly and we have done our marching at night when it is cool. ...Hope you are all fit. Parcels will probably reach all right.

Your loving son,
FREEMAN

And a telegram:

BUCKINGHAM PALACE
JULY 16, 1916

THE KING AND QUEEN DEEPLY REGRET THE LOSS YOU AND THE ARMY HAVE SUSTAINED BY THE DEATH OF YOUR SON IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY. THEIR MAJESTIES TRULY SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU IN YOUR SORROW.

Captain Freeman Atkey, of the 9th Yorkshire Regiment, was thirty-three years old when he was killed by a sniper's bullet. Until the First World War began, he had been a schoolmaster, teaching classical Greek and history to boys in the upper forms of the famous English public (i.e., private) schools Merchant Taylors' and Marlborough. He was a serious scholar. Under modern conditions, a man of his attainments would be an assistant professor at a university. In Europe before 1914, the élite high schools were centers of intellectual life comparable with the provincial universities of today. Freeman fitted the traditional role of a dedicated schoolmaster. "His rooms," one of his Marlborough colleagues wrote after his death, "were constantly the meeting place of both boys and masters, where discussions took place on every imaginable subject—literary, artistic, musical, political, and educational." He loved his Greek, his teaching, and his boys. He never married. His closest friend was his sister Mildred (Muff), who shared his intellectual interests and travelled around Europe with him during school vacations.

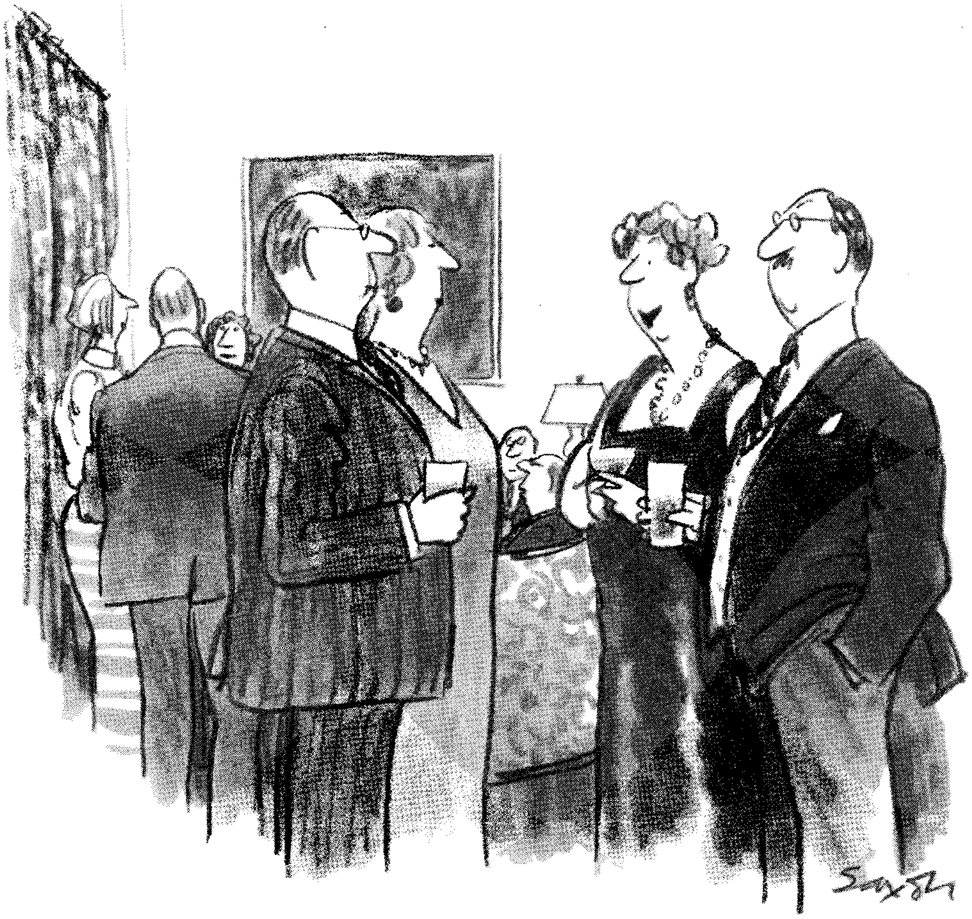
And yet the peaceful life of a schoolmaster left Freeman restless and unfulfilled. When war broke out in 1914, he at once enlisted in the Army as a volunteer. He was, by all accounts, a brave and good-humored soldier. "He loved no-man's-land, and constantly crawled out there at night," his Marlborough colleague reported. "On one occasion, a star shell revealed his tall figure, not lying down but standing erect in the open. Whereupon, instead of throwing himself flat, he flung out his arms. 'Tell me if I look like a tree,' he shouted back to the British trenches." When he came home from France on leave, he talked freely to his sister about his life in the Army. In spite of the horror and tragedy, he was deeply happy as a soldier. He told Mildred that he had never really been alive before. As a schoolmaster, he had enjoyed watching over the minds of gifted boys. As an officer in the front lines, he had the greater joy of caring for both the bodies and the minds of the men under his command. In school, his friendships with the boys were intellectual, limited by the formalities of his position. In the front lines, the friendships were deeper and closer; the shared dangers and hardships brought men together as comrades and brothers. The war gave him, at the age of thirty-one, his first taste of passionate involvement in a great enterprise. It made everything he had done before seem unreal.

Freeman's friend George Dyson had also been a schoolmaster at Marlborough. Freeman and George were exactly the same age, and shared a passion for motorbikes. They had once ridden together on their motorbikes over the Alps to Italy. Otherwise, they were as unlike as two young men could be. Freeman was a dreamer, George an organizer. Freeman grew up in a prosperous middle-class family and rowed for his college at Cambridge University. George, the son of a blacksmith, was a self-made man, with radical opinions and abrasive manners. The writer Beverley Nichols gives us in his autobiographical memoir "Father Figure" a glimpse of George in his Marlborough days:

> At last I had a music master—a real music master. He was a young man called George Dyson. . . . On the first occasion that I played to him, things began badly. . . . I was almost entirely self-taught; I had never had a proper music-lesson in my life; I had seldom even played on a proper piano. . . . Besides, what should I play?—At family tea-parties when I was bidden to perform to our few respectable friends, I would play "The Rustle of Spring" to Lady Opherts and the Misses Oldfield and Sir St. Vincent Hammick, who would keep time with their feet and heave sighs when it was over and tell me that I had a beautiful touch. With "The Rustle of Spring," at least, I would be safe.
>
> I played it.
>
> But Dyson did not tell me that I had a beautiful touch.
>
> Instead he said, abruptly, "Do you like that stuff?"
>
> "Not very much, sir."
>
> "Then why do you play it?" He laughed and answered the question for me; he was a kindly man. "Family tea-parties?"
>
> The explanation was so poignantly accurate that my cheeks began to burn.
>
> "What would you really like to play, if you chose for yourself?"
>
> "I don't know, sir."
>
> "Chopin?"
>
> "Of course, sir."
>
> "Such as?"
>
> "Could I get to know the piano for a minute, sir?"
>
> "Fire away."
>
> He strolled over to the window and looked out on to the courtyard. In the distance one of the eternal school bells was tolling—the bell that gave warning that the gates would shortly close. It was pitched to the note of E and it had a sad but pleasing after-echo that trembled into E flat. I struck the chord of E minor and began to play, taking the tempo from the bell and allowing the melody to dictate itself. This was better, for now the piano was singing. The tune had a clear shape and fell naturally into a framework of thirty-two bars. I hoped that I would be able to remember it.
>
> "What was that?"
>
> Dyson had turned round from the window and was staring at me intently.
>
> "Nothing, sir. I was making it up."
>
> He seemed about to speak. Then he strode over to the piano, pushed me aside, sat down and replayed the piece that I had just invented.
>
> This was, I think, one of the few supreme moments of my long life. In it I lived more intensely than in any ecstatic climax of passion or of prayer. For a few fleeting seconds I was living as I had been born to live. . . . A great musician had taken this melody of mine that had drifted so fortuitously through the window with the bell, and was developing it with all the resources of his technique and his art. And I knew, and he knew, that it was beautiful.
>
> The last chord died away.
>
> "Was that what you wanted?"
>
> "Yes, sir."
>
> "Then write it down."
>
> "I don't think I could, sir."
>
> It was lucky that Dyson was an impatient man; I was near to tears, and if he had been sympathetic instead of brusque I might have lost control of myself. "What d'you mean, you don't think you could? You know what a crotchet is, don't you? You know what a quaver is, don't you? You can find C on the stave, can't you, and turn it into C sharp or C flat? Damn it all, man, don't you realize you're a composer?"

George was such an outstanding success as music master at Marlborough that he was invited to move to Rugby at double the salary. He arrived at Rugby early in 1914, and within a few months he got into a violent quarrel with the headmaster. George had been accused of having an affair with the wife of one of the assistant masters, and the husband had denounced him to the headmaster. As a result, George found himself in July, 1914, out on the street, without a job, publicly disgraced, his career in ruins. The standards of middle-class morality at that time made it unlikely that he would ever be readmitted to the genteel world of the public school. He was not a gentleman. He had no capital and no income, no cushion of family connections to save him from disaster. His thoughts turned to suicide.

Then, in the nick of time, came deliverance. At the beginning of August, suddenly and unexpectedly, Europe plunged into war. Recruiting



"The market may be iffy, but, as Raymond says, we built our house of brick."

• •

WEEKEND

Fridays, executives flock to their châteaux,
Tame as sad behavioral trainees,
The train moving in stupendous twilight,
The rocks of the Hudson at the left, its violet
Tides measured by an unseen moon, when
Suddenly the car penetrates darkness
Ever growing blacker, and is suddenly released
To a few stars trilling, the first virtuoso
Shift of lights and, ahead, there it is:
The old train station built for a few
Estates, landowners tucked among the hills,
And for others, escaping from town, a taxi
Leisurely waits because it always knew
The great province of hotels is sleep.

—HOWARD MOSS

• •

---

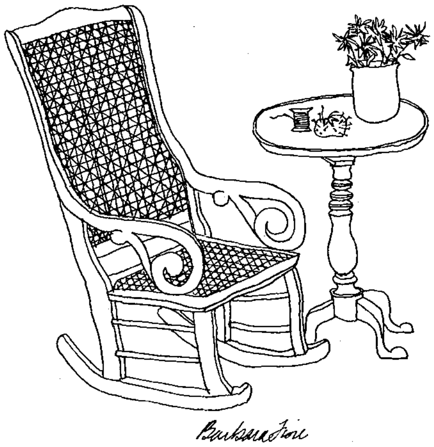
posters went up all over England: "YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED YOU." With heartfelt relief, at the same time as Freeman but for very different reasons, George volunteered for active service. In return for his services to king and country, he would at least be fed and housed. He was put into the 99th Infantry Brigade and sent to Tidworth, on Salisbury Plain, for basic training. With luck, after the shindy was over, the wrath of the headmaster of Rugby might have subsided.

What does an army do with a musician? It finds him a job that nobody else particularly wants to do. The 99th Infantry Brigade received an order from the War Office to instruct the troops in the use of hand grenades before they embarked for France. The regular officers of the brigade considered a hand grenade to be a newfangled and unsporting weapon. They had no wish to become involved with it. So they appointed George brigade grenadier officer, with the rank of lieutenant, and left it to him to figure out what to do. George had never seen a hand grenade. He quickly discovered that no grenades were available to the brigade for training purposes. He decided to go to the War Office for help.

The War Office informed him that he could learn about hand grenades at a special officers' training course that had been instituted for this purpose at Newcastle upon Tyne, in the North of England. The course would last two weeks. George obtained permission from his brigade to enroll in the course and took the train to Newcastle. In Newcastle, he appeared at the appointed time and place. The people in Newcastle gave him a friendly welcome, but they had never heard of any hand-grenade training course. He spent three days visiting all the Army units he could find in the neighborhood of Newcastle. Then he took the train back to Tidworth. He never discovered whether the hand-grenade training course had actually existed. He concluded that it had probably got lost, somewhere between the plan and the execution, in the labyrinthine corridors of the War Office. After returning to Tidworth, George found that his standing among the officers had risen. He was now a specialist. He had taken a special training course. He was the man who knew everything there was to know about hand grenades.

George was a practical fellow. He understood from the beginning that the hand-grenade business must be taken seriously. He talked with soldiers who had come back on leave from France, and he learned from them what trench warfare was like. Their accounts made it clear that when it came to hand-to-hand fighting in trenches a well-aimed hand grenade was a far more effective weapon than a bayonet. If the 99th Infantry Brigade was to be adequately prepared for the fighting that awaited it in France, George had a job to do. He still had not seen a hand grenade. He was unable to find any official source of supplies. So he decided that the time had come to be creative. He would invent a hand grenade and manufacture it himself.

As a boy, watching his father at work in his blacksmith's forge, George had learned what could be done with a piece of iron. His left thumb had been permanently flattened by one of his father's hammers. He knew how to design a grenade that the local blacksmith in Tidworth could produce in quantities sufficient for his needs. The grenade was a hollow shell of three-eighths-inch-thick iron: length, three inches; diameter, two inches; weight, one and a quarter pounds. It was open at one end. He mimeographed some instructions for his men, telling them how to use it:



> This dummy can be used as a "live" bomb by inserting a small charge of gunpowder, properly enclosed and tamped with earth, with safety fuse attached. The charge should be so small as merely to drive the contents of the shell out of the open end. The shell suffers no damage and can be used repeatedly.

Once George had his grenades, he was ready to go ahead with a vigorous training program. He understood two essential facts about the Army: first, the average Army recruit would need an enormous amount of practice before he could master the skill of throwing live grenades quickly and accurately from one underground trench into another; second, if the necessary practice could be organized as a sporting event it would rapidly become popular. So he began with a platoon of soldiers who had nothing else to do, and put them to work digging two lines of trenches with traverses and listening posts and machine-gun emplacements:

> The provision of a suitable training ground is most important. Throwing pitches with distances accurately and plainly marked must be provided, and a scheme of trenches must be designed and made giving opportunities for throwing practice at varying distances, and containing traverses and communication trenches such as can be used in the various stages of training.
>
> Clear indications of distance are essential. Only by this means can men be taught to judge distances accurately when observing or throwing. . . .
>
> Instructors will keep written scores, and encourage competition. Only those bombs which fall clean into the objective will be allowed to score.

When the digging was finished, he divided the platoon into teams and handed out the dummy grenades. Af-

LOST WITHOUT HER
KOREN

"He's never accepted his divorce."

• •

ter the week of digging, throwing grenades was fun. The teams competed against each other, and their performance improved rapidly. After they had mastered the basic skills of throwing, George organized more elaborate tactical exercises:

> Practice 1. Storming a line of fire trenches from the flank. . . .
>
> Practice 2. As in Practice 1, but including communication trenches. . . .
>
> Practice 3. The whole grenadier company will charge a line of trenches in extended order, organize themselves, and advance on one or both flanks as in Practice 2.
>
> Throughout these practices instructors will impress on their men the extreme usefulness of throwing frequently into the more distant sections of the trench. This will render effective reply by the enemy very difficult.

In addition to the training notes for his grenadiers, George wrote a more lyrical description of their activities for the edification of the British public. The lyrical version was published in October, 1915, in *The Spectator*. After explaining the rules of the grenade-throwing game, George went on to discuss the introduction of technical improvements:

> Our greatest trouble is that we cannot throw far enough. At thirty or forty yards we are deadly, but no man can bowl a weight of nearly two pounds much further. Then some grenadier finds a piece of disused gaspipe. Three-inch iron pipe—just the thing! Close one end and put a small charge in. The jam-tin fits it nicely. Fire away. A hundred, a hundred and fifty, two hundred yards! We are almost artillery. Another genius, in whose veins the ancient blood is strong, finds some stout rubber bands, makes a forked wooden frame, and a canvas sling. Trench catapult he calls it; an excellent name. We have seen many devices for hurling jam-tins, but we like this the best. It is simple, it is accurate, and, above all, it is noiseless. It completely deceives the enemy, and we are jubilant. We try every kind of missile at every kind of range. We are delighted and fascinated, and never tire of fighting and experimenting with this latest weapon. This, we feel, is new, exhilarating, scientific. It gives us something to do, something to watch. It is effective, too, as the enemy well knows. We are inventive, ingenious, above all, scientific, we men of this modern age. There is nothing we cannot do when we set our minds to it. There is no situation to which we cannot adapt ourselves. We fight with our brains, and we shall win.

The author of this impassioned piece of prose unfortunately neglected to mention the site of his experiments. The readers of *The Spectator* might easily have gained the mistaken impression that the piece was written from the trenches in France. George was in fact still at Tidworth when he wrote it. Freeman was by that time in France, observing George's activities with amusement from the perspective of the front lines. Freeman wrote to his sister, "Yesterday on arrival in first line trenches was delighted to find a note from you, also one from Dyson who is still at Tidworth, a great authority on bombs. . . . Very grateful for the parcel and letters, also Dyson's letter in *Spectator*—most characteristic. Thanks for the rat-poison but I expect they are drowned by now." Freeman had to deal with problems more mundane than the technology of

"O.K., everybody! Lights! Camera! Situation! Comedy!"

• •

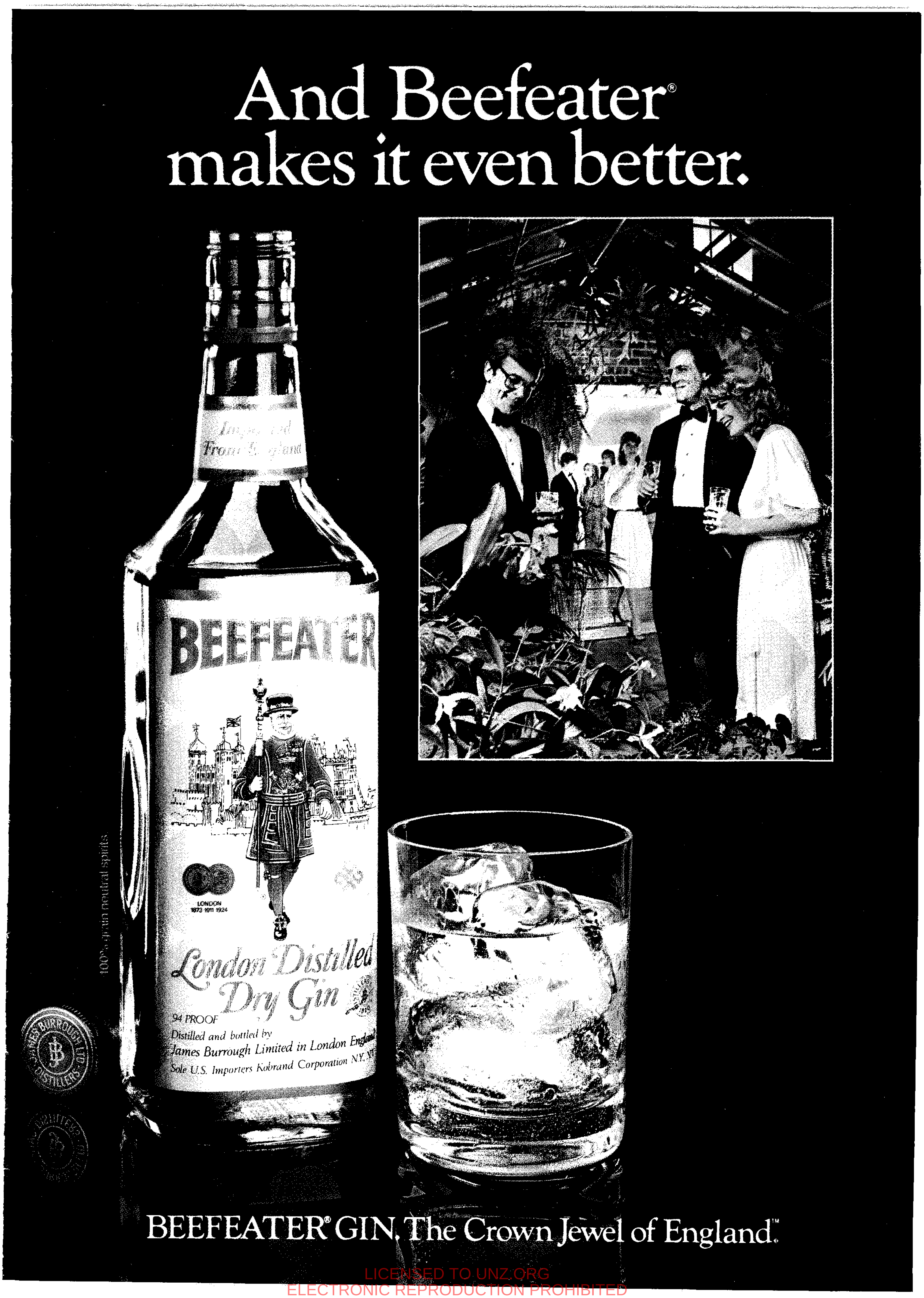
trench catapults. The real war in France was different from the war that George imagined at Tidworth. George was not the first, or the last, military inventor who failed to make a clear distinction between simulated battles and real battles.

Meanwhile, back at Tidworth, the noise and gusto of George's training exercises had attracted some official attention. The commander of his brigade came over to see what was going on. He was favorably impressed. A few days later, he brought the division commander to have a look. The division commander asked if he could have some copies of George's mimeographed notes to give to his other brigade. The other brigade soon had its training ground and dummy grenades, too. Then the corps commander came to visit, and more copies of the mimeographed notes were handed out. So it went on, until, finally, the news of George's activities reached the War Office. The War Office decided to publish George's notes as an official training manual for the entire British Army. A little blue book, small enough to fit into a soldier's pocket, "Grenade Warfare. Notes on the Training and Organization of Grenadiers. By Lieutenant G. Dyson, Price sixpence net," was published in 1915. It was reprinted in enormous quantities as the war went on. Best of all, the publisher paid royalties to the author. The royalties on hundreds of thousands of sixpences trickled into George's bank account, and he found himself, for the first time in his life, free of financial worries. In 1917, when the United States entered the war, the United States War Department needed a manual for the training of American grenadiers, and George's book was republished in New York—this time in hard covers, with a price tag of fifty cents. By then, the author had arrived in France and had seen some real hand grenades in action, but whatever he may have learned in France was not recorded in the later editions of his book.

George's stay in France was briefer than Freeman's. He was promoted to captain and served at the front for a few months. One day, for some reason that he could never afterward remember, he was riding a horse during an artillery bombardment. A shell landed immediately underneath the horse. George woke up to find himself uninjured, lying in a pool of blood and minced horseflesh. After that, he was not much good as a soldier. He began to have frequent fainting fits. The Army doctors diagnosed his condition as shell shock, and this meant that he was sent back to England and given an honorable discharge from the Army. He emerged from the Army hospital exhausted and bewildered. Having nowhere else to turn, he got in touch with Freeman's sister. She told him the news of Freeman's death.

Mildred Atkey was totally shattered by the death of her brother, the only male friend and companion she had ever had. George consoled her in her grief while she nursed him back to health. Mildred's father found a job for George in the office of a barrister colleague. Before the war was over, Mildred and George were married. Three years later, they produced a daughter. Another three years later, when they were both over forty years old, they produced a new Freeman to take the place of the one they had lost. So the moral of the story is that my sister and I owe our lives to a sniper's bullet. If our Uncle Freeman had kept his head down, we would never have existed.

Paul Fussell's book "The Great War and Modern Memory," written in 1975, describes with a wealth of literary illustrations the dominating influence of the First World War upon the thought and language of postwar England and America. The First World War was the turning point of European culture, the point at which the prevailing mood changed from liberal idealism to skepticism and black humor. My sister and I, growing up amid the ruins, were exposed to the heritage of the First World War in full force. Listening to our parents talk about the past, we formed an image of the years before 1914 as a golden age irrecoverably lost, of the war itself as an incomprehensible whirlpool of mud and blood, of the postwar world as a broken-spirited remnant of departed glory. These images of paradise lost, of unspeakable massacre, and of impoverished survival were deeply ingrained in our minds almost as soon as we could talk. We became aware of the death of Uncle


And Beefeater® makes it even better.
Imported From England
BEEFEATER
LONDON 1873 1911 1924
London Distilled Dry Gin
94 PROOF
Distilled and bottled by James Burrough Limited in London England
Sole U.S. Importers Kobrand Corporation N.Y., N.Y.
JAMES BURROUGH LTD. DISTILLERS
100% grain neutral spirits.
BEEFEATER® GIN. The Crown Jewel of England.™

"When your traveling companion is worth $2.5 million you better be sure about your transportation."

BOB NORRIS, AMERICAN QUARTER HORSE ASSOCIATION

In the celebrated world of quarter horses, the value of a stallion often runs into the millions. So it's no wonder that Bob Norris, former President of the American Quarter Horse Association, and so many other distinguished figures in equestrian circles, trust the safe transport of their valued cargos to the Jeep® Grand Wagoneer.

There's a special feeling of confidence behind the wheel of a Grand Wagoneer. There's authority in its power, security in its traction and prestige in its appearance.

With its remarkable Selec-Trac 2-wheel/4-wheel drive system, the Wagoneer artfully masters most any terrain, even under adverse conditions...from summer downpours to winter snowstorms.

Yet, for all its impressive strength and dependability, classic comforts are standard in a Grand Wagoneer. From its plush interior fabrics and leathers to its premium stereo sound system, quality is never compromised.

And because it does so *many* things without compromise, Jeep Grand Wagoneer makes perfect horse sense, no matter who your traveling companion is.

Jeep® Grand Wagoneer. The Ultimate Wagon.

FROM JEEP CORPORATION. AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE OR LEASE AT PARTICIPATING JEEP DEALERS.

Freeman as the central, tragic event in our family history, an event on a par with the crucifixion of Jesus, to be spoken about only in tones of hushed reverence. The words that we heard so often in church—"He died that we might live"—could be applied equally well to Jesus and to Uncle Freeman. As children, we thought of the war as an overwhelming natural catastrophe, not as a human action for which our parents' generation might be held responsible. We thought of Uncle Freeman and of our father, too, as innocent victims of the war. We never thought of them as willing participants, as warriors going enthusiastically into battle. Least of all did we think of them as taking delight in the apparatus of killing. Freeman's letters from the front and George's grenade-fighting book were sitting somewhere on a high shelf, out of reach of inquisitive children's hands.

Travel
PARIS
LONDON
STEVENSON

"Anywhere!"

Only much later, as we grew up, did my sister and I begin to see the realities of the First World War behind the myths of our childhood. I remember one crucial event in my awakening to the truth. It happened when I was fifteen years old, on September 3, 1939, the day Prime Minister Chamberlain declared war on Hitler and announced on the radio the beginning of the Second World War. I was then thinking of this new war in terms of the image I had formed of the First World War—that of a purposeless and hopeless slaughter with no tolerable end in sight. I felt depressed and scared. I expected that my father, himself one of the victims of the First World War, would be at least as depressed and scared as I was. To my great surprise and annoyance, he was not at all depressed. He was disgustingly cheerful. He told us how happy he was that somebody had finally had the courage to stand up and say no to Hitler. He talked about the big new airplane factories where we were building the bombers that would teach Hitler how to behave. I was horrified to hear my humane and peace-loving father expressing these bellicose sentiments, just as if the First World War had never happened. What I heard that day was the old grenade fighter coming back to life.

SCIENTISTS AND POETS

TECHNOLOGY, in the impressions of the First World War which I absorbed as a child, was a malevolent monster broken loose from human control. This view of technology was widespread in England at that time, not only among the poets and literary intellectuals whose writings Paul Fussell quotes in "The Great War and Modern Memory" but also among scientists. The most memorable description of the war which I read as a scientifically inclined teen-ager came from the biologist J. B. S. Haldane:

> I can see before me . . . a forgotten battle of 1915. It has a curious suggestion of a rather bad cinema film. Through a blur of dust and fumes there appear, quite suddenly, great black and yellow masses of smoke which seem to be tearing up the surface of the earth and disintegrating the works of man with an almost visible hatred. These form the chief parts of the picture, but somewhere in the middle distance one can see a few irrelevant-looking human figures, and soon there are fewer. It is hard to believe that these are the protagonists in the battle. One would rather choose those huge substantive oily black masses which are so much more conspicuous, and suppose that the men are in reality their servants, and playing an inglorious, subordinate, and fatal part in the combat. It is possible, after all, that this view is correct.

Haldane published this vignette in 1924, in a little book with the title "Daedalus, or Science and the Future," which I found in my high-school science library. It sold well and was widely read in scientific circles. Haldane had been an outstandingly brave and conscientious soldier. His friends in the trenches had given him the nickname Bombo, because of his attachment to a noisy experimental trench mortar, which he liked to carry around in the front lines and blast off unexpectedly from time to time. Besides experimenting with trench mortars, he served as guinea pig in experiments on the effectiveness of war gases and gas masks. In spite of all these extracurricular volunteer activities, he survived the war. His cold and clinical view of the battles of 1915 extended to the future:

> The prospect of the next world-war has at least this satisfactory element. In the late war the most rabid nationalists were to be found well behind the front line. In the next war no one will be behind the front line. It will be brought home to all whom it may concern that war is a very dirty business.

The literature of disgust was louder in England than elsewhere. This may have had something to do with a fact noted by Paul Fussell:

> There were "national styles" in trenches as in other things. The French trenches were nasty, cynical, efficient, and temporary. Kipling remembered the smell of delicious cooking emanating from some in Alsace. The English were amateur, vague, ad hoc, and temporary. The German were efficient, clean, pedantic, and permanent. Their occupants proposed to stay where they were.

My Uncle Freeman, writing from France in 1915, confirms Fussell's impression:

> The line we are now in is different from our previous lot, very much more ramshackle, evidently constructed in a great hurry under heavy shell fire. It has never really been taken in hand and bits of old houses, old clothes, tin pots, sacks, etc. etc. make up the core of the defences. You must not imagine a fire trench as dug *down*, it is dug up, nowadays, more of a breast-work than a trench, and the original builders used any old thing to do it with.... We are plagued with rats and mice, and if you can discover a poison which makes them die out in the open and not in their holes, please send it.

The soldiers of all nationalities carried home from the war memories of pain, death, and waste. But in British memories there remained a uniquely pervasive background of physical squalor. The lasting image of war was men sharing a mud-filled ditch with corpse-fed rats. The degradation of the living left in men's minds a deeper revulsion than the sacrifice of the dead. During the years leading up to the outbreak of the Second World War, when my school friends and I considered the future we were not sure whether being killed would be worse than surviving. Wilfred Owen's poem "Mental Cases," in which Owen is describing survivors of the battles of 1917, gave us a picture of what might await us if we were unlucky enough to survive:

Who are these? Why sit they here in twilight?
—These are men whose minds the Dead have ravished.
Memory fingers in their hair of murders,
Multitudinous murders they once witnessed.
Wading sloughs of flesh these helpless wander,
Treading blood from lungs that had loved laughter.
Always they must see these things and hear them,
Batter of guns and shatter of flying muscles,
Carnage incomparable, and human squander,
Rucked too thick for these men's extrication.

Owen himself was not one of the survivors. He was killed on November 4, 1918, seven days before the Armistice.

Thirty years later, the invention and use of nuclear weapons carried the technology of death a giant step farther. The nuclear bombs, with their mushroom clouds, make Haldane's vision of war, the black explosions attended by doomed and puny human servants, look even more plausible. How could this have happened? How could supposedly sane people, with the stink of the trenches still fresh in their memory, bring themselves to create a new technology of death with a thousand times the power of the guns of the First World War? To answer these questions, it is necessary to examine once again the career of Robert Oppenheimer, the man who, both as actor and as symbol, played the central role in the history of nuclear weapons.

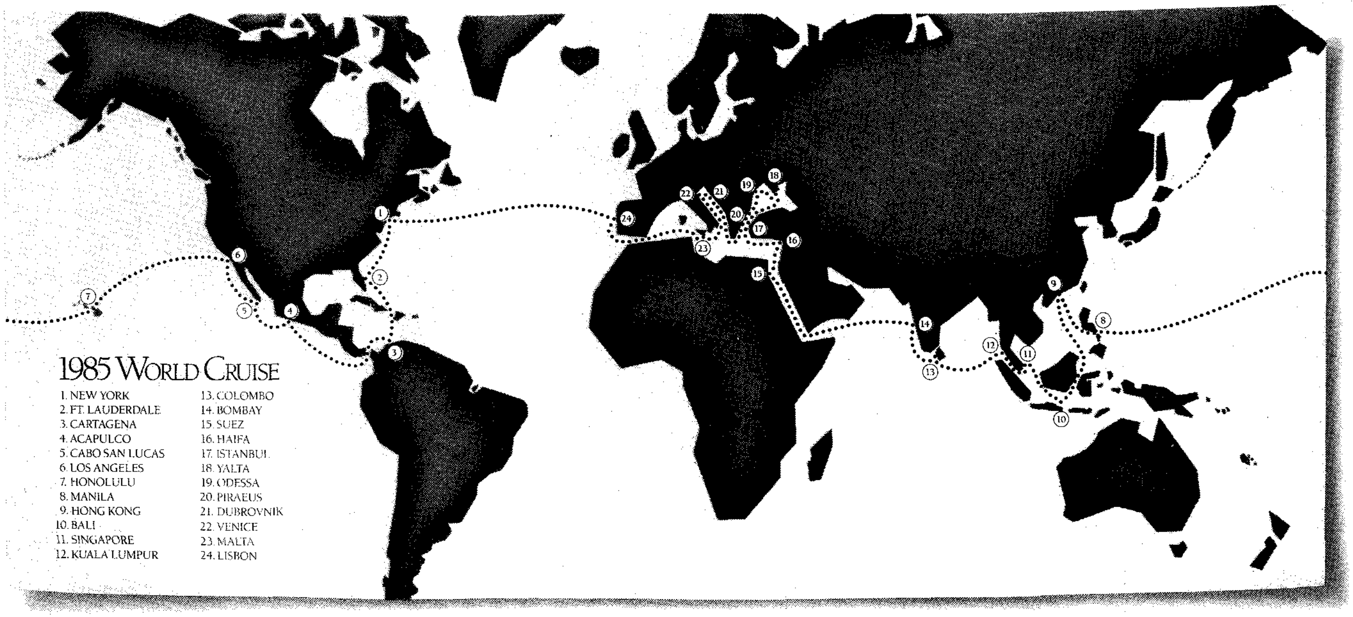
Many books and a couple of plays have been written about Oppenheimer. Some of them contain more fantasy than fact. I, too, am guilty of having written an Oppenheimer fantasy—in a recent book in which I identified him with M.F., the fictional hero of the Auden-Isherwood play "The Ascent of F6." If I venture now to return to the discussion of Oppenheimer's life and character, it is because a rich new source of historical facts has recently become available. These facts throw a fresh light on Oppenheimer and on the mental climate out of which nuclear weapons grew. The new source is the volume of "Letters and Recollections" of Robert Oppenheimer, edited by Alice Kimball Smith and Charles Weiner. It gives us a far more authentic and many-sided picture of Oppenheimer than we had before. In 1981, I saw Robert's brother Frank at a meeting in Toronto and thanked him for allowing Smith and Weiner to publish Robert's letters to him, which are in many ways the most revealing in the whole collection. "Yes," said Frank. "At one time, I had thought of publishing his letters to me in a separate book. But it is much better to have the five or six characters Robert showed to his various friends all together in one place."

Anne Burgess

In 1932, when Robert was twenty-seven and Frank was nineteen, Robert wrote a letter to Frank on the subject of discipline: "But because I believe that the reward of discipline is greater than its immediate objective, I would not have you think that discipline without objective is possible: in its nature discipline involves the subjection of the soul to some perhaps minor end; and that end must be real, if the discipline is not to be factitious. Therefore I think that all things which evoke discipline: study, and our duties to men and to the commonwealth, war, and personal hardship, and even the need for subsistence, ought to be greeted by us with profound gratitude; for only through them can we attain to the least detachment; and only so can we know peace." I have pulled these sentences out of their context. It is true, as Frank said, that Robert's letters to him show only one face of a six-faced tower. But still I believe that these two sentences contain a key to the core of Robert's nature, to his sudden transformation eleven years later from bohemian professor to driving force of the bomb project at Los Alamos. Perhaps it also contains a key to the dilemmas we face today in trying to deal wisely with the problems of nuclear weapons and nuclear war.

How could it have happened that a sensitive and intelligent young man in the year 1932 put war on his short list of things for which we should be profoundly grateful? This little word "war" appears in his letter untouched by any trace of irony. Oppenheimer's gratitude for it is as sincere as the gratitude of the poet Rupert Brooke, who greeted the international catastrophe of 1914 with the famous words "Now God be thanked, Who has matched us with His hour." But Brooke died in 1915, and his reputation as a poet was irretrievably smashed

Holland America announces a better world.



1985 World Cruise
1. NEW YORK
2. FT. LAUDERDALE
3. CARTAGENA
4. ACAPULCO
5. CABO SAN LUCAS
6. LOS ANGELES
7. HONOLULU
8. MANILA
9. HONG KONG
10. BALI
11. SINGAPORE
12. KUALA LUMPUR
13. COLOMBO
14. BOMBAY
15. SUEZ
16. HAIFA
17. ISTANBUL
18. YALTA
19. ODESSA
20. PIRAEUS
21. DUBROVNIK
22. VENICE
23. MALTA
24. LISBON

Picture yourself in a city of glittering mosques and marble palaces.

Or on a lush Bali hillside, surrounded by ancient temples.

Now throw in a few more fantasies, include one of the world's most magnificent Ocean Liners™— the ss Rotterdam—and you have a good idea what life will be like on Holland America's 1985 World Cruise.

Around the world in 87 days. Or less.

Following the sun into the warm waters of the equator, you'll leisurely thread your way west, through 24 diverse and exotic ports of call.

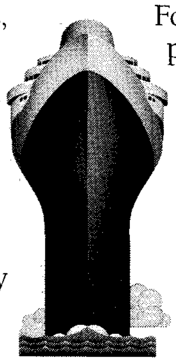
What's more, in 1985 we're putting some great new places on the map. Like Dubrovnik, Malta, Yalta and Odessa. Exotic Kuala Lumpur. Istanbul, Venice and breathtaking Bali.

And you can choose the full 87-day voyage (round trip from New York or Ft. Lauderdale), the 72-day sailing (from Los Angeles to New York), or one or more of four long cruises, from 13 to 28 days.

The incomparable ss Rotterdam.

Our flagship for nearly three decades, the ss Rotterdam is precisely what Ocean Liner luxury is all about.

Spacious staterooms.



Cuisine, prepared by Holland America's own Master Chef.

And incomparable Ocean Liner Service℠ made possible by our gracious Dutch officers and world famous Indonesian crew.

For a World Cruise brochure, please write *Holland America Line, Dept. C, P.O. Box 8471, Trenton, New Jersey 08650.*

Or better yet, see your travel agent for reservations. And ask about our Early Reservation Savings Plan.

But don't delay, our world is really going fast.

Ship's registry: Netherlands Antilles

Holland America 1985 World Cruise

in the years of muddy slaughter which followed. The poets whose works survived the war and were read by the literary intellectuals of Oppenheimer's generation were the poets of plain-speaking disillusionment, Owen and Siegfried Sassoon, describing war as it was seen by the victims:

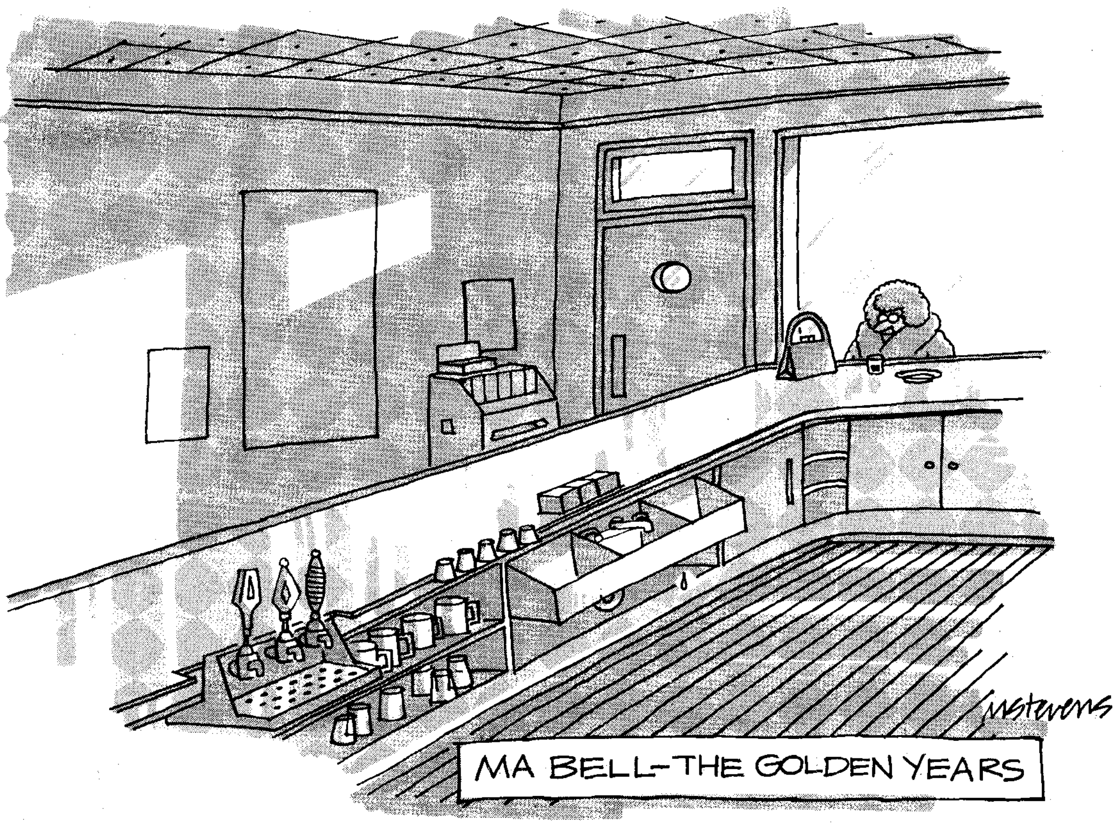
> If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
> Come gargling from the froth-corrupted
> lungs . . .

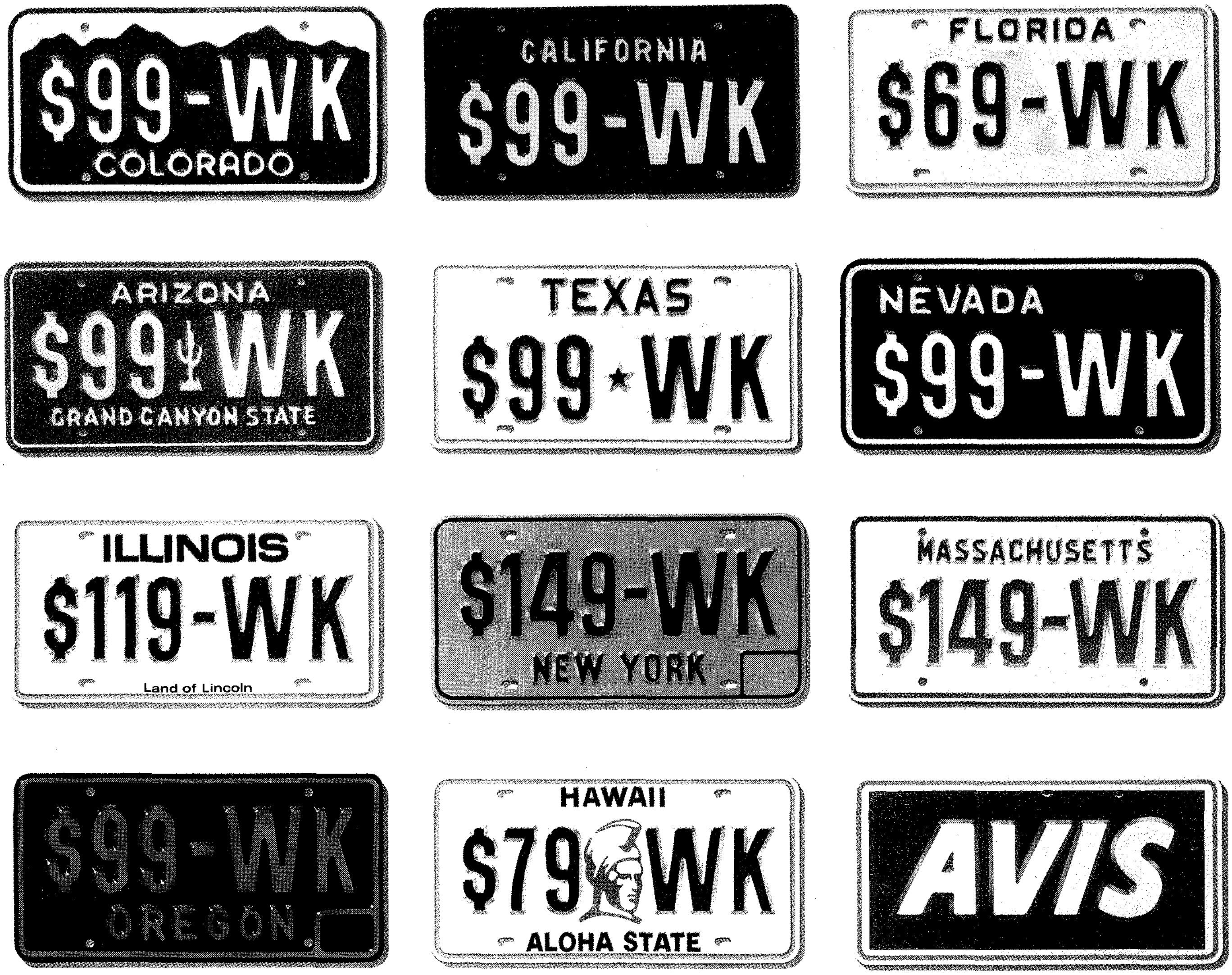
To their voices was added, a little later, the unheroic portrait of demobilized soldiers and their wives in Eliot's "The Waste Land." Finally, there appeared, in Berlin in 1929, the most famous of all the literary descriptions of the First World War, Erich Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front." (My copy of Remarque's book was bought in Austria in June, 1929, by which time four hundred and fifty thousand copies had been printed.) Oppenheimer was then in Switzerland, studying physics at the Federal Institute of Technology, in Zurich. There is no evidence in his letters from Zurich that he had read Remarque, or even that he was aware of the rising tide of militarism in Germany against which Remarque's book was the last, despairing protest.

The hero of Remarque's book is Paul Bäumer, a young soldier, who sees his friends and comrades killed one by one, most of them gruesomely and to no military purpose. The villain is the schoolmaster Kantorek, who preaches the glories of military service and persuades the whole of Paul's high-school class to enlist in the Army before they are drafted. After the first slow and pointless death, Paul reflects, "Of course this has nothing to do with Kantorek. What would the world come to if we said it was his fault? There were thousands of Kantoreks, all convinced that they were acting for the best while keeping themselves safe and comfortable. And that was for us the proof of their bankruptcy. . . . While they were still writing and talking, we watched our friends dying in field-hospitals. While they proclaimed patriotic duty to be the greatest thing on earth, we knew that the fear of death is stronger. That does not mean that we were mutineers, deserters, cowards, all those words which they used so freely—we loved our country just as they did, and we went bravely forward every time we were told to attack. But now we understood. We had finally learned to see. And we saw that nothing was left of their world. We were suddenly and fearfully alone, and we had to find our way through, alone."

Recently, I lent my copy of Remarque's book to a German friend, an old lady who had lived through the two wars in Germany. She was surprised. "But this is beautifully written," she said. "And it rings true. I wonder why they wouldn't let us read it. We were always told that respectable people shouldn't read it." She had the misfortune to be a daughter of a respectable upper-class German family, so she read Remarque fifty years too late. Perhaps Oppenheimer, growing up in the rarefied literary atmosphere of Ethical Culture and Harvard, suffered from a similar disadvantage. Even so, it comes as a shock to find him in 1932 writing about war in the manner of Rupert Brooke and Kantorek.

There were other voices in the nineteen-twenties besides those of Haldane and Owen and Eliot and Remarque. I do not know whether Oppenheimer read "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," by T. E. Lawrence, a man whose many-sided strengths and weaknesses curiously paralleled his own. I recently learned, from Charles Osborne's biography of W. H. Auden, that T. E. Lawrence was the original model for the character of M.F. in "The Ascent of F6." When the play was first performed, in London in 1937, the critics complained that the authors never made it clear whether M.F. was intended to be a hero or an impostor, a genius or a charlatan. The authors knew very well what they were about. This ambiguity was an essential part of the legend of T. E. Lawrence. And a similar ambiguity surrounds the character of Oppenheimer. Lawrence was, like Oppenheimer, a scholar who came to greatness through war, a charismatic leader and a gifted writer who was accused with some justice of occasional untruthfulness. "The Seven Pillars" is a vivid and subtly romanticized history of the Arab revolt against Turkish rule—a revolt that Lawrence orchestrated with an extraordinary mixture of diplomacy, showmanship, and military skill. The book describes war at its most attractive: a war of individuals fighting for their freedom, a war of small groups without professional bureaucracy, a war in a desert with few civilian casualties. The war that Lawrence sang was a war of brains and




$99-WK
COLORADO
CALIFORNIA
$99-WK
FLORIDA
$69-WK
ARIZONA
$99-WK
GRAND CANYON STATE
TEXAS
$99★WK
NEVADA
$99-WK
ILLINOIS
$119-WK
Land of Lincoln
$149-WK
NEW YORK
MASSACHUSETTS
$149-WK
$99-WK
OREGON
HAWAII
$79 WK
ALOHA STATE
AVIS

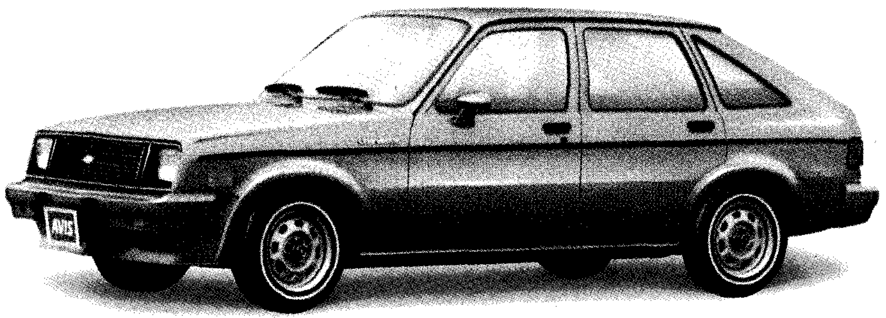
© 1984 Avis Rent A Car System, Inc. Avis®

ANNOUNCING AVIS SUPERVALUE RATES ACROSS THE UNITED STATES.

New weekly Avis SuperValue Rates give you great vacation rates in these–and other–great vacation states. Just reserve 7 days in advance for a minimum of 7 days. SuperValue Rates shown are for an economy car with manual transmission, like the Chevy Chevette.

SuperValue Rates are also available for larger size cars. And the rates are guaranteed through May 31, 1984. For full details, call Avis at 800-331-1212. Or your travel consultant.

AVIS SUPERVALUE RATES AVIS



Avis features GM cars. Chevy Chevette. **TRYING HARDER MAKES AVIS SECOND TO NONE.®**

Available at participating locations only. Illinois rate applies to Chicago, Peoria and Mt. Vernon locations only. New York rate applies to Manhattan and metro N.Y.C. airport locations only. Refueling service charges, CDW, PAI, state and local taxes not included. Rates not discountable. If car is kept fewer than 7 days, a higher rate will apply for each rental day. Seasonal surcharges may apply. Drop off charges may apply if car is not returned to renting city.

bravery, the exact opposite of the war of mud and stupidity in which Remarque fought on the Western front. "The Seven Pillars" begins with a dedicatory poem. Some of its words perhaps tell us something about the force that drove Robert Oppenheimer to be the man he became at Los Alamos:

I loved you, so I drew these tides of men
  into my hands
And wrote my will across the sky in stars
To earn you Freedom, the seven pillared
  worthy house,
That your eyes might be shining for me
When we came.

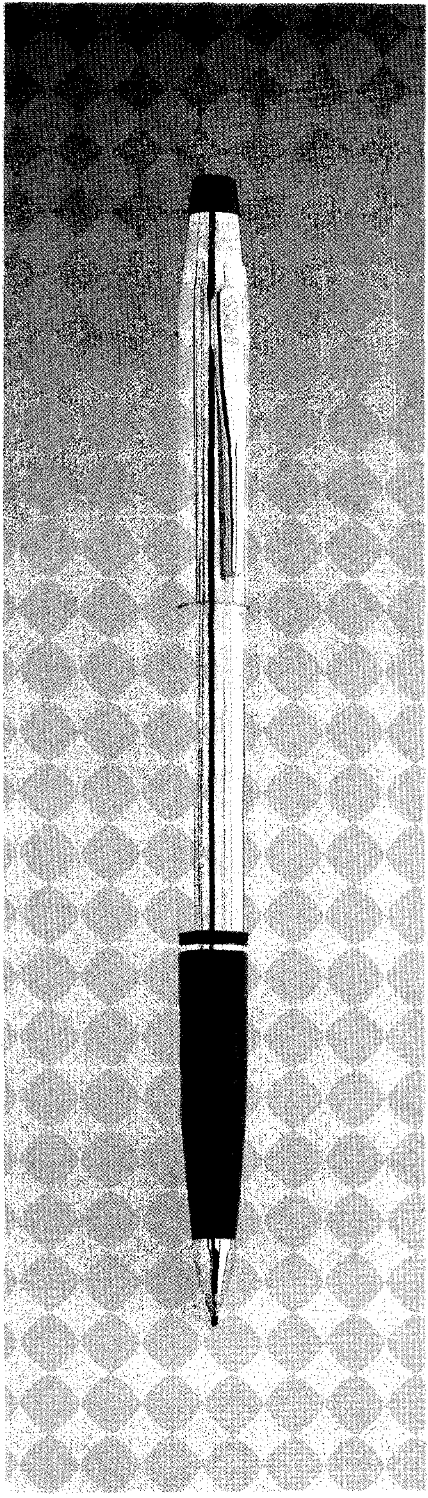
And some of its words tell of the bitterness that came to him afterward:

Men prayed that I set our work, the in-
  violate house,
As a memory of you.
But for fit monument I shattered it, un-
  finished: and now
The little things creep out to patch
  themselves hovels
In the marred shadow
Of your gift.

And there was Joe Dallet. Robert Oppenheimer's wife, Kitty, had been married to Joe Dallet in the mid-nineteen-thirties. Born into a wealthy family, Dallet rebelled against his background, became a Communist, and organized a steelworkers' union in Pennsylvania. In 1937, he went to Spain to fight on the losing side in the Spanish Civil War. Kitty tried to follow him to Spain but had got only as far as Paris when she heard that he had been killed in action. Three years later, she married Robert. Robert and Kitty were well suited to each other; they settled down and raised a family and supported each other in sickness and in health, through all Robert's triumphs and tribulations, until his death. But I often felt that it must have been hard for Robert, at least in the early years, to be living in a silent ménage à trois with the ghost of a dead hero.

The Spanish war captured Robert's imagination and caused him to become politically engaged. He gave substantial amounts of money to war-relief funds and attended numerous meetings. Seventeen years later, in his letter of March 4, 1954, to General Kenneth Nichols, the general manager of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, replying formally to the allegations that had been made against his veracity and loyalty, Robert wrote, "The matter which most engaged my sympathies and interest was the war in Spain. This was not a matter of understanding and informed convictions. I had never been to Spain; I knew a little of its literature; I knew nothing of its history or politics or contemporary problems. But like a great many other Americans I was emotionally committed to the Loyalist cause." It was easy for Robert and his left-wing friends, viewing the war from a distance of seven thousand miles through a screen of righteous indignation, to romanticize and oversimplify. They looked on the war as a simple fight for freedom, a heroic struggle of right against wrong. They did not read George Orwell's "Homage to Catalonia," the best eyewitness record of the war, written by a man who fought in it as a private soldier and faithfully set down on paper the heroism and the sordidness, the tragedy and the folly. Orwell's book sold poorly in England and was not then published in the United States. The right wing disliked Orwell because he was a socialist, and the left wing disliked him because he told the truth. The truth was too complicated to fit into the ideological categories of left and right. To a man who kept his eyes open and was not afraid to tell what he saw, the disasters of the war could not be attributed to one side alone.

Looking back on these events some years afterward, Orwell said, "The thing that, to me, was truly frightening about the war in Spain was not such violence as I witnessed, nor even the party feuds behind the lines, but the immediate reappearance in left-wing circles of the mental atmosphere of the Great War. The very people who for twenty years had sniggered over their own superiority to war hysteria were the ones who rushed straight back into the mental slum of 1915." These are strong words coming from a man who had stormed a Fascist strong point in the first wave of a bungled infantry attack. "Such violence as I witnessed" included several months of service in front-line trenches, several days of interparty street fighting in Barcelona, and a bullet through the neck, which probably saved Orwell's life by making him unfit for further military activities. For Orwell, these hardships were trivial compared with the mental anguish of seeing brave comrades betrayed by incompetent leaders and slandered by lying propaganda. He saw his intellectual friends, willfully blind to realities, as no better than the patriotic journalists of 1915: "All the familiar wartime idiocies, spy-hunting, orthodoxy-sniffing (Sniff, sniff. Are you a good



ALL GREAT WRITERS HAVE DISTINCTIVE STYLES.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

Our Selectip™ Pen offers three of them – medium, fine, or extra fine tips. Writing with your choice is a distinct pleasure. Priced from $18.

anti-Fascist?), the retailing of incredible atrocity stories, came back into vogue as though the intervening years had never happened." One of the minor side effects of the war in Spain was that it erased from the minds of left-wing intellectuals the hard-earned lessons of the First World War. They saw the Loyalist cause in the Spanish war as clean, heroic, and virtuous. They forgot what Wilfred Owen and the veterans of Passchendaele could have told them: that the conditions of twentieth-century warfare tend to make heroism irrelevant. In the romanticized view of the Spanish war which Robert Oppenheimer absorbed from his friends in Berkeley in the late nineteen-thirties, the legend of Joe Dallet, the rich man's son who fought on the side of the workers and laid down his life for their cause, fitted naturally into place. Robert encountered the legend as soon as he encountered Kitty, as he wrote in his letter of 1954 to General Nichols: "When I met her I found in her a deep loyalty to her former husband."

Recently, I learned from the historian Richard Polenberg, of Cornell University, some facts about Joe Dallet's life and death. Dallet was unlike the majority of the left-wing intellectuals who flocked to Spain to fight for the Republic. Dallet took soldiering seriously. He believed, like Robert, in discipline. He quickly became an expert in the repair, maintenance, and use of machine guns. He drilled his troops with old-fashioned thoroughness, making sure that they knew how to take care of their weapons and how to use them effectively. In an anarchic situation, his unit was conspicuously well organized. His men caught from him the habit of competence, the pride of a steelworker who knows how to handle machinery. In moments of relaxation, when he sat down with his friends over a bottle of wine, he talked mostly about his beloved machine guns. This was the image of Joe that Joe's friends brought to Kitty in Paris when they came to see her after his death. This was the image that Kitty brought to Robert when she married him.

From Joe's guns it was a short step to Robert's bombs. When Robert accepted, in 1942, the job of organizing the bomb laboratory at Los Alamos, it seemed to him natural and appropriate that he should work under the direct command of General Leslie Groves, of the United States Army. Other leading scientists wanted to keep the labo-

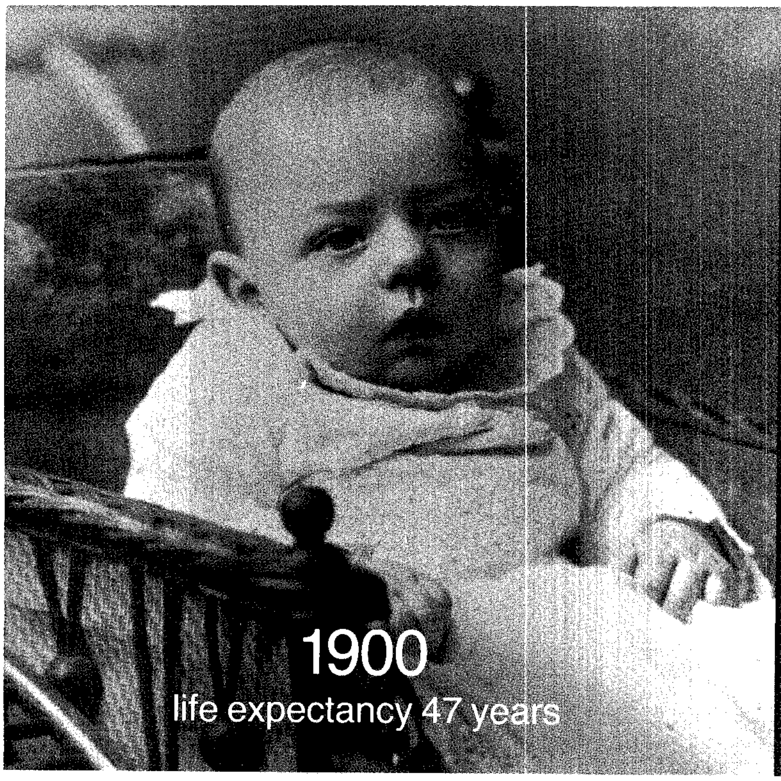
It's the only Palace
in the world
where the Queen stands guard.

From A to C and all the notes in between,
Leona Helmsley sees that each piano in every breathtaking Triplex Suite
is right on key. Just as everything else is fine-tuned
in the hotel that bears her name. What better way to strike just the right chord
with her royal family. You. Her guests.

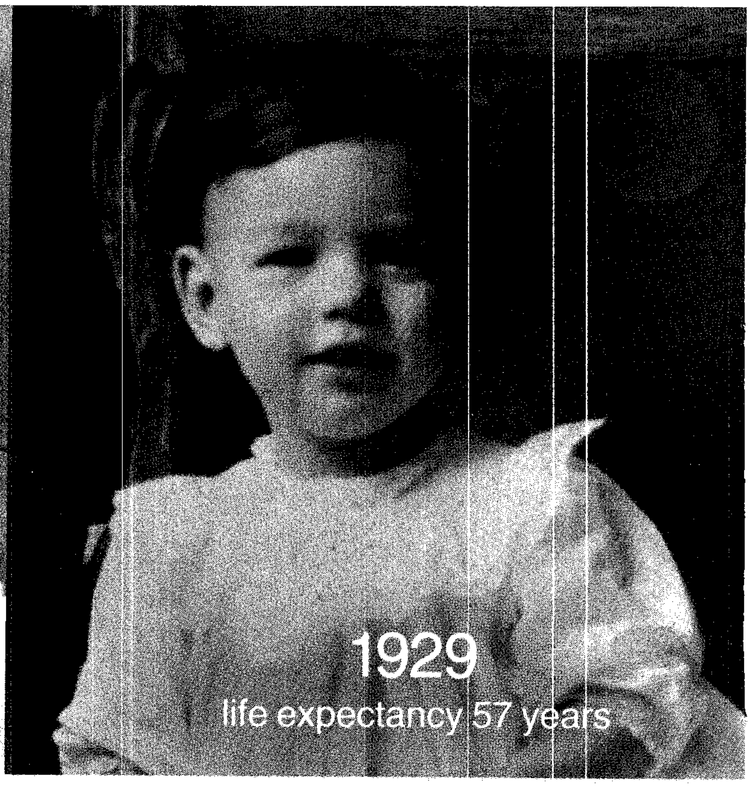
It's The Helmsley Palace

455 Madison Avenue (at 50th Street), New York, NY 10022.
For reservations call: 800/221-4982 or in NY, 212/888-1624.
TELEX: 640-543. Or call your travel agent.
The Leading Hotels of the World®

The only hotel in New York ever to receive the AAA Five Diamond Award ◆◆◆◆◆

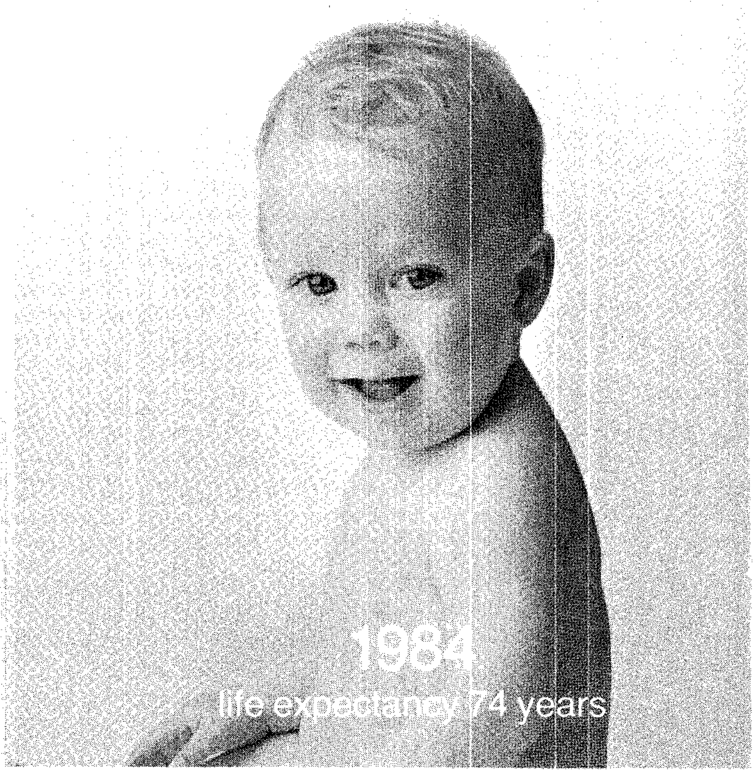


1900
life expectancy 47 years



1929
life expectancy 57 years

1950
life expectancy 68 years



1984
life expectancy 74 years

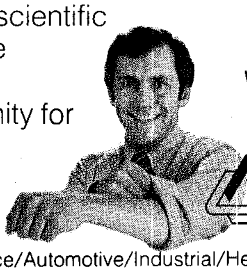
© Allied Corp., 1983

Is it any wonder we're in health care?

Today more people are living longer than ever before. So the demand for health care services is greater than ever before. That's the reason health care has become one of the fastest-growing industries in the country. The challenge is to provide even better services while controlling health care costs. Certainly one way is to keep people well and out of the hospital.

That's where Allied is helping. Through expanded research, our health and scientific products company is developing instruments and procedures that can diagnose trouble earlier and control lab costs by making lab work more efficient.

For us, it's just the beginning. We see health care as a tremendous opportunity for profit and growth in the years ahead. But we also see it as something more. A chance to make a significant contribution toward controlling the cost of staying well and living longer. At Allied, that makes us feel pretty good.



We mean business.

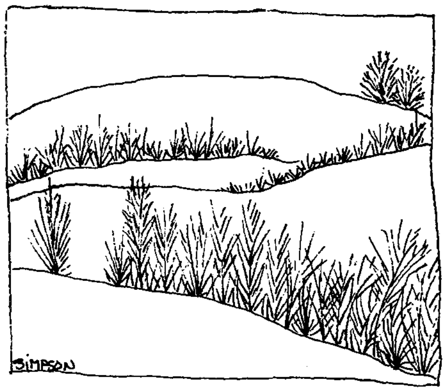
ALLIED
Corporation

Chemicals/Fibers & Plastics/Oil & Gas/Electronics/Aerospace/Automotive/Industrial/Health & Scientific ratory under civilian control. Professor Isidor Rabi, of Columbia University, was one of those most strongly opposed to working for the Army. Robert wrote to Rabi in February, 1943, explaining why he was willing to go along with General Groves: "I think if I believed with you that this project was 'the culmination of three centuries of physics,' I should take a different stand. To me it is primarily the development in time of war of a military weapon of some consequence. I do not think that the Nazis allow us the option of [not] carrying out that development." Rabi did not join the laboratory.

Late in 1944, as the Los Alamos project moved toward success, tensions developed between civilian and military participants. Captain William Parsons, of the United States Navy, serving as associate director under Oppenheimer, complained to him in a written memorandum that some of the civilian scientists were more interested in scientific experiments than in weaponry. On October 6, 1944, Oppenheimer forwarded the memorandum to General Groves, with a covering letter to show which side he himself was on: "I agree completely with all the comments of Captain Parsons' memorandum on the fallacy of regarding a controlled test as the culmination of the work of this laboratory. The laboratory is operating under a directive to produce weapons; this directive has been and will be rigorously adhered to." So vanished the possibility that there might have been a pause for reflection between the Trinity test and Hiroshima. Captain Parsons, acting in the best tradition of old-fashioned military leadership, armed the Hiroshima bomb himself and flew with it to Japan.

Some of the people who worked under Oppenheimer at Los Alamos asked themselves afterward, "Why did we not stop when the Germans surrendered?" For many of them, and for Oppenheimer in particular, the principal motivation for joining the project at the beginning had been the fear that Hitler might get the bomb first. The Germans had a large number of competent scientists, including the original discoverers of nuclear fission; and a secret German uranium project was known to exist. The danger that Hitler might acquire nuclear weapons and use them to conquer the world seemed real and urgent. But that danger had disappeared by the end of 1944, when it became known that the German uranium project had not progressed far enough to make the manufacture of bombs a serious possibility. Nobody imagined that Japan was in a position to develop nuclear weapons. So the primary argument that persuaded British and American scientists to go to Los Alamos had ceased to be valid long before the Trinity test. It would have been possible for them to stop. They might at least have paused to ask the question whether in the new circumstances it was wise to go ahead to the actual production of weapons. Only one man paused. The one who paused was Joseph Rotblat, from Liverpool, who, to his everlasting credit, resigned his position at Los Alamos and left the laboratory in December, 1944. Eleven years later, Rotblat helped Bertrand Russell to launch the Pugwash movement, an informal international association of scientists dedicated to the cause of peace. From that time until today, Rotblat has remained one of the moving spirits of Pugwash. The reason the others did not pause is to be seen clearly in Oppenheimer's assurance to General Groves on October 6, 1944: "The laboratory is acting under a directive to produce weapons; this directive has been and will be rigorously adhered to." Oppenheimer had accepted on behalf of himself and his colleagues the subordination of personal judgment to military authority. The war against Japan was still raging. To step aside from the production of a decisive weapon while soldiers were dying every day in the Pacific Islands would have seemed like an act of treason. It was wartime, and in wartime the soldiers' ethic, "Theirs not to reason why," prevails.

Fighting for freedom: that was the ideal that pulled young men to die in Spain, to take up armed resistance against Hitler in the mountains of Yugoslavia, and to go to work with Oppenheimer at Los Alamos. Fighting for freedom: the traditional and almost instinctive human response to oppression and injustice. Fighting for freedom: the theme song of the Spanish war and of the Second World War from beginning to end. Cecil Day Lewis, in 1937, wrote a war poem called "The Nabara"—a long poem, and perhaps the only poem that adequately describes the spirit of those who went to fight against hopeless odds in the early battles of the Second World War, even though the poem was written before that war started. "The Nabara" is a dirge for fifty-two Spanish fishermen, the crew of an armed trawler that lost a battle against one of Franco's warships. It is also, perhaps, a dirge for all of us who have chosen to fight for freedom with the technologies of death. I quote here from a few of the concluding stanzas:



Of her officers all but one were dead. Of her engineers
All but one were dead. Of the fifty-two that had sailed
In her, all were dead but fourteen—and each of these half killed
With wounds. And the night-dew fell in a hush of ashen tears,
And *Nabara's* tongue was stilled. . . .

Canarias lowered a launch that swept in a greyhound's curve
Pitiless to pursue
And cut them off. But that bloodless and all-but-phantom crew
Still gave no soft concessions to fate: they strung their nerve
For one last fling of defiance, they shipped their oars and threw
Hand-grenades at the launch as it circled about to board them.
But the strength of the hands that had carved them a hold on history
Failed them at last: the grenades fell short of the enemy,
Who grappled and overpowered them,
While *Nabara* sank by the stern in the hushed Cantabrian sea.

They bore not a charmed life. They went into battle foreseeing
Probable loss, and they lost. The tides of Biscay flow
Over the obstinate bones of many, the winds are sighing
Round prison walls where the rest are doomed like their ship to rust—
Men of the Basque country, the Mar Cantábrico. . . .

For these I have told of, freedom was flesh and blood—a mortal
Body, the gun-breech hot to its touch: yet the battle's height
Raised it to love's meridian and held it awhile immortal;
And its light through time still flashes like a star's that has turned to ashes,
Long after *Nabara's* passion was quenched in the sea's heart.

This poem appeared in Day Lewis's "Overtures to Death." It resonated strongly with the tragic mood of those days when the Spanish war was slowly drawing to its bitter end and the Second World War was inexorably approaching. When I was in high school in 1938, our chemistry teacher, Eric James, who was the best teacher in the school, put aside chemistry for an hour and read "The Nabara" aloud. He subsequently became famous as a university vice-chancellor and is now sitting in the House of Lords. I can still hear his passionate voice reading "The Nabara," with the boys listening spellbound. That was perhaps the last occasion on which it was possible to recite an epic poem in all sincerity to honor the heroes of a military action. At Hiroshima, the new technology of death made military heroism suddenly old-fashioned and impotent. After Hiroshima, Day Lewis's lofty sentiments no longer resonated. The generation that grew up after Hiroshima found its voice in 1956 in the character of Jimmy Porter, the young man at center stage in John Osborne's play "Look Back in Anger." Here is Jimmy Porter, griping, as usual, and, incidentally, telling us important truths about the effect of nuclear weapons on public morality:

> I suppose people of our generation aren't able to die for good causes any longer. We had all that done for us, in the thirties and the forties, when we were still kids. There aren't any good, brave causes left. If the big bang does come, and we all get killed off, it won't be in aid of the old-fashioned, grand design. It'll just be for the Brave New-nothing-very-much-thank-you. About as pointless and inglorious as stepping in front of a bus.

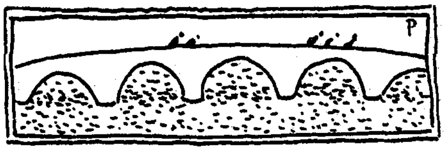
Jimmy Porter brings us back to where Haldane left us in 1924. The two world wars seemed totally different to the people who fought in them and lived through them from day to day, but they begin to look more and more alike as they recede into history. The first war began with the trumpet-blowing of Rupert Brooke and ended with the nightmares of Wilfred Owen. The second war began with the mourning of Day Lewis and ended with the anger of Jimmy Porter. In both wars, the beginning was young men going out to fight for freedom in a mood of noble self-sacrifice, and the end was a technological bloodbath that seemed in retrospect meaningless. In the first war, the idealism of my Uncle Freeman perished and the hand grenades of my father survived. In the second war, the idealism of Joe Dallet perished and the nuclear weapons of Robert Oppenheimer survived. In both wars, history proved that those who fight for freedom with the technology of death end by living in fear of their own technology.

SCHOLAR-SOLDIERS

OPPENHEIMER'S activities as a scholar-soldier did not cease with the end of the Second World War. After the first Soviet nuclear-test explosion, in 1949, he took the lead in pushing for a vigorous development of tactical nuclear weapons to be used by the United States Army for the defense of Western Europe. Here is the testimony of his friend Walt Whitman (the chemist, not the poet of that name), who appeared as a character witness on Oppenheimer's behalf during the security hearings of 1954:

> I should say that always Dr. Oppenheimer was trying to point out the wide variety of military uses for the bomb, the small bomb as well as the large bomb. He was doing it in a climate where many folks felt that only strategic bombing was a field for the atomic weapon. I should say that he more than any other man served to educate the military to the potentialities of the atomic weapon for other than strategic bombing purposes; its use possibly in tactical situations or in bombing 500 miles back. He was constantly emphasizing that the bomb would be more available and that one of the greatest problems was going to be its deliverability, meaning that the smaller you could make your bomb in size perhaps you would not have to have a great big strategic bomber to carry it, you could carry it in a medium bomber or you could carry it even in a fighter plane. In my judgment his advice and his arguments for a gamut of atomic weapons, extending even over to the use of the atomic weapon in air defense of the United States, has been more productive than any other one individual. You see, he had the opportunity to not only advise in the Atomic Energy Commission, but advise in the military services in the Department of Defense. The idea of a range of atomic weapons suitable for a multiplicity of military purposes was a key to the campaign which he felt should be pressed and with which I agreed.

As a consequence of his interest in tactical nuclear weapons, Oppenheimer travelled to Paris in November, 1951, to talk with General Dwight Eisenhower, who was then in command of the NATO forces in Europe. General Eisenhower was quickly persuaded that tactical nuclear weapons would help his armies to carry out their mission of defense. The results of these discussions were incorporated in an official report called Vista, to which Oppenheimer made substantial contributions. In his own testimony at the security hearings, he said:



> I believe my contribution, apart from incidentals, to the writing of this report was a notion that occurred very early and I believe it has remained in all drafts, and that is still basic to my own views, and that is that this is not a very fully known subject—what atomic weapons will do, either tactically or strategically, that as you go into battle, you will learn a great deal, and the primary preparation must be of two kinds. First, that you have capabilities which allow you a lot of options, which give you choices that you can make at the time, and second, that you be so set up that if your guesses have been wrong, your technical preparations are such that you can change quickly in the course of the battle. If you are wrong about the effect of a bomb on an airfield, if you are not getting away with it, that you can make the proper reassignment of fissionable material and hardware and aircraft to do what is effective. These were the two guiding ideas that I believe I brought into the organization of the report....
>
> We said that we were in a coalition with the Europeans and that one of the things which we must be alert to is how the Europeans would view the destruction of their own cities by the enemy. Therefore, we needed to envisage the situation that would occur if we used our strategic air as a deterrent to the destruction of Europe's cities, as well as our own, and in that circumstance there was still a great deal that could and should be done with atomic weapons, and that we should be prepared for that contingency.... Europe was not easy to defend, and the point that we wished to make was that there was more than one way in which the atom could be used in what might be a very critical campaign.... It was to call very prominently to the attention of the services that there might be considerations against the then present air plan, and that nevertheless there were very important things to do with the atom.

Oppenheimer's efforts to sell tactical nuclear weapons to the Army succeeded all too well. The recommendations of the Vista Report were accepted and have been the basis of NATO strategy ever since. The six thousand NATO tactical warheads now in Europe are an enduring monument to Oppenheimer's powers of persuasion. I once asked him, long after he lost his security clearance, whether he regretted having fought so hard for tactical nuclear weapons. He said, "No. But to understand what I did then, you would have to see the Air Force war plan as it existed in 1951. That was the God-damnedest thing I ever saw. Anything, even the war plans we have now, is better than that." The 1951 war plan was, in short, a mindless obliteration of Soviet cities. I could sympathize with Oppenheimer's hatred of the Strategic Air Command cast of mind, having myself encountered the same cast of mind at work in the British Bomber Command. I recalled an evening that I spent at the bar of the Bomber Command officers' mess at a time in 1944 when Britain's bombers were still suffering heavy losses in their nightly attacks on German cities. I listened then to a group of drunken headquarters staff officers discussing the routes they would order their planes to take to Leningrad and Moscow in the war with Russia which they were looking forward to after this little business in Germany was over. Oppenheimer had heard similar talk in his encounters with the American Air Force.

Under the circumstances existing in 1951, the idea of tactical nuclear weapons made sense both militarily and politically. The circumstances included a substantial margin of superiority of American over Soviet nuclear forces, both in quantity of weapons and in means of delivery. The circumstances also included a war in Korea, with United States troops fighting hard to defend South Korea against a North Korean invasion supported by the Soviet Union. At that moment of history, Oppenheimer was facing a triple nightmare. He was afraid, first, that the Korean War would spread to Europe; second, that a local invasion of West Berlin or West Germany would be answered by the United States Air Force's 1951 war plan, which meant the nuclear annihilation of Moscow and Leningrad; third, that the surviving Soviet nuclear forces, unable to touch the United States, would take their revenge on Paris and London. It was reasonable to think that the worst part of this nightmare could be avoided if the United States was able to respond to local invasions with local use of nuclear weapons on the battlefield. As long as United States nuclear forces were quantitatively and qualitatively superior, there was a good chance that a Korean-style invasion of Western Europe could be stopped by a few judiciously placed bombs and that the invaders could be persuaded to withdraw without any destruction of cities on either side. Oppenheimer argued, as he reports in his 1954 testimony, that the possibility of a restrained and local use of nuclear weapons would strengthen the resolve of Western European governments and enable them to stand firm against Soviet demands. The same arguments for tactical nuclear weapons are still heard today, long after the disappearance of the American superiority that made them realistic.

Oppenheimer had another reason for pushing tactical nuclear weapons. During the months that followed the 1949 Soviet test explosion, he was fighting to dissuade the United States government from embarking on a crash program to produce hydrogen bombs. One of the arguments against the hydrogen-bomb program was that it would divert scarce resources and manpower from the development of small and flexible fission weapons. Oppenheimer came to regard the tactical weapons as a substitute for the hydrogen bomb, and he hoped that a vigorous development of tactical weapons would make a postponement of the hydrogen-bomb program politically acceptable. His hopes were, in the event, illusory. The government accepted his advice to go full steam ahead with tactical weapons and rejected his advice to go slow with the hydrogen bomb. In the end, both the Army and the Strategic Air Command got all the weapons they wanted.

When Oppenheimer tried to take nuclear weapons away from the Air Force and give them to the Army, he was hoping to harness in the cause of sanity the potent force of interservice rivalry. Interservice rivalry is one of the dominant political forces in almost all societies, in war as well as in peace. I wish some historian would supplement Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan's classic work "The Influence of Sea Power Upon History, 1660-1783" with a study entitled "The Influence of Interservice Rivalry Upon History." All too often, it is interservice rather than international rivalries that dictate strategies and drive arms races. When Oppenheimer tried to use the Army–Air Force rivalry for his own purposes, he discovered that interservice rivalry is less easy to control than nuclear fission. The Air Force easily brushed aside Oppenheimer's opposition, and the Air Force's allies in the government took revenge by instigating the loyalty hearings that brought his political career to an end.

The military doctrine of the NATO alliance is still based upon the possibility of first use of nuclear weapons by the Allied armies to counter a Soviet non-nuclear invasion. How far this doctrine departs from sanity can be vividly seen in an old Army field manual, FM-101-31-1, on nuclear-weapons employment. This field manual is an unclassified document, used for the training of United States officers and readily available to foreign intelligence services. It describes how the well-educated staff officer should make his plans during tactical nuclear operations. Various examples are presented of fictitious nuclear engagements, each of them conducted in a style appropriate to an R.O.T.C. field day. Here is an example of a corps commander's initial guidance to his staff:

> Aggressor has organized the area between our current position and the BLUE River for a determined defense. The decisive battle during the coming operation will be fought west of the BLUE River. Although we have a limited number of nuclear weapons for this operation, I am willing to expend 30 to 40 percent of our allocation in penetrating the Aggressor main and second defense belts, and advancing to the BLUE River. Corps fires will be used to engage Aggressor nuclear delivery means and those reserve maneuver forces which have the capability of adversely affecting the outcome of the battle. These fires will be delivered as soon as the targets are located. These fires, together with the nuclear weapons allocated to the subordinate units, will insure that we inflict maximum casualties and damage to Aggressor units west of the BLUE River and will insure our successful attack to secure crossings over the BLUE River.
>
> Once we are across the BLUE River, we must be ready to exploit our crossings and move rapidly through the passes of the SILVER Mountains and seize the communications center of FOXVILLE. Be extremely cautious in planning the employment of nuclear weapons in the SILVER Mountains, as I want no obstacles to our advance created in these critical areas.
>
> Retain one-fourth to one-third of our nuclear weapons in reserve for the attack to seize FOXVILLE, since I anticipate a stubborn enemy defense there, and for the defense against the Aggressor counterattacks which are sure to follow when we seize FOXVILLE.
>
> Weapons over 50 KT yield will not be allocated to divisions.

The problems of securing adequate intelligence concerning prospective nuclear targets are also discussed:

> Delay of nuclear attacks until detailed intelligence is developed may impede the effectiveness of the attack. On the other hand, engagement of a target without some indication of its characteristics may cause an unwarranted waste of combat power.

So the staff officer receiving ambiguous reports of major enemy units moving through populated friendly territory must take upon himself the responsibility of deciding whether to risk "an unwarranted waste of combat power." Fortunately, his task will be made easier by a well-designed system of nuclear bookkeeping. "Suggested forms or methods by which needed information can be kept at various staff agencies are discussed below." Samples are provided of forms to be filled out from time to time, summarizing the numbers of nuclear weapons of various kinds expended and unexpended. Very little is said about the possible disruption of these arrangements by enemy nuclear bombardment. But at least the well-prepared staff officer knows what to do in one possible contingency. Section 4.17.c on Nuclear Safety reads in its entirety, "Enemy duds are reported to the next higher headquarters."

I ought to apologize to the authors of FM-101-31-1 for holding up their work to ridicule. Their handbook is no more absurd than my father's 1915 handbook on grenade fighting. They lack practical experience of nuclear warfare, just as my father lacked experience of grenade fighting. When experience is lacking, the handbook writer does the best he can, using a mixture of common sense and imagination to fill the gaps in his knowledge. The military doctrines summarized in FM-101-31-1 were valid for a certain period of history—roughly, from 1951 to 1960—when tactical nuclear wars might have been small-scale and truly limited. The handbook represents a sincere attempt to put Oppenheimer's philosophy of local nuclear defense into practice. I have taken my quotations from the 1963 edition of FM-101-31-1—the latest edition that I have seen. Later editions have no doubt been brought up to date, with tactical exercises and procedures more appropriate to modern conditions. But when all due allowances are made for the historical context out of which FM-101-31-1 arose it is still a profoundly disquieting document.

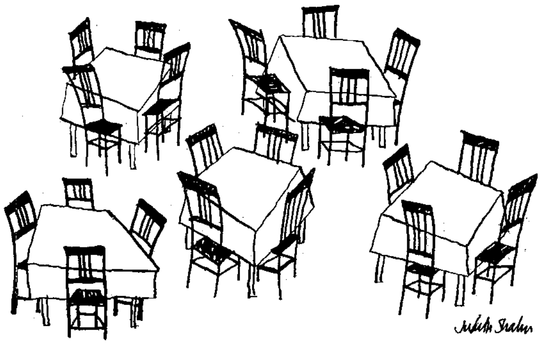
No matter how FM-101-31-1 may have been revised since 1963, it remains true that the doctrines governing the use and deployment of our tactical nuclear weapons are basically out of touch with reality. The doctrines are based on the idea that a tactical nuclear operation can be commanded and controlled like an ordinary non-nuclear campaign. This idea may have made sense in the nineteen-fifties, but it makes no sense in the nineteen-eighties. I have seen the results of computer simulations of tactical nuclear wars under modern conditions, with thousands of warheads deployed on both sides. The computer wars uniformly end in chaos. High-yield weapons are used on an enormous scale, because nobody knows accurately where the moving targets are. Civilian casualties, if the war is fought in a populated area, exceed military casualties by a large factor. If even the computers are not able to fight a tactical nuclear war without destroying Europe, what hope is there that real soldiers in the fog and flames of a real battlefield could do better?

The doctrines displayed in FM-101-31-1 are doubly dangerous: first, these doctrines may deceive our own political leaders, giving them the false impression that tactical nuclear war is a feasible way to defend a country; second, these doctrines spread around the world and give the military staffs of countries large and small the impression that every army wanting to stay ahead in the modern world should have its own tactical nuclear weapons. If FM-101-31-1 had been stamped "Top Secret," it would not have been so harmful. In that case, I would not have been writing about it here. But since our military authorities published it unclassified in order to give it a wide distribution there is no point in trying to keep its existence a secret. The best thing to do in these circumstances is to call attention to its errors and inadequacies, so that people in military-intelligence services around the world may not take it too seriously.

In recent years, leaders of government in the United States and in Europe have come to understand that the purpose of the deployment of tactical nuclear weapons is primarily political rather than military. That is to say, the weapons are deployed as a demonstration of the American political commitment to the NATO alliance, not as a system of military hardware which could actually provide a defense of Europe. But this separation between political and military purposes of weapons is necessarily hedged about with ambiguities. On the one hand, the political sensitivities of NATO have imposed on the administration of tactical nuclear forces a command structure of unique complexity, to insure that the weapons will not be used irresponsibly. On the other hand, the troops in the field have to be trained and indoctrinated by officers using manuals like FM-101-31-1, which make the firing of nuclear weapons into a standard operating procedure. The whole apparatus for handling tactical nuclear weapons is schizophrenic, trying in vain to accommodate the incompatible requirements of multinational political control and military credibility.

Tactical nuclear weapons deployed in forward positions overseas are fundamentally more dangerous to world peace than strategic weapons deployed in silos and in submarines. Tactical weapons are more dangerous for two reasons: first, tactical weapons are in places where local wars and revolutions may occur, with unpredictable consequences; second, tactical weapons are deployed, as strategic weapons are not, under a doctrine that allows United States forces to use them first in case of emergency. Many of the tactical weapons are so vulnerable and so exposed that it would make no sense to deploy them in their present positions if the option of first use were to be renounced. The combination of local political instability with vulnerable weapons and the option of first use is a recipe for disaster. In many ways, it is a situation reminiscent of the Europe of 1914, when the instability of the Hapsburg empire was combined with vulnerable frontiers and rigid mobilization schedules. Compared with the immediate danger that a local conflict in an area of tactical-weapons deployment might escalate into nuclear chaos, the instabilities of the strategic-arms race are remote and theoretical.

The United States has already made one important unilateral move to mitigate the danger of tactical nuclear weapons. The most dangerous of all such weapons was the Davy Crockett, a nuclear trench mortar with a low-yield warhead which was supposed to be carried by small mobile units. FM-101-31-1 says (on page 38), "Allocate some Davy Crockett weapons to the cavalry squadron." A nuclear-armed cavalry squadron is a fine example of military euphemism. In reality, it meant that Davy Crocketts were to be deployed in jeeps that were theoretically free to roam around the countryside. The Army decided that this was carrying nuclear dispersal too far. It was impossible to guarantee the physical security of the Davy Crocketts if they were allocated to small units as was



Montréal. A city magnifique set in the great outdoors.

Oh la la, Montréal. Come see the Grand Prix du Canada auto race or the Expos. Get in the swing at the international jazz festival. And savour the best French cuisine on the continent. Then slip away to the nearby countryside. Where the resorts are fine and the mountain air is fresh and clean. Fish, swim or just plain relax. Have fun discovering our Old World culture, after all our heritage is quite definitely French. English is spoken but go ahead try a friendly "bonjour" anyway. America borders on the magnificent Montréal, Canada. Come on up for the best of all worlds.

Call Operator 48 for more information and travel advice.

1·800·443·7000

or see your Travel Agent.

This year make it Québec.

Come share la différence

Mail this coupon today to:

Industrie, Commerce,
Tourisme Québec
P.O. Box 20,000
Québec, Québec
Canada G1K 7X2

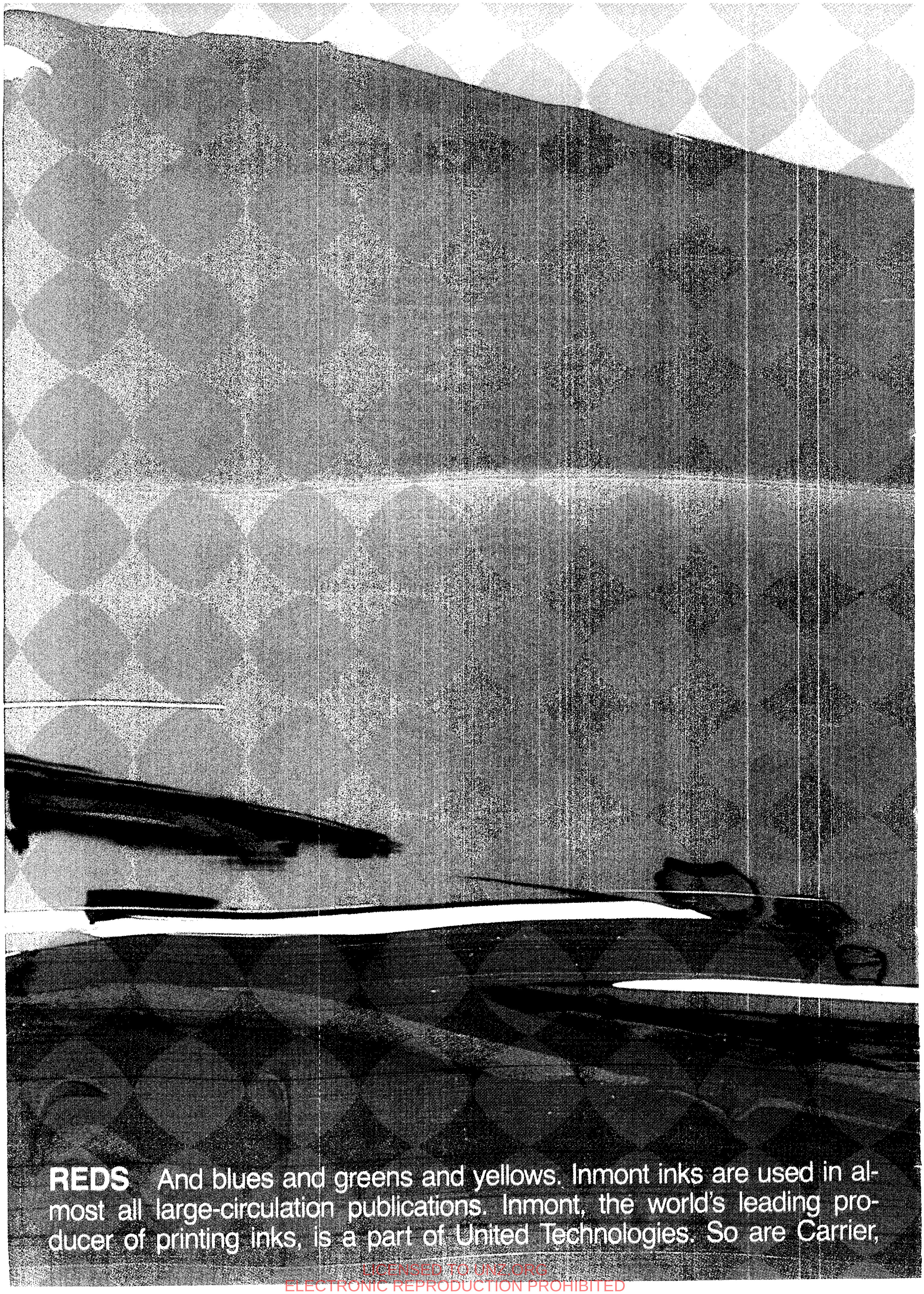
NAME

ADDRESS

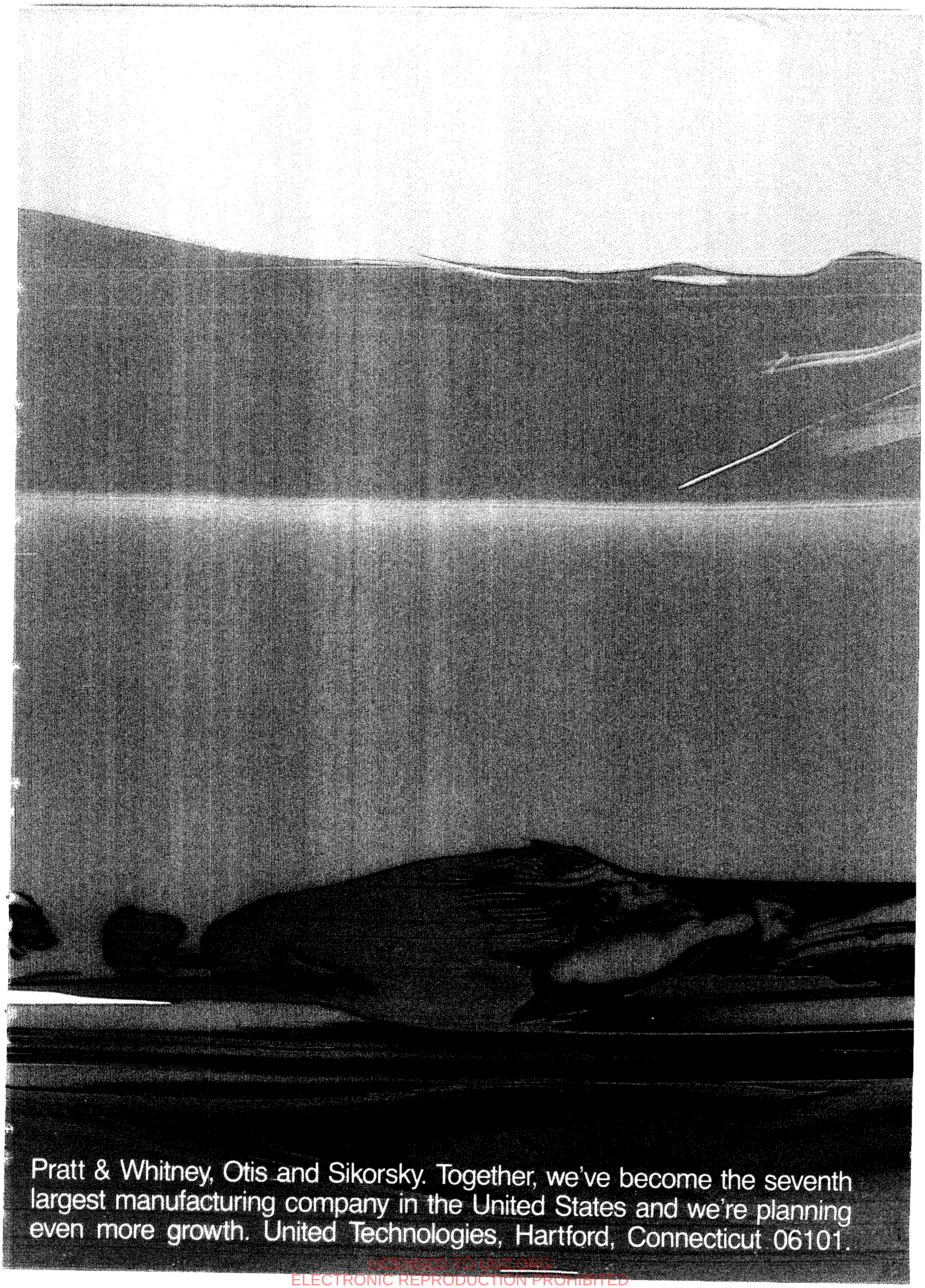
CITY STATE ZIP

Canada

TNY-02-SP



REDS And blues and greens and yellows. Inmont inks are used in almost all large-circulation publications. Inmont, the world's leading producer of printing inks, is a part of United Technologies. So are Carrier,

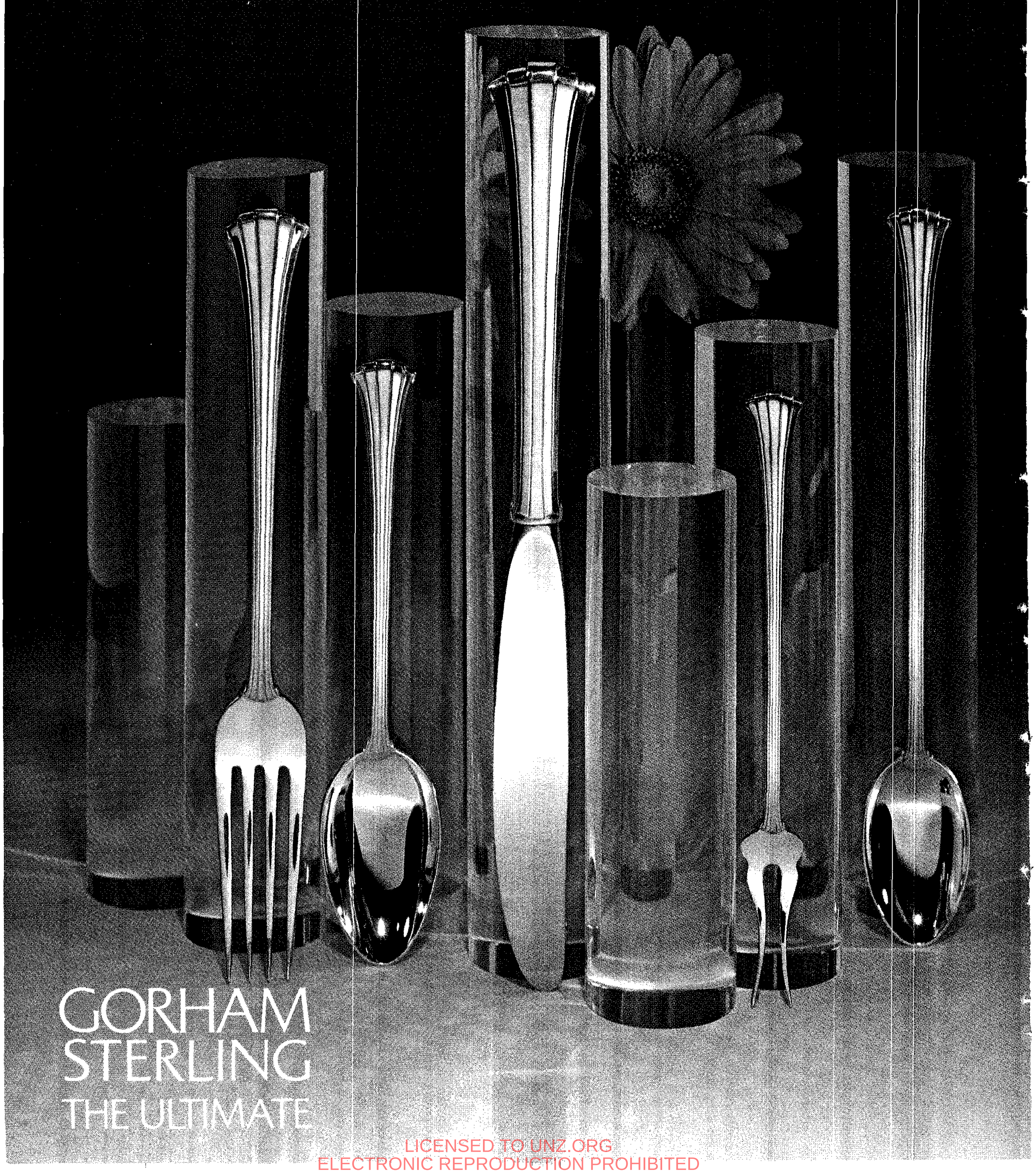


Pratt & Whitney, Otis and Sikorsky. Together, we've become the seventh largest manufacturing company in the United States and we're planning even more growth. United Technologies, Hartford, Connecticut 06101.

Live the Gorham Life.

Introducing Newport Scroll. Sterling designed for the way you live. Sleek, sculptured sterling that's elegant, but never pretentious. So it's at home in any environment. And moves easily from formal to informal entertaining. Sterling so superbly crafted, so beautifully proportioned, it promises a lifetime of pleasure. And no wonder. It's from Gorham, America's leading silversmith since 1831.

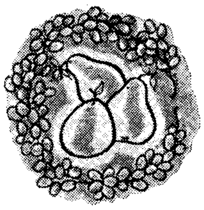
GORHAM TEXTRON
Gorham Division of Textron Inc.



originally intended. Dispersal in small units also increased the risk of unauthorized firing in the event of local hostilities or a breakdown of communications. So the Army wisely withdrew the Davy Crocketts from service and shipped them home, thereby achieving at no political cost a real diminution in the risk of war.

The same logic that got rid of the Davy Crocketts dictates a continued withdrawal, unilateral or bilateral, of other tactical weapons, starting with those which, because of their short range, have to be deployed closest to the front line. Nuclear artillery shells would be a good candidate for the next round of withdrawals. The chief virtue of nuclear artillery was its high accuracy compared with the rockets of twenty years ago. Now the accuracy of rocket guidance differs little from the accuracy of artillery. Guns are considerably more cumbersome and more vulnerable than rockets. Nuclear guns have to be placed in forward positions to be effective, they are hard to move quickly, and they are in danger of being overrun whenever there is a local breakthrough of enemy forces. If nuclear shells were not already deployed in our armies overseas, nobody would now dream of introducing them. Their military value is marginal, and they increase the risk that small-scale battles may involve us in unintended nuclear hostilities. They could be withdrawn, like the Davy Crocketts, with a substantial net gain to our security.

It is a strange paradox of history that the greatest present danger of nuclear war arises from these tactical weapons that Oppenheimer promoted with such good intentions during his period of political ascendancy. Oppenheimer considered tactical weapons to be relatively benign, because they could be used in local fighting without immediately destroying civilization. Today, this same property of the tactical weapons makes them the most dangerous. They are dangerous because they are apparently benign, because they can be used in ways that are not immediately suicidal, because they allow the world to slide gradually from local squabbles into holocaust. The weapons themselves have not changed much between 1951 and today. What has changed is the balance of forces. In 1951, the Soviet nuclear forces were both absolutely and relatively small, so that Oppenheimer could reasonably think of using a few nuclear weapons to stop a Soviet land army while keeping enough in reserve to deter any Soviet nuclear response. Today, the Soviet nuclear forces are enormous and are evenly matched to ours, and the Soviet authorities have said clearly on numerous occasions that their response to any first use of nuclear weapons by NATO would be huge and devastating. Today, the Soviet forces deter us from using nuclear weapons just as much as our forces deter the Soviet Union, and the chief danger of outbreak of nuclear war arises from the fact that our doctrine of first use of tactical nuclear weapons does not recognize the existence of that deterrence.



Oppenheimer's enthusiasm for tactical nuclear weapons resulted from a narrowing of his horizons in both space and time. Immediately after the end of the Second World War, while the revolutionary impact of Hiroshima was still fresh, he had striven with all his strength to achieve international control of nuclear weaponry under the auspices of the United Nations. He had played a major role in drafting the United States plan for an international atomic-energy authority with effective power to regulate and operate nuclear facilities in all countries. The plan was imaginative, bold, and generous. It failed to win Soviet acceptance. It was not Oppenheimer's fault that the American negotiators did not seriously try to reach a compromise acceptable to the Soviet Union. Probably no plan subordinating national armaments to international control could have overcome the fear and suspicion with which the Soviet government regarded any outside intrusion into its territory. Oppenheimer could not have done more than he did to preach the necessity of international control to all who would listen. During those years, from 1945 to 1948, he transcended his role as an American weaponeer, and became for a while an international statesman, a spokesman for the world scientific community. Then, after the Soviet test in 1949, his horizons began to narrow. The failure of the United Nations negotiations had made a nuclear-arms race inevitable. Oppenheimer became once again an American weaponeer. His horizons shrank in space from the world to the United States, and in time from the grand march of history to the day-to-day problems of government.

Oppenheimer pushed tactical nuclear weapons because they offered a counterweight to the Strategic Air Command in the interservice rivalries of the Truman Administration and because they offered a counterweight to Soviet tank armies in the event of a war in Western Europe. These motivations are clear from his testimony at the 1954 security hearings. His actions were dominated by short-term considerations. There is no evidence that he ever considered the long-term consequences of tactical nuclear weapons—the inevitable Soviet response, and the permanently increased risk that nuclear war would arise by accident or miscalculation.

After the Korean War broke out, in 1950, we see Oppenheimer's horizons closing in even more. He became again, as he had been in the Los Alamos days, a good soldier, committed to the advancement of his country's military strength. The result of that commitment was a rebirth of the old delight in the technicalities of nuclear weapons. "There was still a great deal that could and should be done with atomic weapons," he said in his 1954 testimony. When I read the testimony today, I cannot escape the impression that Robert Oppenheimer was still dazzled by the power and the brilliance of the technology he had pioneered. He was still inwardly in love with his bombs, as Joe Dallet had been with his machine guns.

What are we to learn from this melancholy story? The main lesson is that if we want to save the world from the horrors of nuclear war we must begin by winning over the soldiers to our side. It is not enough to organize scientists against nuclear war, or physicians against nuclear war, or clergymen against nuclear war, or even mothers against nuclear war. We need captains and generals against nuclear war. We need to persuade the soldiers in all countries, and especially the young men who will be the next generation of military leaders, that they cannot decently fight with nuclear weapons. The elimination of nuclear weapons must be presented to the public as a response to the demands of military honor and self-respect, not as a response to fear.

It is good to make people afraid of nuclear war. But fear is not enough. The generation that grew up after the First World War was well indoctrinated in the horrors of trench warfare. Whether or not they read Wilfred Owen or Erich Remarque, they met every day the widows and orphans and crippled survivors of the war. They looked back to the slaughters of Verdun and Passchendaele as we look back to the slaughter of Hiroshima, and they were properly afraid. Pacifist movements flourished in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, and disarmament programs enjoyed wide public support. The fear of a repetition of the First World War was almost universal. But human beings, for better or for worse, are so constituted that they are not willing to let their lives be ruled for very long by fear. Pride, anger, impatience, and even curiosity are stronger passions than fear. Thousands of men, including my Uncle Freeman, lost their lives in the First World War because their curiosity got the better of their fear. They could not resist the urge to stick their heads up out of the trench to see what was happening. Thousands more, including Joe Dallet, lost their lives in a hopeless cause in Spain because their fear was weaker than their anger. There is a deep force in the human spirit which drives us to fight for our freedoms and hang the consequences. Even the fear of nuclear holocaust is not strong enough to prevail against this force. When the trumpets sound and the cause is perceived to be just, young men of spirit, whether they are revolutionaries like Dallet or scholars like Oppenheimer, will lay aside their fears and their misgivings to join the parade, joyfully submitting themselves to the necessities of military discipline, for, as Oppenheimer wrote to his brother, "only through them can we attain to the least detachment; and only so can we know peace."

We cannot defeat with fear alone the forces of misguided patriotism and self-sacrifice. We need above all to have sound and realistic military doctrines—doctrines that make clear that the actual use of nuclear weapons cannot either defend our country or defend our allies, that the actual use of nuclear weapons in a world of great powers armed with thousands of warheads cannot serve any sane military purpose whatever. If our military doctrines and plans once recognize these facts, then our military leaders and those of our allies and our adversaries may be able to agree upon practical measures to make the world safer for all of us. If our soldiers once understand that they cannot defend us with nuclear weapons, then they may contribute their great moral and political influence to helping us create a world in which non-nuclear defense is possible. If the soldiers can once be turned against nuclear weapons, then ordinary civilians and politicians will be able to campaign for nuclear disarmament without being considered cowardly or unpatriotic. The road of discipline and patriotic self-sacrifice need no longer be the road to nuclear holocaust.

The situation of humanity, sitting naked under the threat of nuclear war, is desperate but not hopeless. One hopeful feature of our situation is the demonstrable unreality of the military plans and deployments typified by FM-101-31-1. There is a legitimate hope that the soldiers in various countries may rebel against such unrealities and demand a world in which they can fulfill their honorable mission of national defense. The scholar-soldier Robert Oppenheimer persuaded General Eisenhower in 1951 that the American Army needed tactical nuclear weapons. Oppenheimer's arguments may have had some merit in the circumstances of 1951. The circumstances of 1984 are totally different. The world is now waiting for another scholar-soldier, or for a soldier who is not a scholar, to help us move back along the long road from the illusory world of FM-101-31-1 to a world of sanity.

DIPLOMATS

GENERALS can make war, but it takes a diplomat to make peace. Great diplomats are rarer than great generals. Throughout human history, the tools of war have been studied too much and the tools of diplomacy too little. In the modern era, more than ever before, weaponry commands disproportionate attention, and the art of understanding the purposes of foreign governments is neglected.

A historic meeting between a great diplomat and a great general occurred on June 26, 1813. The Austrian Prince Metternich went to Dresden to speak with the Emperor Napoleon. Napoleon was then, after his retreat from Moscow, still at war with Russia and Prussia. Austria was neutral. Metternich was sent by the Austrian Emperor Francis to learn as much as he could about Napoleon's state of mind. Metternich summarized the Dresden conversation in his memoirs sixteen years later. Napoleon is the first to speak:

> "So you *too* want war; well, you shall have it. I have annihilated the Prussian army at Lützen; I have beaten the Russians at Bautzen; now you wish your turn to come. Be it so; the rendezvous shall be in Vienna. Men are incorrigible: experience is lost upon you. Three times I have replaced the Emperor Francis on his throne. I have promised always to live in peace with him; I have married his daughter. At the time I said to myself you are perpetrating a folly; but it was done, and today I repent of it!" This introduction doubled my feeling of the strength of my position. I felt myself, at this crisis, the representative of all European society. If I may say so—Napoleon seemed to me small!

After some detailed discussion of the Russian campaign, Metternich continued the conversation:

> "I have seen your soldiers: they are mere children. Your Majesty has the feeling that you are absolutely necessary to the nation: but is not the nation also necessary to you? And if this juvenile army that you levied but yesterday should be swept away, what then?"
>
> When Napoleon heard these words he was overcome with rage, he turned pale, and his features were distorted. "You are no soldier," said he, "and you do not know what goes on in the mind of a soldier. I was brought up in the field, and a man *such as I am does not concern himself* much about the lives of a million of men." With this exclamation he threw his hat, which he had held in his hand, into the corner of the room. I remained quite quiet, leaning against the edge of a console between the two windows, and said, deeply moved by what I had just heard, "Why have you chosen to say this to me within these four walls; open the doors, and let your words sound from one end of France to the other. The cause which I represent will not lose thereby." . . .
>
> When Napoleon dismissed me, his tone had become calm and quiet. I could no longer distinguish his features. He accompanied me to the door of the reception-room. Holding the handle of the folding-door, he said to me, "We shall see one another again!"
>
> "At your pleasure, Sire," was my answer, "but I have no hope of attaining the object of my mission."
>
> "Well, now," said Napoleon, touching me on the shoulder, "do you know what will happen? You will not make war on me?"
>
> "You are lost, Sire," I said, quickly; "I had the presentiment of it when I came; now, in going, I have the certainty."

This conversation was no doubt edited and embellished in Metternich's memory before being recorded. Nevertheless, it stands as a monument of the diplomat's art, a historic triumph of insight and intelligence over pride and passion. Two years later, Napoleon's power was broken, and Metternich was reconstructing the political architecture of Europe at the Congress of Vienna. Napoleon had dominated Europe during the twenty years of war which ended in his defeat at Waterloo; Metternich was to be the dominant figure in the thirty years of European peace which followed.

The era of Metternich's ascendancy lasted from 1815 to 1848—from Napoleon's exile until the year of republican revolutions. Metternich's era has much to teach us. It was a time when diplomacy succeeded in holding war in check, when diplomats were more in control of the affairs of nations than they have been at any time since. It was in other respects a time like our own, with economic change and social discontent seething everywhere beneath the surface of political stability. Metternich's successes and failures hold up a mirror to us, showing us what diplomacy can and cannot do.

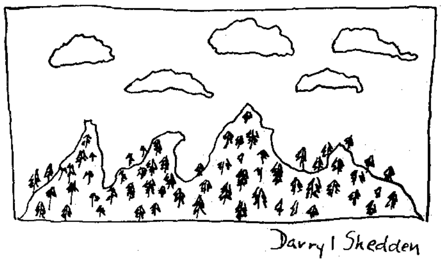
Metternich's purpose was to maintain an international order in Europe by establishing a permanent alliance of conservative governments with an effective monopoly of military power. He was successful insofar as the governments of Austria, Prussia, Russia, and France did in fact remain at peace with one another, and assisted one another in suppressing internal dissent. The Holy Alliance of 1815 was affirmed by all the monarchs of Europe except the Prince Regent of England, the Sultan of Turkey, and the Pope. As time went on, however, the divisive force of nationalism proved stronger than the unifying force of international order. First England and then France opposed the Holy Alliance. Revolutionary republicanism in France and revolutionary nationalism in Hungary finally erupted in violence in 1848, and brought Metternich's era to an end.

Even during the early years of his ascendancy, Metternich did not have things all his own way. He was opposed by another great diplomat, George Canning, of England, whom Metternich described as a "malevolent meteor hurled by an angry Providence against Europe." Canning quietly undermined Metternich's international order, as Metternich had undermined Napoleon's. Canning's objective was not an international order but a balance of power. He said when he became British Foreign Secretary, in 1822, "Things are getting back to a wholesome state again. Every nation for itself and God for us all!" In 1823, he encouraged President Monroe to proclaim the Monroe Doctrine, which protected the rebellious republics of Latin America from attempts by the conservative European powers to reestablish Spanish rule. In a debate in the House of Commons in 1826, Canning explained how his support of the Latin republics fitted into his doctrine of the balance of power in Europe:

> Is the balance of power a fixed and unalterable standard? Or is it not a standard perpetually varying, as civilization advances, and as new nations spring up and take their place among established political communities? The balance of power a century and a half ago was to be adjusted between France and Spain, the Netherlands, Austria, and England. Some years afterwards, Russia assumed her high station in European politics. Some years after that again, Prussia became not only a substantive, but a preponderating monarchy. Thus, while the balance of power continued in principle the same, the means of adjusting it became more varied and enlarged. . . . I say, then, that if we have been for the present dispossessed of anything in our situation as forming part of the balance of power, we are fully compensated. Was it necessary to blockade Cádiz, I say, to restore the situation of England? No. I look at the possessions of Spain on the other side of the Atlantic; I look at the Indies and I call in the New World to redress the balance of the old.

Canning died a year later, but his death brought no lasting relief to Metternich. Canning's policies were pursued with even greater vigor by Lord Palmerston, who actively supported European revolutionary nationalist movements in their defiance of Metternich's international order. In 1848, Palmerston was again in power at the British Foreign Office, where he contemplated Metternich's downfall with unconcealed satisfaction.

In the diplomacy of our own time, we still see, at the heart of all our difficulties, the unresolved conflict between the two great objectives of international order and balance of power. The diplomacy of Franklin Roosevelt during the Second World War, like the diplomacy of Metternich during the Napoleonic Wars, was concentrated upon the setting up of a durable postwar international order. Disagreements among the Allied powers over territory or over the composition of the Polish government were not allowed to interfere with Roosevelt's primary purpose, which was to maintain the unity of the wartime alliance. Roosevelt cheerfully agreed to Soviet territorial expansion and hegemony in Eastern Europe, believing that this would encourage the Soviet Union to coöperate with the United States in the organization of the postwar world. He preferred to deal with Stalin in personal summit meetings rather than through diplomatic channels. He thought that his direct contact with Stalin would enable him to overcome the habitual Soviet attitude of suspicion and hostility toward the United States. His overriding objective was to bring Stalin as a full partner into the operation of an international organization to keep the world at peace. In 1945, as a result of Roosevelt's efforts, the United Nations was established as the instrument of international order, just as the Holy Alliance was established for that purpose in 1815.



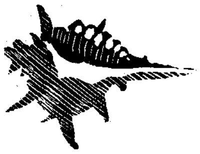
While Roosevelt was pursuing his grand design of international order, George Kennan, a diplomat of a more traditional kind, was minister-counsellor at the American Embassy in Moscow. Roosevelt had little respect for professional diplomats. The people in Washington responsible for negotiating with Soviet emissaries the ground rules for the organization of the United Nations did not look to their Embassy in Moscow for advice. Nobody asked Kennan for his opinion about what was being done. Kennan nevertheless, in August, 1944, wrote down for his own satisfaction the advice he would have given if he had been asked for it:

> Underlying the whole conception of an organization for international security is the simple reasoning that if only the status quo could be rigidly preserved, there could be no further wars in Europe, and the European problem, as far as our country is concerned, would be solved. This reasoning, which mistakes the symptoms for the disease, is not new. It underlay the Holy Alliance, the League of Nations, and numerous other political structures set up by nations which were, for the moment, satisfied with the international setup and did not wish to see it changed. These structures have always served the purpose for which they were designed just so long as the interests of the great powers gave substance and reality to their existence. The moment this situation changed, the moment it became in the interests of one or the other of the great powers to alter the status quo, none of these treaty structures ever stood in the way of such alteration. . . .
>
> Those provisions of our proposals that are designed to prevent a great nation from conquering and dominating a small nation reflect a thinking which is naïve and out of date. We ignore completely the time-honored conception of the puppet

> state which underlies all political thought in Asia and Russia, and occasionally appears in Eastern and Central Europe as well. This conception alone mocks any legalistic formulas for the regulation of international life. Try asking the head of the Outer Mongolian Republic whether Mongolia has any grievances against Russia. He will pale at the thought. He is personally in the power of the Russian police system, and his people live under the shadow of the Red Army. . . .
>
> The conception of law in international life should certainly receive every support and encouragement that our country can give it. But it cannot yet replace power as the vital force for a large part of the world. And the realities of power will soon seep into any legalistic structure which we erect to govern international life. They will permeate it. They will become the content of it; and the structure will remain only the form. International security will depend on *them:* on the realities of power, not on the structure in which they are clothed. We are being almost criminally negligent of the interests of our people if we allow our plans for an international organization to be an excuse for failing to occupy ourselves seriously and minutely with the sheer power relationships of the European peoples.

It did not take long for Kennan's assessment of the United Nations to prove itself correct. The Holy Alliance remained united and harmonious for five years—from 1815 until 1820—and then the process of incipient disintegration became visible. The United Nations maintained a superficial unity of purpose for only half as long. By 1947, the United Nations had become what it has been ever since—a forum of national rivalry rather than of international authority.

During the brief period of postwar harmony, while hopes still survived of an international order based on friendly coöperation of the Allied powers, one historic attempt was made to give these hopes substance. The attempt was made in 1946 to establish a truly supranational authority with monopolistic power to own and regulate nuclear weaponry. Nuclear weaponry was then a new and revolutionary factor in human affairs. Here, if anywhere, was a chance to create a new international order—before national rivalries in the possession and deployment of nuclear weapons would have time to develop. The initial impetus behind the idea of international ownership of nuclear facilities came from the physicists Niels Bohr and Robert Oppenheimer, who had worried together about the future of nuclear weaponry while they worked on the bomb project at Los Alamos. Bohr had succeeded in talking to Churchill and Roosevelt on this subject during the war, but he had not succeeded in gaining their confidence. After the war, Oppenheimer persuaded Under-Secretary of State Dean Acheson and other leading figures in the American government to make a serious effort to achieve international control of nuclear energy. Oppenheimer was not as great a physicist as Bohr, but he was a more skillful diplomat. The result of his diplomacy was the Baruch Plan, the formal American proposal to place all nuclear facilities under international ownership. The Baruch Plan was placed before the United Nations in 1946. If the plan had been accepted by the Soviet Union, it would perhaps have fulfilled Roosevelt's dream of an international order arising from the common interest of mankind in the prevention of war. Conceivably, if the International Atomic Development Authority had been set up with the powers envisaged in the plan the unprecedented renunciation of national sovereignty in the area of nuclear weaponry might have gradually been extended, as Bohr had originally hoped, to a renunciation of national sovereignty over other kinds of armaments and ultimately to a renunciation of the sovereign right of nations to wage war.



There were many detailed provisions in the Baruch Plan which made it difficult for the Soviet Union to accept. But when the plan was debated in the United Nations it soon became clear that the Soviet Union was not interested in negotiating points of detail. The Soviet Union was fundamentally opposed to the renunciation of national sovereignty which the plan demanded. The Soviet Union proposed, instead of a supranational authority with sovereign powers, a simple treaty prohibiting the manufacture and ownership of nuclear weapons. The Soviet Union agreed with George Kennan that national power came first, international order second.

Americans old enough to remember the high hopes engendered by the Baruch Plan frequently lament the great opportunity that was missed when the Soviet Union rejected it. Today, with the wisdom of hindsight, we may equally lament the great opportunity that was missed when the United States rejected the Soviet "prohibition treaty." The Soviet proposal, if it had been accepted, would also have been an instrument of international order, more modest than the Baruch Plan but perhaps more practical and more durable. The American government, having made heroic efforts to achieve an internal consensus for the negotiation of the Baruch Plan, was in no mood to examine carefully the merits of the Soviet proposal. As far as American public opinion was concerned, there were only two alternatives: either total international control of nuclear energy through the Baruch Plan or none at all. After the initial proposals of both sides had been rejected, no serious effort was made to achieve a compromise agreement. The surge of hope for the establishment of an international order had reached its high-water mark, and was ebbing rapidly as the year 1946 came to an end.

A few months later—two years after the end of the Second World War in Europe—George Kennan was asked by Secretary of State George Marshall to prepare the plan of European economic recovery known to history as the Marshall Plan. The philosophy underlying the Marshall Plan was succinctly outlined by Kennan at the time: "I think it may be fairly stated, as a working rule for dealing with the Russians, that only those people are able to get along *with* them who have proven their ability to get along *without* them." In other words, an effective international order in Europe is impossible unless it is based on an effective balance of power. The Marshall Plan was the decisive first step in establishing a political balance of power in Europe. The reinforcement of this balance by the military Atlantic Pact came in 1949. Kennan believed in a balance of power based on the economic and political strengthening of Western European governments. He was in favor of a military balance of power provided that it did not become heavily dependent on the rearmament of West Germany. And he was unalterably opposed to making the balance of power dependent on arming Atlantic Pact forces with nuclear weapons.

After 1949, the American government moved rapidly from the exaggerated belief in Soviet-American coöperation which Kennan had criticized in 1944 to an even more exaggerated belief in military confrontation. Kennan's period of ascendancy in the State Department coincided with the period when belief in international order and belief in balance of power were briefly held in equilibrium. In 1950, when the

Volkswagen introduces a new sedan for families in a hurry.

Volkswagen owners have always known: You can't judge a Volkswagen by its cover.

The first VW looked like a humble, little bug. Yet it revolutionized transportation as no car ever has.

Now look at our newest Volkswagen: the Jetta GLI.

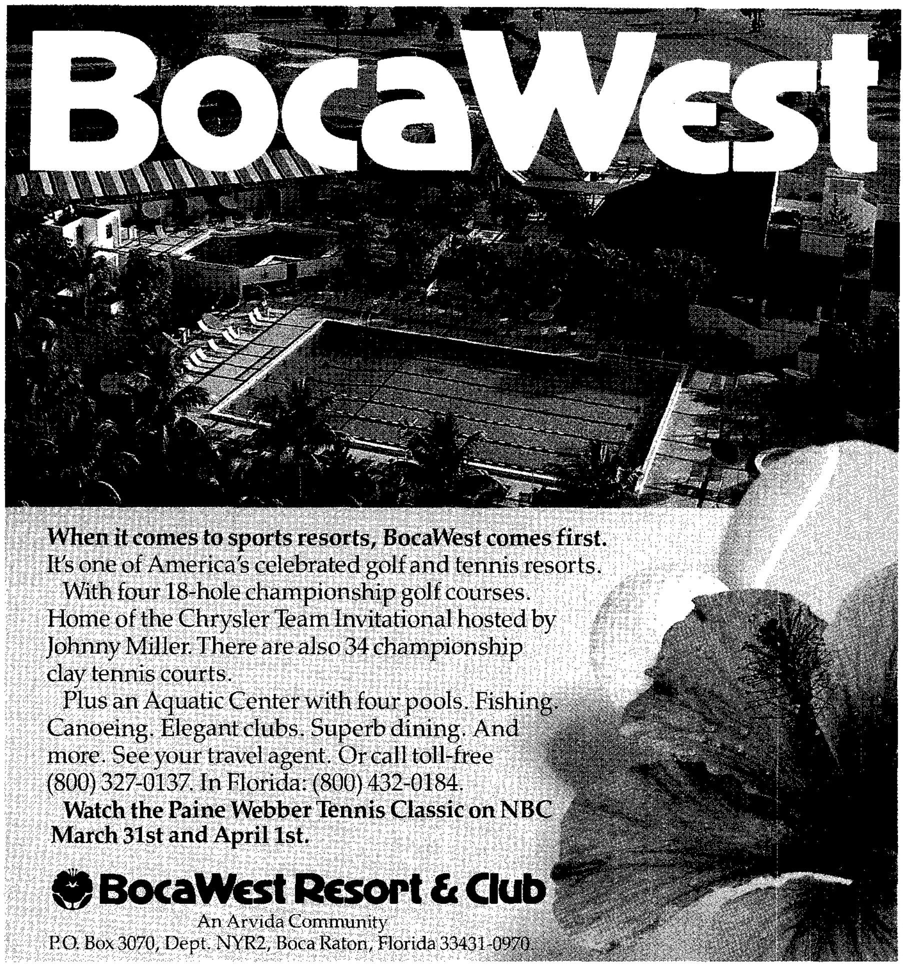
It looks like a handsome family sedan. With 4 big doors. A spacious interior. And a generous-size trunk.

But it drives like a high-performance sedan. With its 1.8-liter, fuel-injected engine. Close-ratio, 5-speed transmission. And 4-wheel independent suspension.

The Jetta GLI is engineered and built in Germany, where even family driving is fun. When most families in Germany want a new sedan, they choose Volkswagen. And when they want high performance, chances are, they'll choose *this* Volkswagen.

The New Jetta GLI $8,690.* **It's not a car. It's a Volkswagen.**

© 1984 Volkswagen of America Seatbelts save lives *Mfr's sugg. retail price includes a 12-month unlimited mileage, limited warranty. Transp., tax, license, dealer prep add'l. Metallic paint opt.



When it comes to sports resorts, BocaWest comes first. It's one of America's celebrated golf and tennis resorts.

With four 18-hole championship golf courses. Home of the Chrysler Team Invitational hosted by Johnny Miller. There are also 34 championship clay tennis courts.

Plus an Aquatic Center with four pools. Fishing. Canoeing. Elegant clubs. Superb dining. And more. See your travel agent. Or call toll-free (800) 327-0137. In Florida: (800) 432-0184.

Watch the Paine Webber Tennis Classic on NBC March 31st and April 1st.

BocaWest Resort & Club
An Arvida Community
P.O. Box 3070, Dept. NYR2, Boca Raton, Florida 33431-0970

We're programmed for high technology.

The input: Thousands of engineering graduates and skilled technicians from Georgia Tech, Emory University, Southern Tech, Georgia State and 5 vocational colleges. A helpful R&D center at Georgia Tech. One of the world's busiest airports to transport goods. Low real estate costs and taxes. The output: Over 150 high-tech firms. And counting. To access: Contact Roy B. Cooper, MACFED, P.O. Box 1740, Atlanta, GA 30301. Call (404) 577-3838.

ADVANTAGE
METRO
ATLANTA

Clayton Cobb DeKalb Douglas Fulton Gwinnett

Korean War began and the United States announced its intention of developing thermonuclear weapons, the equilibrium tipped decisively toward military confrontation. Kennan thereafter reverted to his role as critic of government policy, criticizing now from the other side. In 1953, he resigned from government service and began a new career as a historian in Princeton. Ever since his retirement from government, he has been preaching to all who would listen that the balance of power is to be valued as a foundation for a durable international order, not as an end in itself; that the most effective tools for establishing a balance of power are economic and political rather than military; and that the least appropriate tools of all for this purpose are weapons of mass destruction.

Soviet-American diplomacy since 1953 has been dominated by the continuing nuclear-arms race and by the technical details of weaponry. Whenever an attempt is made to negotiate an agreement setting limits to the arms race, the public discussion of the agreement in the United States is concentrated upon fine points of weapon performance and verification technology. During the discussions of a comprehensive test-ban treaty in the late nineteen-fifties and early nineteen-sixties, the argument centered almost exclusively on the technical ability of seismic detection systems to distinguish underground bomb tests from earthquakes. The senators who conducted public hearings on the test ban became almost as expert in seismology as the scientists who came to testify. This overemphasis on technical details made the problem of verifying the test ban seem more and more formidable. The negotiation of a comprehensive test ban was abandoned in 1963, because the verification system demanded by the seismologically expert American politicians was too intrusive to be acceptable to the Soviet Union. A similar overemphasis on technical details obstructed the ratification of the SALT II agreement by the American Senate in 1979. The text of the agreement, which ran to thirty-one pages, was excessively complicated, with elaborate definitions and rules for counting numbers of weapons in various categories. It was difficult for the advocates of the agreement to defend it against opponents claiming that the Soviet Backfire bombers were incorrectly counted or that the number of SS-18 missiles allowed by the agreement gave the Soviet Union an unfair advantage. Once again, a reasonable agreement was nibbled to death by people raising small technical objections. This has been the tragedy of nuclear diplomacy for the last thirty years; just as, according to Gresham's law of economics, bad money drives good money out of circulation, so, in the public perception of arms-control agreements, unimportant technical issues drive broader political objectives out of sight.

When President John Kennedy sent his Under-Secretary of State, Averell Harriman, to Moscow in 1963 to negotiate the Limited Test-Ban Treaty, Harriman was careful to exclude technical specialists from his team of negotiators. Technical advisers went with Harriman to Moscow but did not participate directly in negotiations. Harriman believed that this separation of the roles of expert adviser and decision-maker was one of the main reasons for the success of his mission. Ten years later, he said in testimony before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, "These matters have got to be left to the political leaders of our nation. The expert is out to point out all the difficulties and dangers . . . but it is for the political leaders to decide whether the political, psychological, and other advantages offset such risks as there may be."

Two other factors were essential to the success of the 1963 negotiations—the character of the atmospheric-test-ban treaty and the character of Averell Harriman himself. The treaty was deliberately kept short and simple and free from technical jargon. The entire text fills three printed pages. The substantive part of it fills only half a page. The only numbers in it are paragraph numbers and dates and a single reference to Article 102 of the Charter of the United Nations. The treaty leaves no openings for opponents to attack it on points of technical detail. The credentials of Harriman as negotiator were also difficult to attack. He was wise in the ways of American politics. He had been Ambassador in Moscow when Kennan was minister-counsellor, he had long experience of dealing with the Soviet government, and he was personally acquainted with Chairman Khrushchev. Above all, he understood the importance of timing in negotiations. He knew that the momentum of progress toward a treaty could easily be lost if the negotiations were prolonged. He went after the treaty at top speed. Harriman after-

THE AIRLINE
BORN TO SERVE BUSINESS
TO ATLANTA AND MEMPHIS
IS HERE.

c 1984 Air Atlanta

To the hassled business flyer tired of being overlooked and underserved, we dedicate Air Atlanta.

With no overbooking. Streamlined check-in. A roll-on valet for hanging bags. 727 jets redesigned for bigger seats with more legroom. Gourmet snacks and a choice of fresh, delicious entrees. All at current coach fares.

If you're travelling on business, it's the only way to fly. The only business hour nonstops from New York's JFK to Atlanta. And the only direct service from New York's JFK to Memphis. Call your travel agent, 212-517-8216 or 1-800-241-5408.

AIR ATLANTA™
BORN TO SERVE BUSINESS

ward described to his friend Glenn Seaborg how he set the pace of the negotiations:

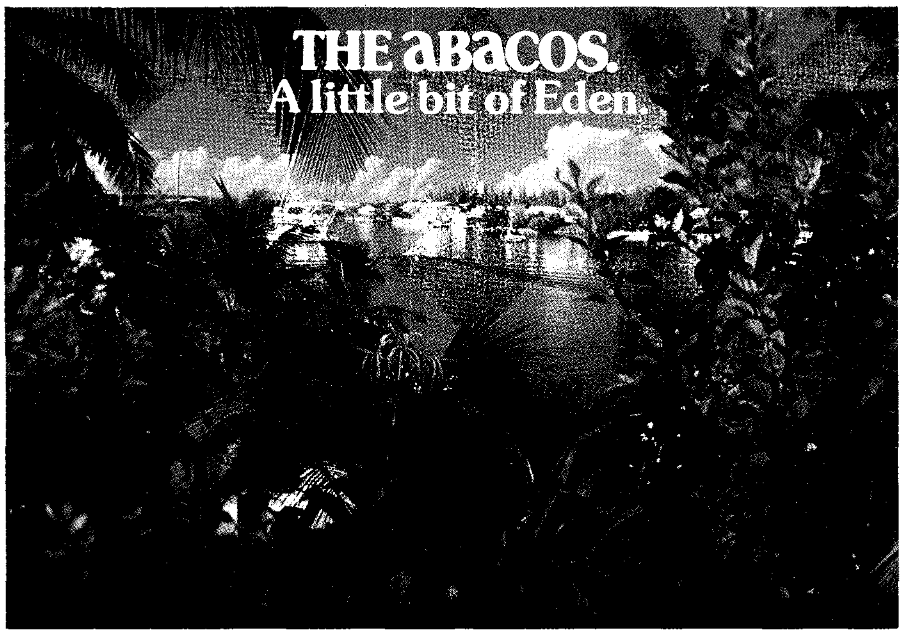
> When we arrived at the [Moscow] airport, the press people rushed up and asked all sorts of questions, one of which was, "How long do you think you'll be here?" I felt that if we said that it was a very complicated proposition that would take a long time, the Soviets would have felt a need to string it out a long time or else it would look as if they were giving in to our side. So I said, "Well, now, if Chairman Khrushchev is as interested in having a test-ban treaty as President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan are, we ought to be out of here in two weeks." They *got* us out in *less* than two weeks—they were pressing us to get out. One cannot be sure, but I feel that after reading my remarks Khrushchev may have taken it on himself to prove that he was just as keen for a test ban as the President and Macmillan. A lot of these people who talk so glibly about the Russians don't realize what these men are. They're human beings. They react. If you understand them and know how they react it's much easier to deal with them.

The Limited Test-Ban Treaty was successful because Harriman did not allow arguments about the technical specifications of forbidden explosions or about the technical problems of verification to distract attention from the treaty's primary purpose. During the weeks before Harriman went to Moscow, I happened to be at the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency in Washington, helping the scientists there to study these technical problems that Harriman wisely excluded from the negotiations. At that time, the agency still hoped to achieve a comprehensive test ban, and the main subject of our study was the effectiveness of various arrangements of seismic detectors for identifying underground bomb tests. In the course of these studies, we made an interesting discovery. As the detection systems became technically better, they became politically worse. The reason for this paradox was simple. The detection system had a double task: to identify bomb tests as artificial and to identify earthquakes as natural. The system could fail in two ways: either by missing a real bomb test or by giving a false-alarm reaction to an earthquake. The designers of the instruments were constantly improving them by making them more sensitive, so that fewer real bomb tests should be missed. But every increase in sensitivity resulted in a large increase in the expected number of false alarms. The designers did not understand that in the monitoring of a test-ban treaty a high false-alarm rate would be far more troublesome politically than a low detection rate. While they were

The language of
JOHN BROOKS

Elegant apparel.
At a stunningly affordable price.

John Brooks
1411 Broadway
New York, NY
10018



The Abacos are a garden primeval where orchids grow in profusion and wild boar roam the bush. Here the temptations are a turquoise sea, powdery beaches, isles just big enough for two, superb sailing, fishing, diving, good food, and utter tranquility. Come to The Abacos. They're easy to get to from Miami or Nassau by convenient air service.

See your travel agent for reservations, or call toll free 800-327-0787. In Dade County, Florida, 443-3821.

For a free brochure on The Abacos and other Family Islands, write to Bahamas, P.O. Box 523850, Miami, FL 33152.

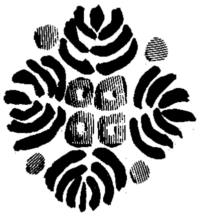
Name
Address
City
State/Zip NY2X5

The Abacos. Some of the islands that make It Better In The Bahamas.

making the system technically better by raising the rate of detection of underground explosions, they were at the same time making the system politically unworkable by raising the frequency of false alarms. After we saw what was happening, we suggested to our superiors in the agency that if they wanted to achieve a comprehensive test ban they should try to make the monitoring seismic instruments as insensitive as possible. Averell Harriman might have recognized the merits of this suggestion, but the administrators of the Disarmament Agency did not. The seismic-detection networks continued to become more sensitive, the false-alarm rates continued to rise, and the chance of negotiating a comprehensive test-ban treaty in 1963 was missed.

The paradox of verifiability arises not only in connection with test-ban treaties but in the monitoring of arms-control agreements of all kinds. According to the official doctrine of the United States, all arms-control agreements to which the United States is a party must be verifiable. But too much verification gives rise to incessant false alarms and destroys whatever political benefits the agreement was intended to achieve. This is the paradox: too much verification may be as bad as too little. The avoidance of false alarms is particularly important if the verification system is public. False alarms are less damaging if verification is done in secret—for example, by satellite photography—but the United States has only a limited ability to keep undigested intelligence reports secret. And even if false alarms can be kept out of the newspapers a verification apparatus had better not be too sensitive. It is easy for a technical-surveillance system to collect more information than it is capable of evaluating. The careful evaluation of a single ambiguous event can absorb the attention of intelligence experts for several weeks. If ambiguous events are detected too frequently, careful evaluation is impossible, and the random output of an oversensitive verification system can easily be misinterpreted as a systematic pattern of violations of a treaty.

Verification of treaties is important, just as military strength is important. But verification, like military strength, must be pursued as a means to an end, and not as an end in itself. The end that verification is supposed to serve is that of discouraging the parties to a treaty from serious and deliberate violations. A limited and unobtrusive verification system is usually adequate for this purpose. When verification becomes an end in itself, it stands in the way of arms control, just as it stood in the way of the comprehensive test ban in 1963. "The trouble with you is you want to spy. That's your purpose," Khrushchev said to Harriman in 1963. Khrushchev's accusation was unjust insofar as it was addressed to Harriman personally. It was a just criticism of the American technical experts and politicians who have made the details of verification systems seem more important than the substance of the agreements that are to be verified.



Official American doctrine holds that unverifiable agreements are worthless. This doctrine may or may not be true, depending on circumstances. An extreme example of an unverifiable agreement is the 1972 convention on biological weapons, signed by the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union. The convention prohibits the production and the possession of biological weapons, disease agents, toxins, and delivery systems. Since disease agents are small and are easily manufactured in inconspicuous bacteriological laboratories, verification of the convention by technical means is impossible. The chief purpose of the convention is to strengthen the traditional consensus of mankind that biological warfare is in some sense peculiarly evil and dishonorable. The value of the convention for this purpose remains largely intact whether or not it is verified and whether or not it is violated. There is evidence indicating that the convention has been violated by the Soviet Union. Biological toxins are said to have been supplied by the Soviet Union to Vietnam and used by Vietnamese forces in terror attacks on villages in Laos. But the convention remains in force and remains useful. The Soviet government officially denies any involvement with whatever may have happened in Laos. And the American government wisely refrains from using the events in Laos as a pretext for abrogating the convention. If the reports of toxin attacks in Laos are true, the use of toxins appears to have been clandestine, and the signature of Chairman Brezhnev on the biological-weapons convention imposes an important constraint on further exercises of the same kind. Without the convention, the friends of the victims would not even have legal grounds for protest and inquiry.

The biological-weapons convention illustrates the general thesis that arms-control agreements do not have to be perfect in order to be useful. Our choice is not between imperfect and perfect arms-control agreements; it is between imperfect agreements and none at all. An agreement does not automatically lose its value as soon as it is violated. Verifiability is only one desirable quality, and not the most essential, of a satisfactory agreement. If we subject our diplomacy to arbitrary rules—for example, to the rule that all agreements must be verifiable—we are subordinating human judgment to technology and making arms control subservient to the gathering of intelligence. It is, in the end, only a diplomat like George Kennan or Averell Harriman, with personal knowledge of Soviet society and an understanding of the political forces at work under the surface of Soviet power, who can judge when the time is ripe to enter into an agreement. The value of an agreement depends less on its technical verifiability than on its political robustness. A useful agreement is one that not only helps to maintain a stable balance of power but also helps to build a framework for a new international order.

For more than thirty years, we have seen arms-control negotiations making intermittent progress—sometimes succeeding, sometimes failing, sometimes ending in treaties, sometimes ending in frustration—while the nuclear-arms race goes on. The negotiations deal laboriously and in detail with particular weapons and verification procedures. The political compulsions that drive the arms race remain untouched. In 1950, George Kennan already understood the nature of these political compulsions, and he understood what had to be done in order to overcome them. That year, having resigned as director of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department, he wrote a memorandum to the Secretary of State summarizing his understanding of nuclear weapons and nuclear policies:

> The real problem at issue, in determining what we should do at this juncture with respect to international control, is the problem of our attitude towards weapons of mass destruction in general, and the role which we allot to these weapons in our own military planning. Here, the crucial question is: Are we to rely upon weapons of mass destruction as an integral and vitally important component of our mili-

> tary strength, which we would expect to employ deliberately, immediately, and unhesitatingly in the event that we become involved in a military conflict with the Soviet Union? Or are we to retain such weapons in our national arsenal only as a deterrent to the use of similar weapons against ourselves or our allies and as a possible means of retaliation in case they are used? According to the way this question is answered, a whole series of decisions are influenced, of which the decision as to what to do about the international control of atomic energy and the prohibition of the weapon is only one. . . .
>
> We may regard [nuclear weapons] as something vital to our conduct of a future war—as something without which our war plans would be emasculated and ineffective—as something which we have resolved, in the face of all the moral and other factors concerned, to employ forthwith and unhesitatingly at the outset of any great military conflict. In this case, we should take the consequences of that decision now, and we should obviously keep away from any program of international dealings which would bring us closer to the possibility of agreement on international control and prohibition of the atomic weapon.
>
> Or we may regard them as something superfluous to our basic military posture—as something which we are compelled to hold against the possibility that they might be used by our opponents. In this case, of course, we take care not to build up a reliance upon them in our military planning. Since they then represent only a burdensome expenditure of funds and effort, we hold only the minimum required for the deterrent-retaliatory purpose. And we are at liberty, if we so desire, to make it our objective to divest ourselves of this minimum at the earliest moment by achieving a scheme of international control.

This memorandum of 1950 goes to the heart of the matter, and explains why the subsequent thirty-odd years of arms-control negotiations have been sterile and frustrating. It is unreasonable to expect negotiation to result in nuclear disarmament if the negotiating parties do not really wish to disarm. In 1950, Kennan had already taken the position he has steadily maintained ever since—that the decision of the American government to rely upon the first use of nuclear weapons as a defense against non-nuclear attack was a fundamental mistake. He predicted accurately that the first-use policy would stand in the way of any serious effort to bring the nuclear-arms race under control, would prevent any military disengagement of Soviet and American forces in Europe, and would in the end deprive us of any possibility of using military strength to achieve reasonable political purposes. For many years, he was a voice crying in the wilderness, alone in his consistent opposition to the first-use policy. Recently, a number of public figures have joined him. Both in America and in Europe, more and more people are coming to understand that the first-use policy is incompatible with any coherent strategy of national defense. It may be a long time before the policy is officially abandoned. Whatever progress we are making in that direction is due largely to Kennan's leadership. Kennan believes that the Soviet Union would be willing to go far toward nuclear disarmament if the United States were sincerely committed to this course of action. Both in the official pronouncements of the Soviet government and in the private conversations of Soviet citizens one finds reiterated a desire for the complete abolition of nuclear weapons. Only if the United States negotiates seriously and in good faith can it be determined whether this desire is genuine.

Kennan has no hope that much of value can emerge from arms-control negotiations conducted in the style of the recent SALT talks, with each side striving only to retain the maximum of weaponry for itself while putting the other side at the maximum disadvantage. Such negotiations "are not a way of escape from the arms race; they are an integral part of it," he has written. "Whoever does not understand that when it comes to nuclear weapons the whole concept of relative advantage is illusory—whoever does not understand that when you are talking about absurd and preposterous quantities of overkill the relative sizes of arsenals have no serious meaning—whoever does not understand that the danger lies, not in the possibility that someone else might have more missiles and warheads than we do, but in the very existence of these unconscionable quantities of highly poisonous explosives, and their existence, above all, in hands as weak and shaky and undependable as those of ourselves or our adversaries or any other mere human beings: whoever does not understand these things is never going to guide us out of this increasingly dark and menacing forest of bewilderments into which we have all wandered."

Underneath the melody of Kennan's flowing prose can be heard from time to time a deep organ tone of moral indignation—that moral indignation which is in the end the only human force strong enough to save mankind from its follies. For more than thirty years, he has been telling the world that its readiness to use nuclear weapons against other human beings is not merely a military miscalculation and a political mistake but an insult to mankind and to God. Now, at long last, the world is beginning to listen.

Russians

Iosip Shklovsky is a Soviet astronomer of unusual brilliance, with several major discoveries to his credit. He is known to the Soviet public as a writer of books and magazine articles describing the astronomical universe in a lively popular style. At scientific meetings, he spices his technical arguments with jokes and paradoxes. He has wide interests outside astronomy and can talk amusingly on almost any subject. He enjoys unorthodox ideas, and he took a leading part in encouraging international efforts to listen for radio signals that might reveal the existence of intelligence in remote parts of the universe. In his professional life, he projects an image of a happy, active, and successful man of the world. In private, like many Soviet intellectuals, he is melancholic. He told me once that he has lived with a feeling of inner loneliness ever since he discovered, at the end of the Second World War, that he was the only one of his high-school graduating class to have survived. He was the scientist in the class, and the authorities kept him out of the Army to work on technical projects. The others went to the front and died. Soviet citizens of Shklovsky's generation still bear the scars of war. Those who are younger grew up hearing tales of war told by their parents and grandparents. All alike carry deep in their consciousness a collective memory of suffering and irreparable loss. This is the central fact conditioning the Soviet view of war. Russians, when they think of war, think of themselves not as warriors but as victims.

Another vignette of Soviet life illustrates this theme. It was a cold Sunday in late November, and I had the day free after a week of astronomical meetings in Moscow. The radio-astronomer Nikolai Kardashev took me on a sightseeing trip to the ancient cities of Suzdal and Vladimir, halfway between Moscow and Gorky. We started before dawn and drove two hundred kilometres in darkness in order to arrive in Suzdal before the crowds. As

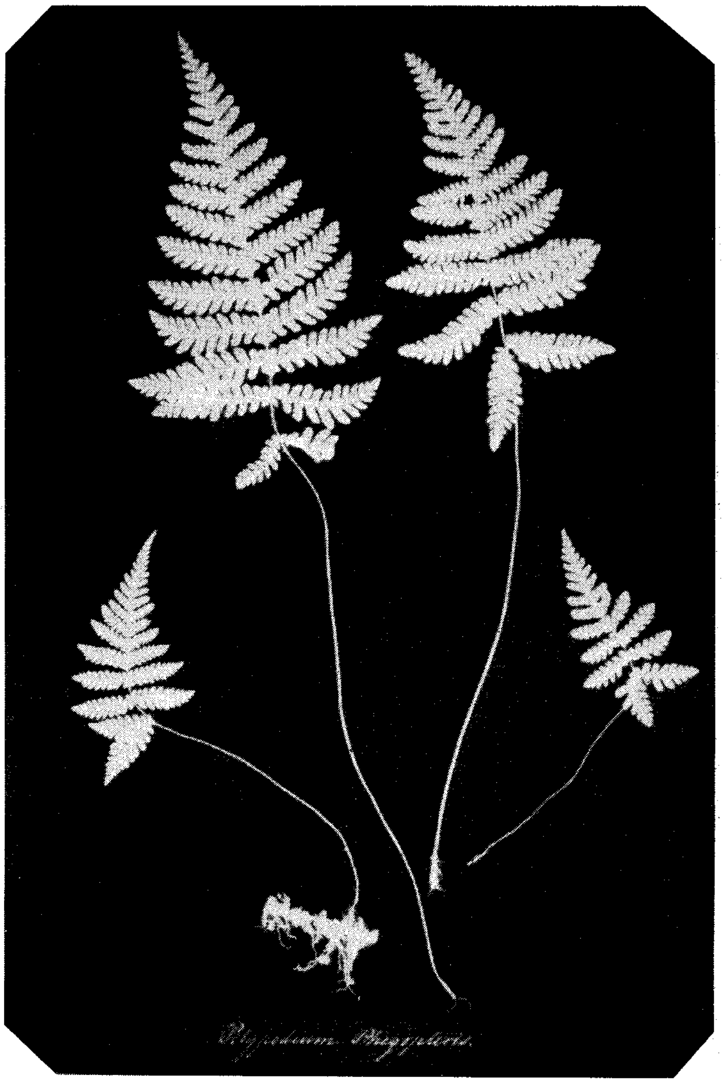
LENSLESS PHOTOGRAPHY
An exhibition organized by
The Franklin Institute Science Museum, Philadelphia

Some of the most fascinating photographic effects ever produced were made without a camera.

Now many of these unusual works—some never before seen—have been gathered in an exhibition called *Lensless Photography.*

You'll see holograms, Kirlian photographs, images by Corot, Man Ray and many contemporary artists, experimental works from the 1840s, and one image that measures 4½ by 10 feet.

Visit *Lensless Photography* and take a look at photographic art from an entirely different perspective.


Polypodium Phegopteris.

Anna Atkins, British, 1797-1871. Polypodium Phegopteris,
from *Presentation Album of Various Subjects: Cyanotype Impressions,*
c.1850-54, Cyanotype, collection of Charles Isaacs

IBM GALLERY OF
SCIENCE AND ART
Madison Avenue at 56th Street, February 9-March 24, 1984
Tuesday-Friday, 11 am-6 pm; Saturday, 10 am-5 pm
Free admission

IBM®

we approached Suzdal, we saw old monasteries shining golden in the light of the rising sun. Suzdal and Vladimir were places of refuge for monks and artists during the bitter centuries when Mongols and Tatars ruled in Russia. Both cities were taken and destroyed by the Mongols in 1238. They lay directly in the path of the army of Subotai, which swept across half of Europe in a merciless campaign of conquest. The inhabitants later rebuilt the cities, raised churches, and filled them with religious paintings. Suzdal and Vladimir lie far enough to the northeast so that they escaped the invasions that ravaged Kiev and Moscow in later centuries. Andrei Rublev, the greatest painter of old Russia, worked at Vladimir in the fifteenth century. Buildings and paintings survive from the thirteenth century onward. Kardashev and I spent the day wandering from church to church among busloads of schoolchildren from Moscow and Gorky. The last stop on our tour was the city museum of Vladimir. Here we found the densest concentration of schoolchildren. The museum is historical rather than artistic. The main exhibit is an enormous diorama of the city as it was at the moment of its destruction in 1238, with every detail faithfully modelled in wood and clay. Across the plains come riding endless lines of Mongol horsemen, slashing arms, legs, and heads off defenseless Russians whom they meet outside the city walls. The armed defenders of the city are on top of the walls, but the flaming arrows of the Mongols have set fire to the buildings behind them. Already, a party of horsemen has broken into the city through a side gate and is beginning a general slaughter of the inhabitants. Blood is running in the streets, and flames are rising from the churches. On the wall above this scene of horror there is a large notice for schoolchildren and other visitors to read. It says, "The heroic people of Vladimir chose to die rather than submit to the invader. By their self-sacrifice, they saved Western Europe from suffering the same fate, and saved European civilization from extinction."

The diorama of Vladimir gives visible form to the dreams and fears that have molded the Russian people's perception of themselves and their place in history. Central to their dreams is the Mongol horde slicing through their country, swift and implacable. It is difficult for English-speaking people to share such dreams. The Russian experience of the Mongol invasions is so foreign to us that we gave the word "horde" a new and inappropriate meaning when we borrowed it for our language. English-speaking people came to Asia as traders and conquerors protected by a superior technology. Our view of Asia is mirrored in the image that the word "horde" conveys to an English-speaking mind. A horde in our language is a sprawling, undisciplined mob. In Russian and in the original Turkish, a horde is a camp or a tribe organized for war. The organization of the Mongol horde in the thirteenth century was technically far in advance of any other military system in the world. The Mongols could travel and maintain communications over vast distances; they could maneuver their armies with a speed and precision that no other power could match. It took the Russians a hundred and fifty years to learn to fight them on equal terms, and two hundred and fifty years to defeat them decisively. The horde in the folk memory of Russia is an alien presence moving through the homeland, ravaging and consuming the substance of the people, subverting the loyalty of their leaders with blackmail and bribes. This is the image of Asia which three centuries of suffering implanted in the Russian mind. It is easy for us in the strategically inviolate West to dismiss Russian fears of China as "paranoid." If we had lived for three centuries at the mercy of the alien horsemen, we would be paranoid, too.

British Prime Ministers, soon after they come into office, customarily visit Washington and Moscow to get acquainted with American and Soviet leaders. When Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher made her state visit to Moscow, she had two amicable meetings with Chairman Brezhnev. At the end of the second day, she remarked (this was before the Afghanistan invasion and the Polish crisis) that she was happy to discover that there were no urgent problems threatening to bring the United Kingdom and the Soviet Union into conflict. Brezhnev replied with some emphatic words in Russian. Thatcher's interpreter hesitated, and, instead of translating Brezhnev's remark, asked him to repeat it. Brezhnev repeated it, and the interpreter translated: "Madam, there is only one important question facing us, and that is the question whether the white race will survive." Thatcher was so taken aback that she did not venture either to agree or to disagree with this sentiment. She made her exit without further comment. What she had heard was a distant echo of the Mongol hoofbeat still reverberating in the Russian memory.

After the Mongols, invaders came to Russia from the West—from Poland, from Sweden, from France, and from Germany. Each of the invading armies was a horde in the Russian sense of the word: a disciplined force of warriors superior to the Russians in technology, in mobility, and in generalship. Especially the German horde, invading Russia in 1941, conformed to the ancient pattern. But the Russians had made some progress in military organization between 1238 and 1941. It took them two hundred and fifty years to drive out the Mongols but only four years to drive out the Germans. During the centuries separating those invasions, the Russians, while still thinking of themselves as victims, had become in fact a nation of warriors. In order to survive in a territory perennially exposed to invasion, they maintained great armies and gave serious study to the art of war. They imposed upon themselves a regime of rigid political unity and military discipline. They accorded high honor and prestige to their soldiers, and devoted a large fraction of their resources to the production of weapons. Within a few years after 1941, the Russians who survived the German invasion had organized themselves into the most formidable army on earth. The more they think of themselves as victims, the more formidable they become.

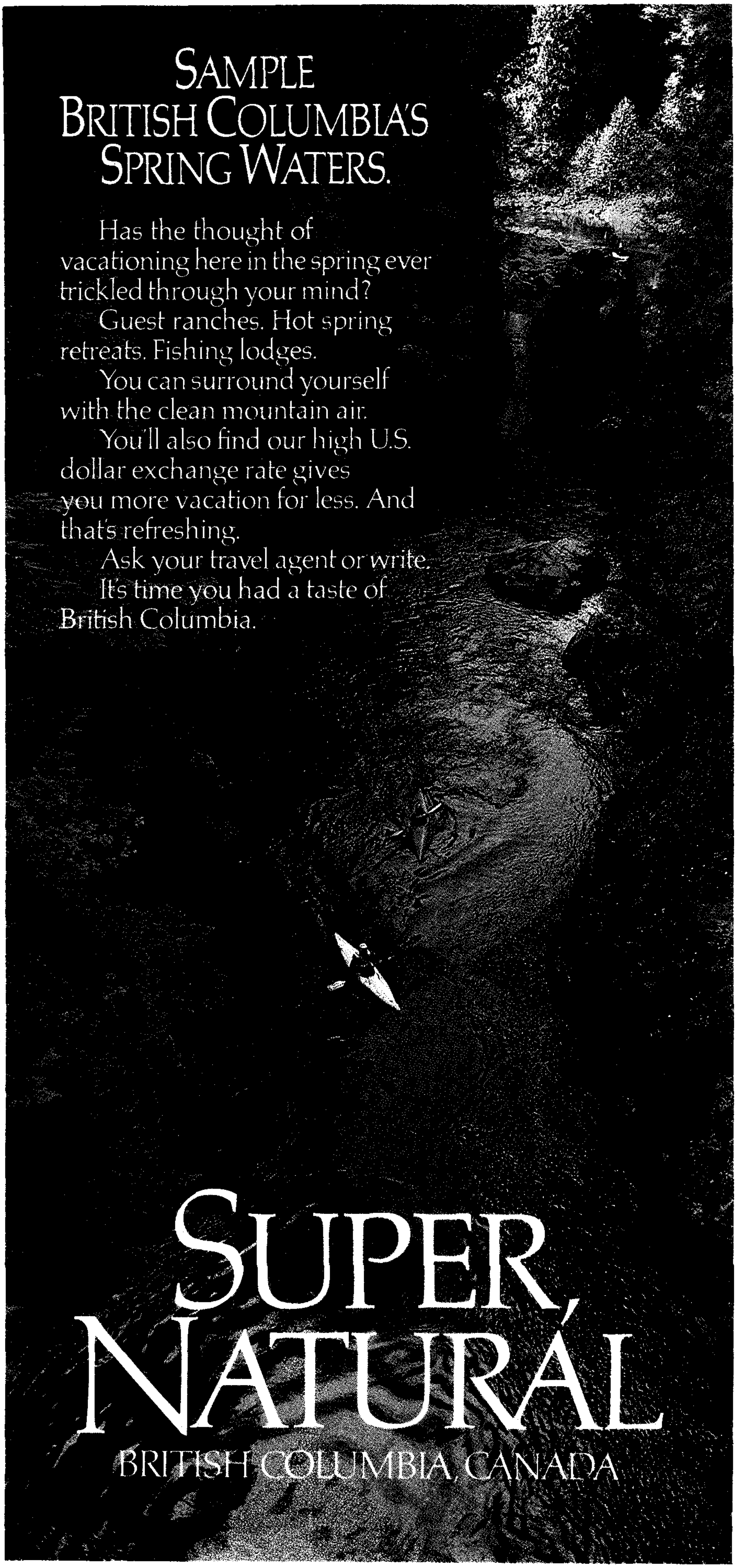
The Russian warriors are now armed with nuclear weapons on a vast scale. The strategic rocket forces of the Soviet Union are comparable in size and quality with those of the United States. The Soviet rocket commanders could, if they were ordered to do so, obliterate the cities of the United States within thirty minutes. It has therefore become a matter of some importance for us in the United States to understand what may be in the Soviet commanders' minds. If we can read their intentions correctly, we may improve our chances of avoiding fatal misunderstanding at moments of crisis. Nobody outside the Soviet government can know with certainty the purposes of Soviet deployments. The American experts who study the Soviet armed forces and analyze the Soviet literature devoted to military questions have reached diverse conclusions concerning Soviet strategy. Some say that Soviet intentions are predominantly defensive, others that they are aggressive. But the disagreements among the experts concern words more than substance. To a large extent, the disagreements arise from attempts to define Soviet policies in a language derived from the American experience. The language of American strategic analysis is alien and inappropriate to the Russian experience of war. If we make the intellectual effort to understand the strategy of the Russians in their terms rather than ours—as a product of Russian history and military tradition—we shall find that it is usually possible to reconcile the conflicting conclusions of the experts. An awareness of the Russian historical experience leads us to a consistent picture of Soviet policies, stripped of the distorting jargon of American strategic theory.

The two experts on whom I mostly rely for information about Soviet strategy are George Kennan and Richard Pipes. Their views of the Soviet Union are generally supposed to be sharply divergent. Kennan has a reputation for diplomatic moderation; Pipes has a reputation for belligerence. Kennan recently summarized his impressions of the Soviet leadership as follows:

> This is an aging, highly experienced, and very steady leadership, itself not given to rash or adventuristic policies. It commands, and is deeply involved with, a structure of power, and particularly a higher bureaucracy, that would not easily lend itself to the implementation of policies of that nature. It faces serious internal problems, which constitute its main preoccupation.
>
> As this leadership looks abroad, it sees more dangers than inviting opportunities. Its reactions and purposes are therefore much more defensive than aggressive. It has no desire for any major war, least of all for a nuclear one. It fears and respects American military power even as it tries to match it, and hopes to avoid a conflict with it. Plotting an attack on Western Europe would be, in the circumstances, the last thing that would come into its head.

Pipes is a Harvard professor who has been on the staff of the National Security Council in the Reagan Administration. He stated his view of Soviet strategy in a recent article with a provocative title: "Why the Soviet Union Thinks It Could Fight and Win a Nuclear War." Here are a couple of salient passages:

> The classic dictum of Clausewitz, that war is politics pursued by other means, is widely believed in the United States to



SAMPLE
BRITISH COLUMBIA'S
SPRING WATERS.

Has the thought of vacationing here in the spring ever trickled through your mind?

Guest ranches. Hot spring retreats. Fishing lodges.

You can surround yourself with the clean mountain air.

You'll also find our high U.S. dollar exchange rate gives you more vacation for less. And that's refreshing.

Ask your travel agent or write.

It's time you had a taste of British Columbia.

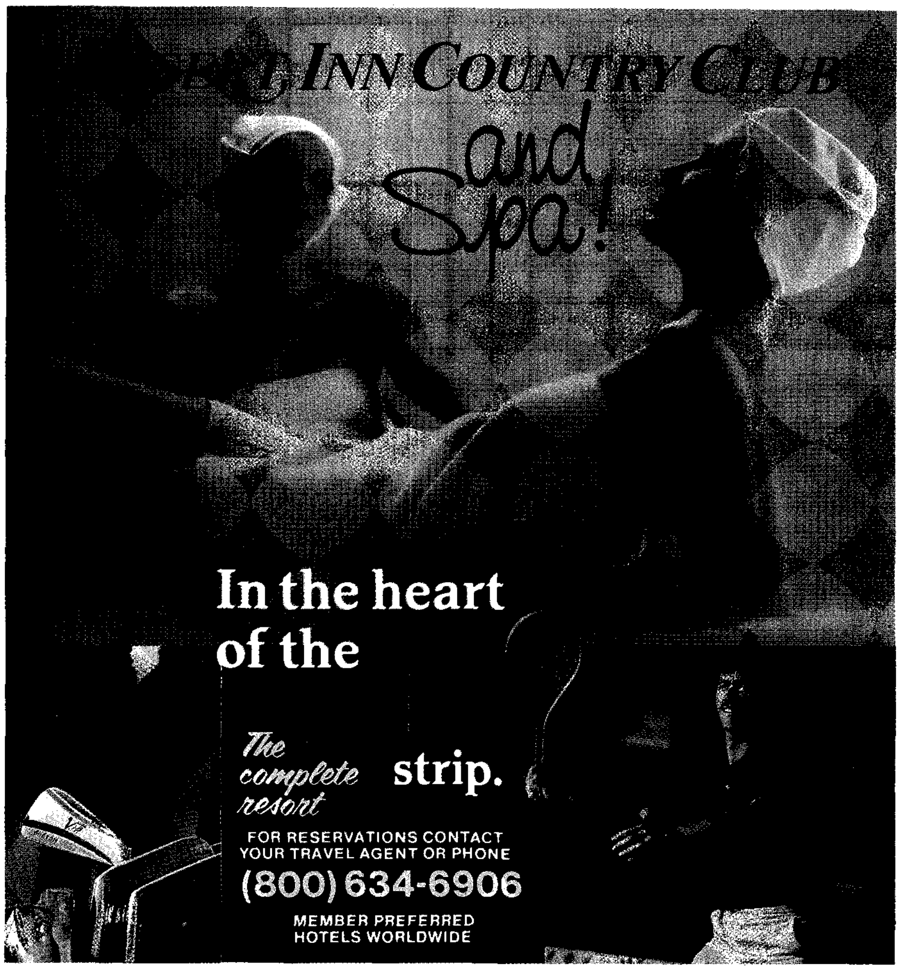
SUPER, NATURAL
BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

HON. CLAUDE RICHMOND, MINISTER TOURISM/EXPO 86.
WRITE TOURISM BRITISH COLUMBIA, DEPT. 4028, 1117 WHARF STREET, VICTORIA, B.C. CANADA V8W 2Z2.

have lost its validity after Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Soviet doctrine, by contrast, emphatically asserts that while an all-out nuclear war would indeed prove extremely destructive to both parties, its outcome would not be mutual suicide: the country better prepared for it and in possession of a superior strategy could win and emerge a viable society.... Clausewitz, buried in the United States, seems to be alive and prospering in the Soviet Union....

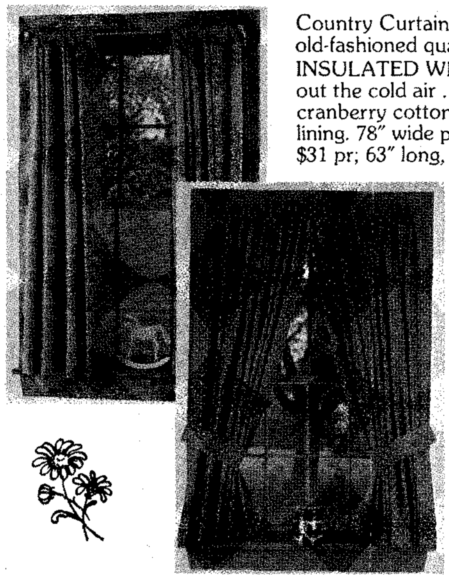
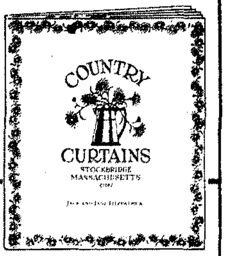
For Soviet generals the decisive influence in the formulation of nuclear doctrine were the lessons of World War II with which, for understandable reasons, they are virtually obsessed. This experience they seem to have supplemented with knowledge gained from professional scrutiny of the record of Nazi and Japanese offensive operations, as well as the balance sheet of British and American strategic-bombing campaigns. More recently, the lessons of the Israeli-Arab wars of 1967 and 1973 in which they indirectly participated seem also to have impressed Soviet strategists, reinforcing previously held convictions. They also follow the Western literature, tending to side with the critics of mutual deterrence. The result of all these diverse influences is a nuclear doctrine which assimilates into the main body of the Soviet military tradition the technical implications of nuclear warfare without surrendering any of the fundamentals of this tradition. The strategic doctrine adopted by the U.S.S.R. over the past two decades calls for a policy diametrically opposite to that adopted in the United States by the predominant community of civilian strategists: not deterrence but victory, not sufficiency in weapons but superiority, not retaliation but offensive action.

These remarks of Pipes were intended to be frightening, whereas Kennan's remarks were intended to be soothing. And yet, if one looks at the substance of the remarks rather than at the intentions of the writers, there is no incompatibility between them. I myself have little doubt that both Kennan's and Pipes' statements are substantially true. Kennan is describing the state of mind of political leaders who have to deal with the day-to-day problems of managing a large and unwieldy empire. Pipes is describing the state of mind of professional soldiers who have accepted responsibility for defending their country against nuclear-armed enemies. It is perhaps a virtue of the Soviet system that the problems of everyday politics and the problems of preparation for a supreme military crisis are kept apart and are handled by separate groups of specialists. The Soviet military authorities themselves insist vehemently on the necessity of this separation of powers. They know that Stalin's mingling of the two powers in 1941, when for political reasons he forbade his generals to mobilize the Army in preparation for Hitler's attack, caused enor-



Desert Inn Country Club
and Spa!
In the heart of the strip.
The complete resort

FOR RESERVATIONS CONTACT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR PHONE
(800) 634-6906
MEMBER PREFERRED HOTELS WORLDWIDE

Country Curtains®

Country Curtains are a charming tradition . . . years of old-fashioned quality and conscientious service. INSULATED WEAVER'S CLOTH TAB . . . it helps keep out the cold air . . . Natural, navy blue, light blue or cranberry cotton/polyester with supple thermal acrylic lining. 78" wide per pair. 2" tabs. 45" long, $28 pr; 54" long, $31 pr; 63" long, $34 pr; 72" long, $37 pr; 81" long, $40 pr.

EMILY'S QUILT . . . an authentic print from Waverly's Old Sturbridge Village Collection. Choose wedgewood blue, red or indigo blue with soft white. 100% cotton. 96" wide per pair. 45" long, $57 pr; 54" long, $65 pr; 63" long, $73 pr; 72" long, $83 pr; 81" long, $91 pr. Tiebacks, $10 pr. Also available with an insulating lining, please send for prices and free fabric swatches.

Send for free catalog

COUNTRY CURTAINS
Dept. 2434 , Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

Name
Address
City
State Zip

☐ PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG

Check, money order, Mastercard or Visa. Mass. res. add 5% sales tax. Please add $3.50 postage/handling per order. Phone: 413-243-1805. Satisfaction guaranteed.

mous and unnecessary Soviet losses and almost resulted in total defeat. Kennan's picture of the Soviet political power structure is quite consistent with the central conclusion of Pipes' analysis—that Soviet military doctrines are based on the assumption that the war for which the Soviet Union must be prepared is a nuclear version of the Second World War. We should be relieved rather than frightened when we hear that Soviet generals are still obsessed with the Second World War. The Second World War was from the Soviet point of view no lighthearted adventure. One thing of which we can be quite sure is that nobody in the Soviet Union looks forward with enthusiasm to fighting the Second World War over again, with or without nuclear weapons.

The words with which Pipes intends to scare us—"victory," "superiority," "offensive action"—are precisely the goals that the Russians achieved, after immense efforts and sacrifices, at the end of the Second World War. If, as Pipes states, Soviet strategy is still dominated by the lessons learned in the Second World War, it is difficult to see what other goals than these the Soviet armed forces should be expected to pursue. Pipes makes these goals sound frightening by placing them in a misleading juxtaposition with American strategic concepts taken from a different context: "not deterrence but victory, not sufficiency in weapons but superiority, not retaliation but offensive action." The American strategy of deterrence, sufficiency, and retaliation is a purely nuclear strategy, having nothing to do with war as it has been waged in the past. The Soviet strategy of victory, superiority, and offensive action is a continuation of the historical process by which Russia over the centuries repelled invaders from its territory. Both strategies have advantages and disadvantages. Neither is aggressive in intention. The two are to me equally frightening, because they make the survival of civilization depend on people's behaving reasonably.

The central problem for the Soviet military leadership is to preserve the heritage of the Second World War against oblivion, to transmit that heritage intact to future generations of soldiers, who never saw the invader's boot tramping over Russian soil. Soviet strategists know well what nuclear weapons can do. They are familiar with the American style of nuclear strategic calculus, which treats nuclear war as a mathematical exercise, the result depending only on the numbers and capacities of weapons on each side. Soviet generals can do such calculations as well as we can. But they do not believe the answers. The heritage of the Second World War tells them that wars are fought by people, not by weapons; that morale is in the end more important than equipment; that it is easy to calculate how a war will begin but impossible to calculate how it will end. The primary concern of all Soviet strategic writing that I have seen is to make sure that the lessons of the Second World War are well learned and never forgotten by the rising generation of Soviet citizens. These lessons that the agonies of the Second World War stamped indelibly upon Russian minds were confirmed by the later experience of the United States in Vietnam. A Russian acquaintance once asked me how it was that American nuclear strategists appeared to have learned nothing from the lessons of Vietnam. I had to reply that the reason they learned nothing was probably that they did not fight in Vietnam themselves. If they had fought in Vietnam, they would have learned to distrust any strategic theory that only counts weapons, and discounts human courage and tenacity.

Tolstoy's "War and Peace" is the classic statement of the Russian view of war. Tolstoy understood, perhaps more deeply than anyone else, the nature of war as Russia had experienced it. He fought with the Russian Army at Sevastopol. He spent some of his happiest years as an artillery cadet on garrison duty in the Caucasus. In "War and Peace" he honored the courage and steadfastness of the ordinary Russian soldiers who defeated Napoleon in spite of the squabbles and blunders of their commanders. He drew from the campaign of 1812 the same lessons that a later generation of soldiers drew from the campaigns of the Second World War: he saw war as a desperate improvisation, in which nothing goes according to plan and the historical causes of victory and defeat remain incalculable.

Tolstoy's thoughts about war and victory are expressed by his hero, Prince Andrei, on the eve of the Battle of Borodino. Andrei is talking to his friend Pierre:

> "To my mind what is before us tomorrow is this: a hundred thousand Russian and a hundred thousand French troops have met to fight, and the fact is that these two hundred thousand men will fight, and the side that fights most desperately and spares itself least will conquer. And if you like, I'll tell you that whatever happens, and whatever mess they make up yonder, we shall win the battle tomorrow; whatever happens we shall win the victory." . . .
>
> "So you think the battle tomorrow will be a victory," said Pierre. "Yes, yes," said Prince Andrei absently. "There's one thing I would do, if I were in power," he began again. "I wouldn't take prisoners. What sense is there in taking prisoners? That's chivalry. The French have destroyed my home and are coming to destroy Moscow; they have outraged and are outraging me at every second. They are my enemies, they are all criminals to my way of thinking. . . . They must be put to death. . . . War is not a polite recreation, but the vilest thing in life, and we ought to understand that and not play at war. We ought to accept it sternly and solemnly as a fearful necessity."

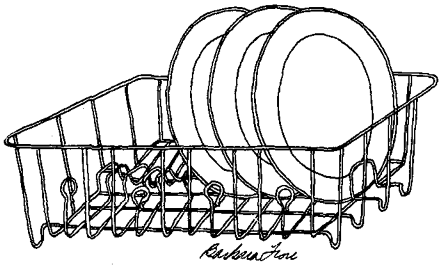
The battle was duly fought, and Prince Andrei was mortally wounded. The Russians lost, according to the generally accepted meaning of the word "lose": half of the Russian Army was destroyed; after the battle, the Russians retreated and the French advanced. And yet, in the long view, Prince Andrei was right. Russia's defeat at Borodino was a strategic victory. Napoleon's army was so mauled that it had no stomach for another such battle. Napoleon advanced to Moscow, stayed there for five weeks waiting for the Czar to sue for peace, and then fled with his disintegrating army in its disastrous stampede to the West. "Napoleon," concludes Tolstoy, "is represented to us as the leader in all this movement, just as the figurehead in the prow of a ship to the savage seems the force that guides the ship on its course. Napoleon in his activity all this time was like a child, sitting in a carriage, pulling the straps within it, and fancying he is moving it along."

The fundamental divergence between American and Soviet strategic concepts lies in the fact that American strategy demands certainty, while Soviet strategy accepts uncertainty as inherent in the nature of war. The American objectives—deterrence, sufficiency, and retaliation—are supposed to be guaranteed by the deployment of a suitable variety of invulnerable weapons. The name of the American nuclear strategy is Assured Destruction, with emphasis upon the word "assured." Any hint of doubt concerning the assurance of retaliation creates consternation in the minds of American strategists, and even in the minds of ordinary American citizens. This demand for absolute assurance of retaliation is the main driving force on the American side of the nuclear-arms race. Soviet strategists, on the other hand, consider the quest for certainty in war a childish delusion. The Soviet strategic objectives—victory, superiority, and offensive action—are goals to be striven for, not conditions to be guaranteed. These objectives cannot be assured by any fixed quantity of weapons, and they remain valid even when they are not assured. Soviet strategy sees war as essentially unpredictable, and the objectives as dimly visible through chaos and fog.

Richard Pipes' statement "The Soviet Union thinks it could fight and win a nuclear war," while it is literally true, does not have the dire implications that Americans are inclined to impute to it. It does not mean that the Soviet high command has a plan for attacking the United States with a calculable assurance of victory. It means that the Soviet leaders have an intuitive confidence, based on their historical experience, in the ability of the Soviet armed forces and population to withstand whatever devastation may be inflicted upon them and ultimately to defeat and destroy whoever attacks them. This confidence of the Soviet leaders in the superior endurance and discipline of their own people is not based upon calculation. It is not a threat to American security. Hard as it may be for Americans to accept, the confidence of the Russian people in their ability to survive the worst that we can do to them is a stabilizing influence, which it is to our advantage to preserve. The demand for survival is the main driving force on the Soviet side of the arms race. Insofar as we undermine the confidence of the Soviet leaders in the ability of their people to endure and survive, we are forcing them to drive their side of the arms race harder.

Because of the divergent views of American and Soviet strategists concerning the nature of nuclear war and the possibility of technical assurance, American and Soviet strategic objectives are strictly incommensurable. It is natural for Americans to believe that the American objective of deterrence is more reasonable or more modest than the Soviet objective of victory. But the objective of deterrence comes with a demand for absolute assurance, while the objective of victory comes, if at all, at the end of a long road of incalculable chances and immense suffering. From a Soviet viewpoint, the objective of victory may be considered the more modest, since it is based only on hope and faith, while the objective of deterrence is based on calculated threats. It is futile to expect that we can convert the Soviet military leaders to our way of thinking or that they can convert us to theirs. The two different ways of thinking are deeply rooted in two different historical experiences. We and they do not need to think alike in order to survive together on this planet. We and they need only to understand that it is possible to think differently and to respect each other's points of view.

The necessity of respecting the Russian point of view concerning nuclear strategy does not imply that we need to approve the activities of the Soviet government in other areas. We may, and we should, disapprove strongly of the means by which Russian rulers through the centuries have fortified themselves against external and internal enemies: the steady territorial expansion; the subjugation and oppression of neighboring peoples; the wholesale uprooting of populations; the extermination of political opponents; the disregard for human rights; the denial of historical truth. Everybody who has once set foot in the Soviet Union knows what it means to live in the shadow of a secretive and unscrupulous government. Everybody I know who has crossed a Soviet border in the outward direction experiences a feeling of relief at the moment of crossing. All of us who live at a safe distance from the territory of the K.G.B. have good reason to consider ourselves lucky. We cannot expect Poles or Crimean Tatars or Jews, or members of other national groups that have been oppressed for centuries by Russia, to excuse these oppressions as an unfortunate consequence of the Russians' legitimate need for self-defense. Just because the Russians have frequently been victims of aggression, it does not follow that they deserve our sympathy when they become aggressors. Richard Pipes, coming himself from a Polish background, observes with a cold eye the transition of the Russians from the role of victim to the role of tyrant:



> The Communist revolution of 1917, by removing from positions of influence what there was of a Russian bourgeoisie (a class Lenin was prone to define as much by cultural as by socioeconomic criteria), in effect installed in power the *muzhik*, the Russian peasant. And the *muzhik* had been taught by long historical experience that cunning and coercion alone insured survival: one employed cunning when weak, and cunning coupled with coercion when strong. Not to use force when one had it indicated some inner weakness. Marxism, with its stress on class war as a natural condition of mankind so long as the means of production were privately owned, has merely served to reinforce these ingrained convictions.

This bleak diagnosis of the Russian soul contains a large element of truth. But it does us no good to continue bewailing the fact that Russian political traditions are less humane and more violent than ours. Our task is not to re-create the Russians in our own image but to deal with them as they are. If we are to deal with them successfully, we need to listen carefully to the disagreeable message of Richard Pipes, but we need even more to listen carefully to the practical wisdom of George Kennan.

Kennan's view of Soviet society is based on long and intimate contact both with Soviet bureaucracy and with ordinary Soviet citizens. He sees the individual human beings behind the façade of ideology. He is constantly fighting against the tendency of Americans to oversimplify and dehumanize their adversaries. For Kennan, the Soviet Union is, first of all, a great and complicated assemblage of peoples burdened with a harsh historical heritage. Like other societies, it is more deeply concerned with its own internal problems than with the problems of the world outside. Like other societies, it sees itself as more threatened than threatening. Like other societies, it is struggling unsuccessfully to deal with the problems of alienated youth and rigid bureaucracy in a time of rapid economic change.

Kennan is well aware of the unpleasant characteristics of the Soviet state—the paranoid secretiveness, the intolerance of dissent, the self-righteous rhetoric, the casual cruelty, the glorification of military strength. Yet he bids us look behind these harsh realities and understand the human circumstances from which they arise. He sees the Soviet leaders as a group of elderly and conservative men whose chief ambition is to push the Soviet Union along the path of economic progress that the Communist ideology promises. To accomplish this task, the leaders have only three tools: the authoritarian Party apparatus, the overcentralized bureaucracy, and the armed forces. The Party apparatus and the bureaucracy are clearly inadequate for the direction of a modern industrial economy. Of all the institutions of the Soviet state, the armed forces stand highest in technical competence, in morale, and in genuine contact with the masses of the population. The Army in the Soviet Union is, as the French Army was in the time of Napoleon, the poor man's university. Both in the eyes of the ordinary Soviet citizen and in the secret corridors of the Kremlin, the armed forces command a disproportionate share of authority and prestige. The immense accumulation of Soviet weaponry arises from this internal ascendancy of the armed forces, not from any deliberate plan of world conquest.

Kennan sees Soviet society as conservative but very far from static. He sees great historical changes occurring beneath the rigid surface of the system. A few months ago, he said to me in the course of a casual conversation, "It is odd that I have been worrying for fifty years, for all of my professional life, about the strength of Soviet society. And now I am worrying about its weakness. I begin now seriously to worry that the whole thing may disintegrate." He is disturbed by the recent evidence of social decay in the Soviet Union—the rise in drunkenness and in infant mortality, the prevalence of bribery and corruption, the loss of a sense of purpose among the children of the élite. He sees great and possibly disastrous changes ahead if the processes of decay continue. He looks back at the events of 1917, when the American people joyfully welcomed the collapse of the Czarist empire and were surprised to see it replaced by the far more vicious tyranny of Lenin. He sees the American government now ignorantly harassing the present Soviet regime, careless of the possibility that this comparatively benign group of leaders will in their turn be replaced by something more malignant. He likes to quote in this connection Hilaire Belloc's cautionary tale for chil-

For theater this month, the best seat in the house

is in your house.

AMERICAN
PLAYHOUSE

American Playhouse, television's only weekly anthology drama series, focuses exclusively on the American experience.

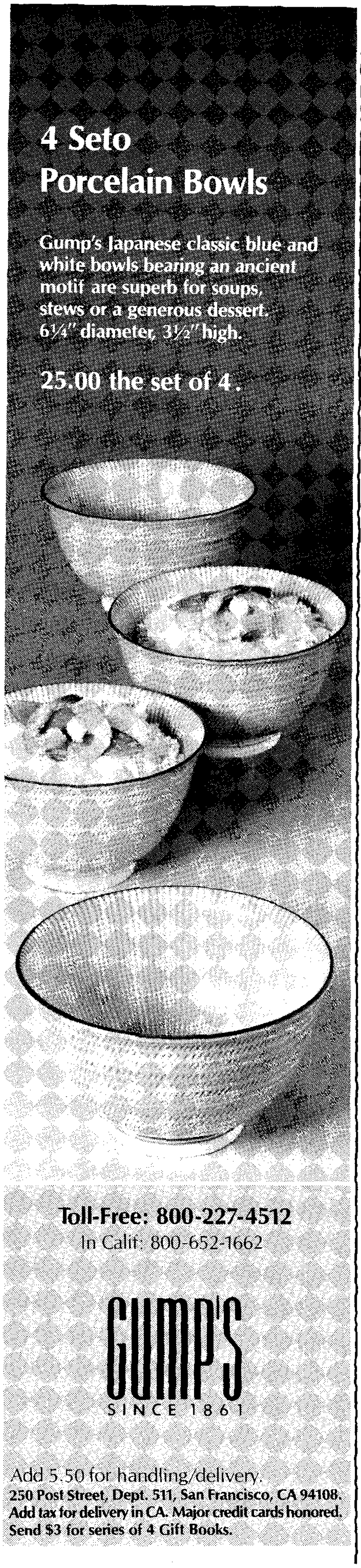
THE CAFETERIA. A TV adaptation of Isaac Bashevis Singer's touching short story of two European-born immigrants trying to find their identities in America. Singer takes you into a world of isolated people striving to feel, if only briefly, that they belong. Tues., Feb. 21.

REFUGE. Four people find themselves on a remote island off the coast of Maine. An idyllic escape turns into a pressure cooker as they soon become enmeshed in a web of mutual attractions and jealousies. Tues., Feb. 28.

**Tuesdays at 9:00 PM on your public television station.
Check your local listing.**

Underwritten in part by the Chubb Group of Insurance Companies, providing business and personal insurance worldwide through independent agents and brokers for over 100 years.

CHUBB



4 Seto
Porcelain Bowls

Gump's Japanese classic blue and white bowls bearing an ancient motif are superb for soups, stews or a generous dessert. 6¼" diameter, 3½" high.

25.00 the set of 4.

Toll-Free: 800-227-4512
In Calif: 800-652-1662

GUMP'S
SINCE 1861

Add 5.50 for handling/delivery.
250 Post Street, Dept. 511, San Francisco, CA 94108.
Add tax for delivery in CA. Major credit cards honored.
Send $3 for series of 4 Gift Books.

dren about "Jim, who ran away from his nurse, and was eaten by a lion":

> His father, who was self-controlled,
> Bade all the children round attend
> To James's miserable end,
> And always keep a-hold of Nurse
> For fear of finding something worse.

Kennan sees Soviet power, with all its faults, as an essential component of any foreseeable system of international order. He is appalled when he contemplates the chaos that would descend upon much of Europe and Asia if Soviet power should suddenly collapse. And he is appalled by the irresponsibility of Americans who talk of weakening or destroying Soviet power and do not give any serious thought to the consequences. He deplores the excessive attention paid in America to Soviet exiles and dissidents. It was the Russian exiles who inflamed American opinion against the Czar's government in the years leading up to 1917. The recent wave of exiles is having a similar effect on Soviet-American relations. Kennan does not blame the exiles for their bitter feelings toward the Soviet regime, but he blames Americans who try to outdo them in hatred of the regime without considering what kind of alternative political authority could possibly replace it.

Kennan's fate throughout his long double career as government servant and independent scholar has been to be a teller of complicated truths to people who prefer simple illusions. Sometimes he has been driven close to despair by the inability of the American political system to pay attention to people with expert knowledge of the world outside. In 1944, when, as a member of the American Embassy staff in Moscow, he was deeply troubled by the gap between American perception and Soviet realities, he wrote a thirty-five-page essay summarizing his firsthand view of Russia for the benefit of his superiors in Washington. Kennan afterward described the concluding sentences of this essay as a "melancholy, but for me personally most prophetic, passage":

> There will be much talk about the necessity for "understanding Russia;" but there will be no place for the American who is really willing to undertake this disturbing task. The apprehension of what is valid in the Russian world is unsettling and displeasing to the American mind. He who would undertake this apprehension will not find his satisfaction in the achievement of anything practical for his people, still less in any official or public appreciation for his efforts. The best he can look forward to is the lonely pleasure of one who stands at long last on a chilly and inhospitable mountaintop where few have been before, where few can follow, and where few will consent to believe that he has been.

For the forty years since these words were written, Kennan has continued, as diplomat and historian, to bring us his reports from the mountaintop. He knows now that his efforts have not always been unappreciated.

My own view of the mountaintop has been derived partly from conversations with Kennan, partly from brief scientific visits to the Soviet Union, and partly from readings in Russian literature. The readings in Russian literature began earliest and have left the deepest impression. As a teen-ager, I worked my way through "The Oxford Book of Russian Verse," guided by Maurice Baring's magnificent introduction. I found there, among other things, the poem "On the Field of Kulikovo," by Alexander Blok, which tells more about the Russian view of war than a whole library of strategic analysis. The Battle of Kulikovo was fought a century and a half after the destruction of Vladimir, but Blok's poem carries the same haunting message as the diorama in the Vladimir city museum. Blok is riding over the steppe with the Russian horsemen the night before the battle:

> I am not the first, nor the last, warrior,
> Many years more will my country suffer.

At Kulikovo, the Russians for the first time defeated a Tatar horde. The battle was a turning point in the centuries-long struggle of Russians against Tatars—not the end of the struggle but a new beginning. Blok wrote his poem in the year 1908, at a time of peace and prosperity, but he felt the shadow of approaching storms:

> I perceive you now, beginning
> Of high turbulent days. Once more
> Over the enemy camp the winging
> Of swans is heard, swans trumpeting War.

Ten years later, in January, 1918—three months after the Bolshevik seizure of power—amid the chaos and cold of revolutionary Petrograd, Blok wrote his greatest poem, "The Twelve," which tells more about the nature of Soviet power than a whole library of Kremlinology. The twelve are a group of young soldiers of the Red Guard marching through the city in a snowstorm, rough and tough and profane and trigger-happy:

> "Grip your gun like a man, brother.
> We'll pump some lead into
>   Holy Russia,
> Ancient, peasant-ridden,
>   fat-arsed Mother Russia.

Freedom, Freedom! Down with the cross!"
"Open your cellars: quick, run down!
The scum of the earth are hitting the
 town!"
Abusing God's name as they go,
The twelve march onward through the
 snow,
Prepared for anything,
Regretting nothing.

In the final scene of the poem, the twelve are chasing a shadowy figure who lurks in drifted snow in an alleyway. They shout at the figure to surrender, then open fire. The echoes of their gunshots die away. The howling of the storm continues:

So they march with sovereign tread.
Ahead of them, carrying the blood-red flag,
Unseen in the blizzard,
Untouched by the bullets,
Stepping soft-footed over the snow
In a swirl of pearly snowflakes,
Crowned with a wreath of white roses,
Ahead of them goes Jesus Christ.

Blok remained in Russia until his death, in 1921. Shortly before he died, he reaffirmed the vision that "The Twelve" had recorded:

> I do not go back on what I wrote then, because it was written in harmony with the elemental: for instance, during and after the writing of "The Twelve," for some days I physically felt and heard a great roar surrounding me, a continuous roar, probably the roar of the collapse of the old world.... The poem was written in that exceptional and always very brief period when the passing revolutionary cyclone raises a storm in every sea.... The seas of nature, life, and art were raging and the foam rose up in a rainbow over them. I was looking at that rainbow when I wrote "The Twelve."

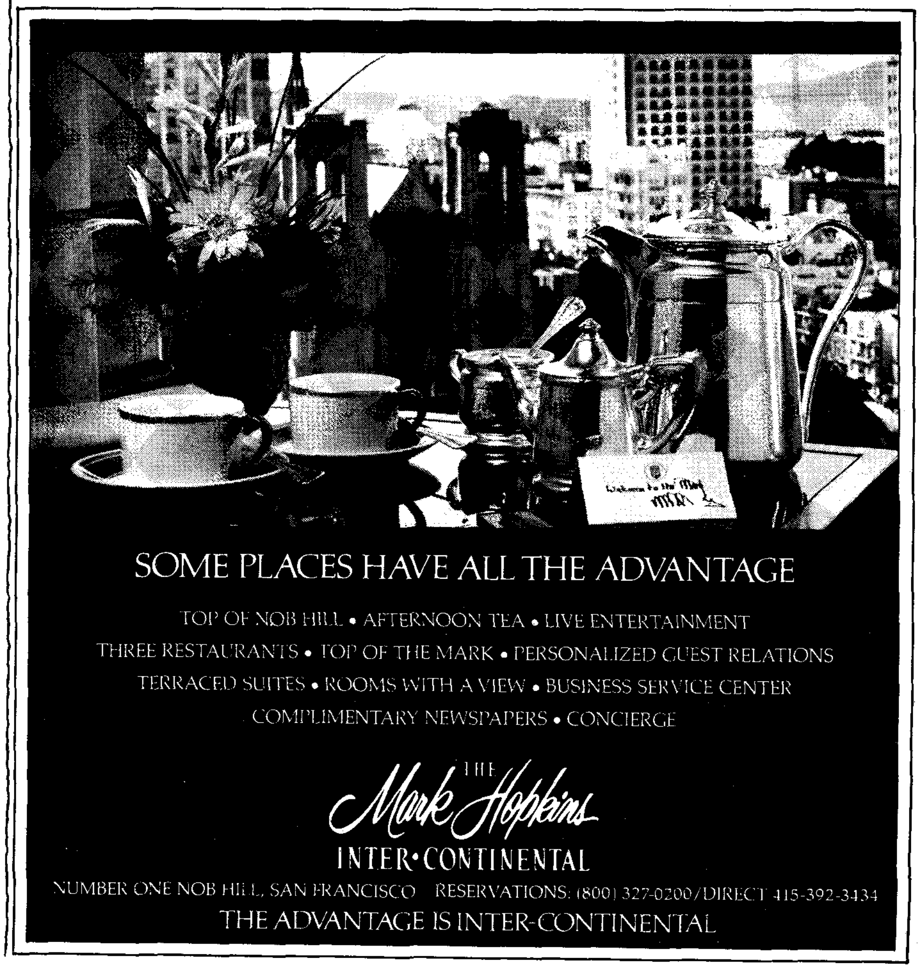
My own personal encounter with the armed forces of the Soviet Revolution occurred in a later and more tranquil time. It was in May, 1956, when the Russians organized the first postwar international meeting in Moscow of high-energy physicists. Russian experimental work in high-energy physics had previously been kept secret, for reasons that had little to do with military security. The last years of Stalin's life had been years of terror and silence for Soviet intellectuals; even in the nonpolitical domain of physical science, publication had been severely restricted and contacts with foreign scientists almost nonexistent. When Stalin died, the icy grip of secrecy slowly weakened. In 1954, Ilya Ehrenburg was allowed to publish his novel "The Thaw," which described the fresh stirrings of Soviet life after the long winter. By 1956, the physicists were ready to celebrate the return of spring with a big conference, to which colleagues from all over the world were invited. The conference

OUR EXCLUSIVE
WHITE COTTON
CARDIGAN FOR SPRING

This wardrobe classic is newly interpreted exclusively for us with a bit more length, cables at the yoke and Golden Fleece buttons. It's knitted of white mercerized cotton in sizes small, medium or large, $58

To order, call toll-free
1-800-247-1000.
In New Jersey, call 800-272-1035

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Furnishings for Men, Women & Boys
346 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017


SOME PLACES HAVE ALL THE ADVANTAGE

TOP OF NOB HILL • AFTERNOON TEA • LIVE ENTERTAINMENT
THREE RESTAURANTS • TOP OF THE MARK • PERSONALIZED GUEST RELATIONS
TERRACED SUITES • ROOMS WITH A VIEW • BUSINESS SERVICE CENTER
COMPLIMENTARY NEWSPAPERS • CONCIERGE

THE Mark Hopkins
INTER•CONTINENTAL
NUMBER ONE NOB HILL, SAN FRANCISCO RESERVATIONS: (800) 327-0200/DIRECT 415-392-3434
THE ADVANTAGE IS INTER-CONTINENTAL

In Los Angeles

So near to business and worlds apart.

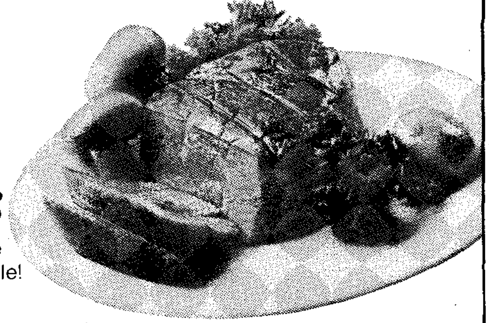
In the civic center and within easy blocks of headquarter offices of great banks, law firms and corporations, you will find a quiet Garden in the Sky in a hotel with an ancient tradition of polite personal service. For further information:

The New Otani HOTEL & GARDEN LOS ANGELES

120 S. Los Angeles Street, #51 Los Angeles, California 90012
(213) 629-1200 USA (800) 421-8795 California (800) 252-0197

Omaha Steaks International®

Try a little tenderness



Now there's an easy way to make those special occasions truly memorable! Just try a little tenderness.

Candlelight...soft music...and... magnificent, aged Omaha Steaks. Tender, luscious, corn-fed beef with extra-ordinary flavor. Perfect.

Experts prepare each filet from the finest beef tenderloins. Their artistry in cutting and aging is your assurance of the utmost in enjoyment.

Your steaks will arrive frozen in a re-usable picnic cooler. We guarantee your complete satisfaction. Order today!

Six 6 oz. Filet Mignons, 1¼" thick (reg. $49.95) $29.95
(plus $3.00 shipping/handling)

YOU SAVE $20.00! VALID IN 48 STATES UNTIL FEB. 29, 1984.

OR SAVE EVEN MORE...

Twelve 6 oz. Filet Mignons at the extra special price of $58.95

LIMIT OF 12 STEAKS PER ORDER. (plus $3.00 shipping/handling)

James Beard, noted food authority, says: "Omaha Steaks are everything I expect a good steak to be."

FREE WITH YOUR ORDER...The Omaha Steaks Cookbook, filled with easy-to-follow cooking instructions, helpful storing and serving hints, and recipes by James Beard, World Famous Food Authority. Also, a colorful catalog of gourmet treats with a 10% discount coupon for use with your first catalog order. **Write for FREE catalog and 10% discount coupon only.**

Omaha Steaks International®

Use major credit card and........ **Call Free 1-800-228-9055** (In Nebraska phone 0-402-391-3660 collect)

or write to: Dept. 1970, P.O. Box 3300 • Omaha, Nebraska 68103

was a joyful occasion for the Russians, and for us, too. Old friendships were renewed and new friendships established. The Russian newspapers gave us front-page coverage, and proudly described how the great leaders of international science were now coming to Moscow to learn about the great achievements of Soviet scientists.

After the Moscow meeting ended, I went with a group of foreign scientists to Leningrad. Accompanied by two Intourist guides, we went sightseeing along the shore to the west of the city. We walked by mistake into a coast-guard station, evidently a restricted military area. An ordinary Russian seaman came out to shoo us away, shouting "*Nelzya!*"—which means "Forbidden!" At that moment, we noticed that our guides, afraid of being held responsible for our error, were walking rapidly in the opposite direction. So we stayed and had a friendly chat with the seaman in our broken Russian. When I said we were foreign scientists, he gave us a broad smile and said, "Oh, I know who you are. You are the people who came to the meeting in Moscow, and you know all about pi-mesons and mu-mesons." He pulled out of his pocket a crumpled copy of *Pravda* which contained a report of our proceedings. After that, he invited us into the station and proudly introduced us to his comrades. We sat with them for some minutes and did our best to explain to them what we had learned in Moscow about pi-mesons and mu-mesons. When we said goodbye, our host shook our hands warmly and said, "Why do you not come to our country more often? Be sure to tell the people in your countries, and your wives and children, that we would like to see more of them." As I walked back into Leningrad and reflected upon this encounter, I found myself sadly wondering whether an average American Coast Guard sentry confronted unexpectedly with a group of Russian physicists speaking broken English would have greeted them with equal friendliness and understanding.

PACIFISTS

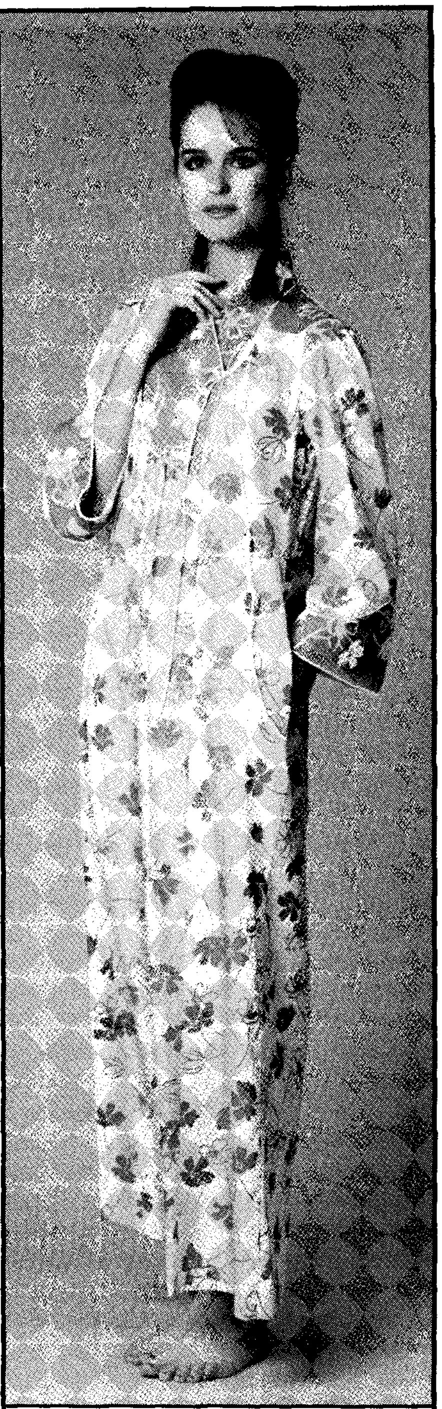
THOUGHTLESSLY, I said to the Russian sailor in the coast-guard station, "You should also come and see us in America." He looked at me, his broad, young face laughing, and said, "How could we come to America? That's impossible. We are warriors." It was strange to hear him use that word: "*voyenniye*"—"warriors." He looked so unwarlike, sitting with his friends around the table and chatting with us about pi-mesons and mu-mesons. And yet the word spoke truth. His trade was war. He belonged to that ancient brotherhood of warriors which Blok described in his poems—the horsemen riding by night over the field of Kulikovo, the twelve marching in the snowstorm through the desolate streets of Petrograd. All his friendliness, his intellectual curiosity, his boyish humor could not alter the fact that he was a willing tool of Soviet power. A warrior he was, and a warrior he would remain, even after he finished his term of military service and found his niche in civilian society. All his life, he would be proud to have been a part of the Soviet Navy. If ever he should be called to sail into battle and die for his country, he would hesitate no more than those who sailed with Nelson at Trafalgar. If ever he should be called to launch the missile that would obliterate a city, he would hesitate no more than those who aimed the bombs at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. When I imagine nuclear war, the nightmare begins with that young Russian sailor pressing the button that blows us all to smithereens, and as he presses it he says "We are warriors" in that same laughing voice of murderous innocence which I heard in Leningrad long ago.

Is there no other way? Is there no other tradition for our young men to follow than the tradition of warriors marching into battle to defend the honor of their tribe? Indeed, there is another tradition—the tradition of pacifism, which also has a long and honorable history. For hundreds of years, there have been religious sects that held warfare to be contrary to the will of God. Anabaptists and Quakers were preaching the gospel of nonviolence in the seventeenth century, and suffering persecution for their beliefs. This old tradition of nonviolence was personal rather than political. The Quakers allowed no authority to come between the individual conscience and God. They refused, as individuals, to bear arms or to take any part in the waging of wars. They did not seek political power for themselves or attempt to control the actions of governments. They simply declared that they would not take any action forbidden by their consciences. The tradition of personal pacifism which they established has proved durable. It has lasted for three hundred years and has taken root in many countries. Pacifism as a code of personal ethics has proved itself able to weather the storms of war and political change.

Pacifism as a political program is a more recent development. A political pacifist is one who advocates the ethic of nonviolence as a program for a political movement or for a government. Theorists of pacifism make a sharp distinction between personal and political pacifism. In the real world, this distinction is useful but never sharp. There is a continuum of pacifism, extending all the way from the traditional conscientious objector's private faith to the modern rituals of nonviolent demonstration staged by political-action groups in front of television cameras. Pacifism may be a matter of individual conscience or a matter of tactical calculation. Most commonly, it is a mixture of the two. If pacifism is ever to prevail in the modern world, it must be both personal and political, cherishing the deep roots of the religious pacifist tradition and at the same time exploiting the opportunities provided by modern communications to mobilize public protest. Gandhi, the first and greatest of modern political pacifists, showed us how it can be done.

Quakers stand in the middle of the pacifist continuum—not so fully engaged in politics as Gandhi, not so detached as the Amish of Pennsylvania, who try to withdraw altogether from the violence and evil of the world. Quakers live in the world of anger and power and seek to mitigate its evils. The Quaker ethic has always encouraged its adherents to show concern for other people's sufferings. "Concern" in the Quaker vocabulary means more than sympathy; it means practical help for people in need, and practical intervention against injustice. Large numbers of Quakers express their concern by campaigning in the political arena for humanitarian and pacifist ideals. But they act as individuals, not as an organized movement. Perhaps the main reason for the durability of the Quakers' influence is that they are tied to no government and no party. Their pacifism is a private commitment, based on conscience, and not a political tactic, dependent on success or popularity. They are not, like the followers of Gandhi, apt to defect from their pacifist principles when the political winds change.

The great and permanent achievement of the Quakers was the abolition



FRESH START

for the new day, our Keyloun caftan is crisp cotton/poly. Blue cornflowers on white. Easy neck closing. P-S-M-L sizes. $65. By mail, please include correct tax. $2.50 handling outside NY area.

Elizabeth Arden
THE SALON

691 Fifth Ave., (212) 407-7990

Elizabeth Arden • American Express • Visa • Diners Club
MasterCard • Please include charge number

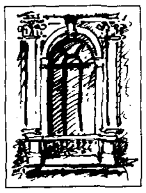
Boston. For Two.

Spend a romantic weekend in the heart of the Hub. In a treasured Boston landmark. Luxuriously restored and just steps away from this city's countless delights. The bustling Harbor. Famed Faneuil Hall Market. Fabulous Filene's Basement Store. The Freedom Trail.

In the evening dinner and dancing at the Hotel Meridien's lively Cafe Fleuri. Or dine in unmatched elegance at Julien. Your accommodations include a gourmet cooking demonstration by Cordon Bleu Chef Sheryl Julian. A wine tasting. An art show. Plus a complimentary bottle of wine. And a Croissant breakfast in your king-sized bed. The Hotel Meridien presents: Boston for Two.

One night $60.00
per person based on double occupancy.
Two nights $92.50
per person based on double occupancy.
Tax will be added.

Reservations: USA 800-223-9918
N.Y. State: 800-442-5917



HOTEL
MERIDIEN
BOSTON

N.Y. City: 212-265-4494 Boston: 617-451-1900

of slavery. This social revolution, with the accompanying profound changes in public morality, took centuries to complete, and it was not the work of Quakers alone. But the earliest agitators against slavery were mostly Quakers. All through the eighteenth century, in England and in America, Quakers were prime movers in the uphill struggle, first to put an end to the profitable trade in fresh slaves from Africa, and later to put an end to the profitable exploitation of slaves wherever they happened to be. My great-great-great-uncle Robert Haynes was a prominent citizen of the island of Barbados, who owned several sugar plantations and several hundred slaves. In his diary for the year 1804, he complained bitterly of the public agitation against slavery which was then gathering strength in England. He knew who his enemies were. "I am likewise minded to attribute a fair share of the blame to the underhand activities of a sect known as Quakers," he wrote. "These from the very beginnings of the settlement of our island having played a very subtle—and in these days all too little heeded—part in the instigation of others to rebellion, at the same time openly avowing their detestation to any form of violence! Not scrupling, withall, to avail themselves fully of the safety and protection afforded them by the laws and defenses of this country. All this savouring of cant and hypocrisy such as I, for one, find hard to stomach." The next entry in Robert Haynes' diary explains the violence of his feelings: "Attempted rising of slaves in some parts of the Island. The above quickly suppressed—the immediate shewing of discipline taking excellent and speedy effect—but at the same time a general anxiety thus engendered by no means, even now, wholly allayed." Four years later, the British Parliament passed the act that put an end to the slave trade, with effective criminal penalties. Robert Haynes continued for twenty-five years longer to enjoy an uneasy dominion over his slaves on the island. But he lived long enough to see the Quakers finally victorious, his slaves freed, and the old order of society on the island overthrown. Handsomely compensated with a cash payment for his slaves by an 1833 act of Parliament, he moved to England and lived the rest of his life at Reading in comfortable retirement.

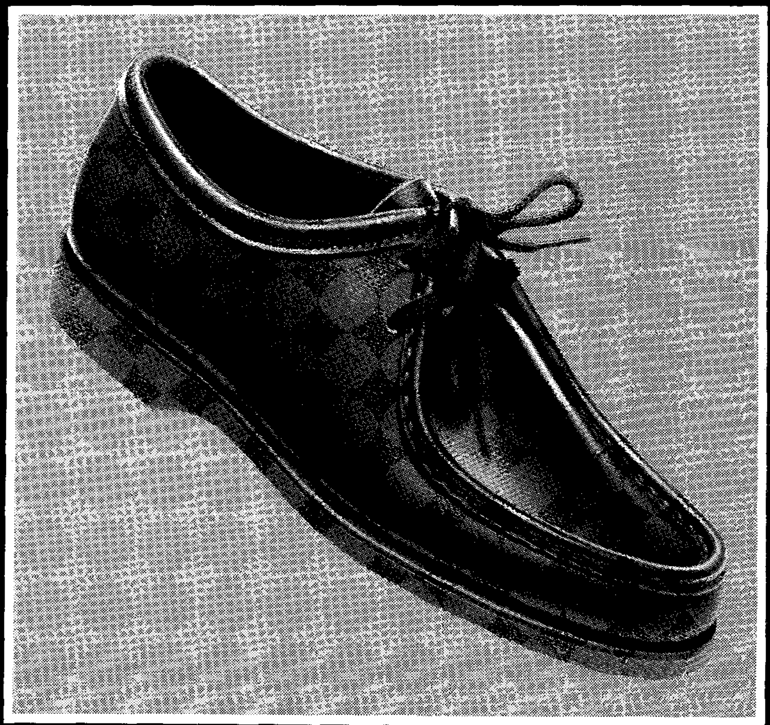
What were the ingredients of the Quakers' success? First of all, moral conviction. They never had any doubt that slavery was a moral evil, which they were called upon to oppose. Second, patience. They continued their work, decade after decade, undiscouraged by setbacks and failures. Third, objectivity. A large part of their work consisted of the careful collection of facts and statistics, which both sides in the dispute came to accept as accurate. (It was the fact-gathering activities of the Quakers in Barbados that particularly infuriated my great-great-great-uncle.) Fourth, willingness to compromise. The Quakers were concerned to free the slaves, not to punish the slave-owners. They accepted the fact that slaves were an economic asset and that the owners were entitled to fair compensation for the loss of their property. The slave-owners were not to be humiliated. As a result, even my great-great-great-uncle in the end swallowed his pride and quietly pocketed his cash settlement. The willingness of the British abolitionists to buy out the slaveowners made the crucial difference between the peaceful liberation of the West Indian slaves in 1834 and the bloody liberation of the American slaves thirty years later. The British government paid the slaveowners twenty million pounds. The cost of the American Civil War was considerably higher.

The abolition of nuclear weapons is a task of the same magnitude as the abolition of slavery. Nuclear weapons are now, as slavery was two hundred years ago, a manifestly evil institution deeply embedded in the structure of our society. People who hope to push the fight against nuclear weapons to a successful conclusion must bring to their task the same qualities that won the fight against slavery: moral conviction, patience, objectivity, and willingness to compromise. Those who fought against slavery two hundred years ago made a historic compromise that opened the way to their victory: they decided to concentrate their efforts upon the prohibition of the slave trade, and to leave the total abolition of slavery to their successors, in another generation. They saw that the slave trade was a more glaring evil than slavery itself and was more vulnerable to political attack. They were able to mobilize against the slave trade a coalition of moral and economic interests which could not at that time have been brought together in the cause of total abolition of slavery. There is a lesson here for the peace movements of today. The ultimate aim of peace movements is the total abolition of war. All war is evil, but the use of nuclear weapons is a more glaring evil, and the abolition of nuclear weapons is a more practical political objective than the abolition of war. Modern pacifists would be well advised to attack the more vulnerable evil first, like the Quakers of the eighteenth century. After the world has succeeded in prohibiting nuclear weapons, the abolition of war may become a feasible objective for later generations, but from here it is out of sight.

Pacifism as a political cause has suffered from the fact that its greatest leaders have been men of genius. People of outstanding genius, transcending the beliefs and loyalties of the tribe into which they happen to have been born, tend naturally toward pacifism. Unfortunately, people of genius do not usually make good politicians. Gandhi was one of the rare exceptions. Genius and the art of political compromise do not sit easily together. Except for Gandhi, the great historic figures of pacifism have been prophets rather than politicians. Jesus in Galilee, Tolstoy in Russia, Einstein in Germany—each, in turn, set for mankind a higher standard than political movements could follow.

When Tolstoy wrote "War and Peace," he was a Russian patriot, sympathetic to the martial spirit of his soldier characters and proud of their bravery. His skeptical realism belongs squarely, as Alexander Blok's fevered romanticism does not, in the mainstream of Russian patriotic literature. Yet in the end Russian patriotism was too narrow a frame for Tolstoy's genius. At the age of fifty, he experienced a religious conversion to the gospel of peace. He repudiated the sovereignty of all national governments, including his own. He cut himself off from the aristocratic society in which he had formerly lived. And for the last thirty years of his life he preached the ethic of nonviolence in its most uncompromising form. He demanded that everyone not only refuse to serve in armies and navies but also refuse to coöperate in any way with coercive activities of governments. Revolutionary action against governments was forbidden, too, for those who oppose a government with violence cannot lead the way to the abolition of violence. He called on all mankind to follow a way of life based on strict obedience to the words of Jesus: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye

The best things in life are
SEA
SUN
SAILING
and the superb style of
THE TRADEWINDS
VIRGIN GORDA, BVI
40 spectacularly situated guest rooms, all with private patio, overlooking serene North Sound. Gourmet dining. Cocktail lounge. Beach bar. Private beach. Tennis. Sailing. Windsurfing. Fishing. Scuba. Snorkeling. Waterskiing.
For reservations or information, see your travel agent or call MONDOTELS, 11 East 44th St., New York 10017. (212) 687-7452. (Outside of New York State, call toll-free: 800-847-4249.)



Sebago delivers the all-weather shoe for men. Handsewn, full moccasin construction. Ribbed sole demonstrates traction and affords protection against the elements. Made in the U.S.A. Write to us at Sebago for the store nearest you.
SEBAGO™
Westbrook, Maine 04092

MEMBER PREFERRED HOTELS WORLDWIDE

The Grand Little Hotel of Chicago.

It's the quiet little things that make for a grand hotel. For those who require elegance, in a discreet atmosphere of privacy and grace, there is The Barclay of Chicago.

THE BARCLAY CHICAGO
Just off Michigan Ave. on Superior St.
(800) 621-8004, (312) 787-6000.

and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

The Czar's government was wise enough not to lay hands on Tolstoy or to attempt to silence him. Only the young men who followed his teaching and refused military service were put in prison or exiled to Siberia. Tolstoy himself lived unmolested on his estate at Yasnaya Polyana with his faithful disciples and his disapproving wife. He corresponded with the young Gandhi. He became a prophet and spiritual leader for pacifists all over the world. Wherever he saw cruelty and oppression, he spoke out for the victims against the oppressors. He warned the wealthy and powerful in no uncertain terms of the explosion of violence to which their selfishness was leading: "Only one thing is left for those who do not wish to change their way of life, and that is to hope that things will last my time—after that, let happen what may. That is what the blind crowd of the rich are doing, but the danger is ever growing and the terrible catastrophe draws nearer." The wealthy and powerful listened politely to his warnings and continued on the course that led to the cataclysms of 1914 and 1917. The situation of Tolstoy at the end of his life was similar to the situation of Einstein fifty years later: he was a venerable white-bearded figure, wearing a peasant blouse as a symbol of his contempt for rank and privilege, universally respected as a writer of genius, disdained by practical politicians as a cantankerous old fool, loved and admired by the multitude as spokesman for the conscience of mankind.

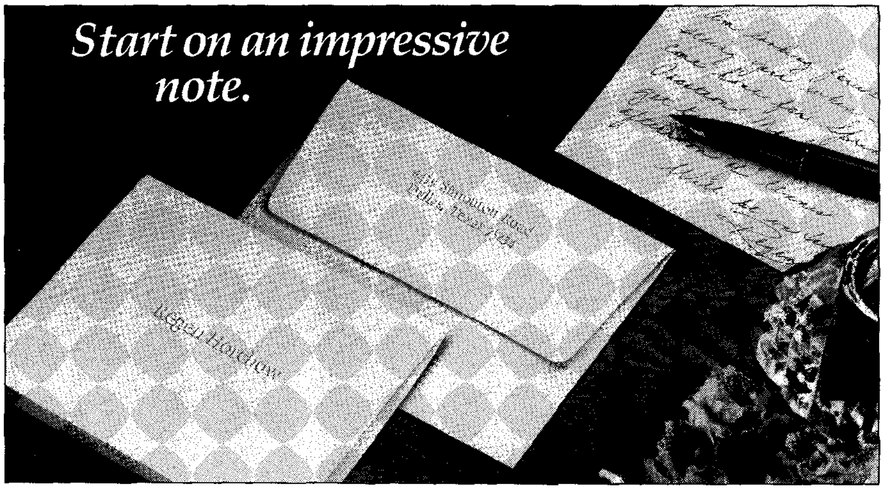
A hundred years have now passed since Tolstoy's conversion, and the power of nationalism over men's minds is as great as ever. There was perhaps a chance, at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, that the working people of Europe would unite in a common determination not to be used as cannon fodder in their masters' quarrels. This was the dream that Tolstoy dreamed, and it was shared by many of the leaders of workers' organizations in various European countries during the years before 1914, when these organizations were growing rapidly in membership and power. The dream was an international brotherhood of workers united in loyalty to socialist and pacifist principles. The dream was an international general strike that would become effective on the day of any declaration of war and would leave the generals of the belligerent armies without soldiers to command. Among the leaders who believed in international brotherhood as a practical political program for the workers of the world, Jean Jaurès, of France, was outstanding. Jaurès was an experienced politician, representing the French Socialist Party in the Chamber of Deputies, who was reelected repeatedly by his constituency of miners. He was a patriotic Frenchman, and never advocated unilateral disarmament or unconditional pacifism. He knew personally the socialist leaders in Germany and Austria, and understood the ambiguities of their position. But he believed with passionate conviction in the possibility that an international general strike against war could be successful. This dream collapsed on July 31, 1914, when the German, Austrian, and Russian Armies were already mobilizing for war: the workers in each country had forgotten their international brotherhood and were marching obediently to the frontiers to defend the fatherland, and Jean Jaurès, sitting disconsolate at his supper in a public restaurant in Paris, was shot dead by a fanatical French patriot.

Tolstoy's radical pacifism never became a serious political force in Europe, and least of all in Russia, either before or after the Revolution. The only effective action of workers against war occurred in 1917, when Lenin encouraged the soldiers of Kerensky's government to desert from the front lines, where they were fighting the Germans. But this desertion was not the fulfillment of Jaurès' dream of an international strike against war; it was merely an opening move in the new war for which Lenin was preparing. As soon as Lenin had seized power, he organized a new Army and used it to defend his territory against the remnants of the old Army in the civil war of 1918-20. Neither the Czar before the Revolution nor Lenin afterward hesitated to spill blood; neither had difficulty in finding an ample supply of young Russians willing to kill or to die for the defense of Russia against its enemies. The seeds of Tolstoy's gospel of nonviolence fell mostly upon stony soil as they were carried all over the world, and nowhere was the soil stonier than in his native Russia.

The great blossoming of nonviolence as a mass political movement was the work of Gandhi, in India. For thirty years, he led the fight for Indian independence and held his followers to a Tolstoyan code of behavior. He proved that satyagraha, soul-force, can be an effective substitute for bombs and bullets in the liberation of a people. Satyagraha, a concept developed by Gandhi, means much more than nonviolence. Satyagraha is not merely passive resistance or abstention from violent actions. Satyagraha is the active use of moral pressure as a weapon for the achievement of social and political goals. Gandhi used satyagraha impartially to castigate the British governors of India and any of his own followers who strayed from the path of nonviolence. With his Hindu background and his London training in the law, he understood the psychology of Indian peasants and of imperial-government officials, and he succeeded in bending them both to his will. The chief tools of satyagraha were civil disobedience—the peaceful but ostentatious breaking of laws imposed by the alien authorities—and the fast unto death, a personal hunger strike in which Gandhi repeatedly wagered his life in order to compel friends and enemies alike to attend to his demands. The tools worked. There were many setbacks and occasional lapses into violence, but the campaign of satyagraha succeeded in winning independence for India without any war between the native population and the occupying power. British administrators found Gandhi absurd and exasperating, but they could neither shoot him nor keep him permanently in prison. When he fasted unto death, they dared not let him die, knowing that no one who might take his place would be able to control so well the violent temper of his followers. Satyagraha was an effective weapon in Gandhi's hands because he was, unlike Tolstoy, an astute politician. For thirty years, Gandhi was, in effect, collaborating with the British authorities in keeping India peaceful and at the same time was defying them publicly, so that he never appeared to his followers to be a British stooge. Successful use of satyagraha requires, besides courage and moral grandeur, a talent for practical politics, an understanding of the weak points of the enemy, a sense of humor, and a little luck. Gandhi possessed all these gifts and used them to the full.

Gandhi's luck ran out at the end of his life, when the campaign against British rule was won and he was try-

I'D RATHER BE PLAYING SCRABBLE.® Brand Crossword Game
America's Favorite Crossword Game
SELCHOW & RIGHTER ®
SCRABBLE® is the registered trademark of Selchow & Righter Co., Bay Shore, NY, for its line of word games and entertainment services.



Distinctively designed and embossed fold-over notes turn every occasion into a personal statement of good taste. Available in ivory, soft blue and pink. 4" x 5".

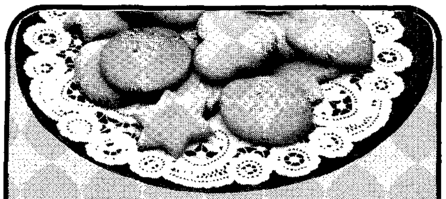
◇

Please send me: ___ Box(es) of #X216A 50 embossed notes, 50 plain envelopes at $23.00 postpaid
___ Box(es) of #X217A 50 embossed notes, 50 embossed envelopes at $32.50 postpaid
Specify color: ☐ ivory ☐ soft blue ☐ pink
Please allow six weeks for delivery.
☐ Check or money order enclosed. (Add 5% sales tax if delivered in Texas.)
☐ Charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express
Account #: Expiration date: ______

Signature: ______________
(required if using credit card)
Emboss as follows:
Name ______________
Street ______________
City ______________
State __________ Zip __________

Mail to: The Horchow Collection
P.O. Box 819066, Dept. #MB029
Dallas, TX 75381-9066

HORCHOW



Where But At Brookstone

. . . could you expect to find these unique paper lace doilies with their elegant Old World charm—dainty, affordable, and disposable? Perfect for continental breakfasts, teas, hors d'oeuvres, or desserts. 150 per package, with 50 each in 8", 10", and 12" sizes. **Unconditional guarantee.**

Brookstone Company, Dept. LA283A
Vose Farm Rd., Peterborough, NH 03458
☐ Send me__Paper Doilies @ $5.95 ea., ppd.
☐ **Send me Brookstone's FREE catalog "Homewares".**
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Visa
☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard
24 hour credit card phone: (603) 924-9511
Card #__________ Exp.____
Name __________
Address __________
City __________
State __________ Zip __________
I-7065-14

HOMEWARES
Brookstone

BAHAMA
OUT-ISLANDS
Barefoot Elegance

On a small, tranquil, Bahamian island, nestled among the coconut palms, along a ridge of sand dunes, is the ABACO INN. Our ten very private cottage rooms overlook the Atlantic Ocean to the east and the Sea of Abaco to the west. From our informal clubhouse-lounge, where we serve elegant five-course dinners and a tropical buffet lunch, we have a beautiful view of pink sandy beaches and the breaking surf. The ABACO INN is a lifestyle — it's our home and we think it's very special. We offer a warm, leisurely, "away-from-it-all" atmosphere, as well as snorkeling; scuba diving (we're both divers); deep-sea reef and bonefishing; sailing; boating; windsurfing and trips to fishing and boatbuilding settlements on nearby islands. The Inn is just a pleasant walk from the picturesque 18th-century fishing settlement of Hope Town and the historic Elbow Cay Lighthouse. If you're searching for a unique personal experience; if you're in touch with nature and if you wish to escape the rigors of 20th-century urban life and yet retain the comforts, then we would like you to be our guests. Please write, via airmail, for our brochure, or telephone us for reservations and information.

Ruth Maury—
Jerry Whiteleather
Dave & Maria
Fiore

ABACO INN
BOX X11, Hope Town, Elbow Cay,
Abaco, Bahamas
Tel. 1-809-367-2666

ing to bring India to independence as a united country. He then had to deal with quarrels between Hindus and Muslims, deeper and more bitter than the power struggle between Europeans and Asians. Satyagraha failed to subdue Hindu and Muslim nationalism as it had subdued British imperialism. Five months after the violent birth of independent India and Pakistan, the scene of Jaurès' death was reënacted in New Delhi. Like Jaurès, Gandhi was shot by a nationalist who considered him insufficiently patriotic.

With Gandhi, as with Jaurès, died the hope of a continent's turning decisively away from war. Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of the newly independent India, had never been a wholehearted believer in nonviolence. The rulers of Pakistan believed in nonviolence even less. Within thirty years after independence, three wars showed how little Gandhi's countrymen had learned from his example: India and Pakistan fought over the disputed state of Kashmir as France and Germany had fought over Alsace and Lorraine. The governments of India and Pakistan inherited, along with the regiments and warships of the colonial Army and Navy, an addiction to the old European game of power politics. Gandhi's satyagraha was an effective weapon for a subject people to use against its oppressors, but his followers discarded it as soon as they gained control of their own government and stood in the oppressors' shoes.

The moral of Gandhi's life and death is that pacifism as a political program is much more difficult to sustain than pacifism as a personal ethic. Being himself a leader of extraordinary charisma and skill, he was able to organize a whole people around a program of pacifism. He proved that a pacifist resistance movement can be sustained for thirty years and can be strong enough to defeat an empire. The subsequent history of India proved that political pacifism is not strong enough to survive the death of its leader or to withstand the temptations of power.

During the years between the two world wars, while Gandhi was successfully organizing his nonviolent resistance in India, political pacifism was also popular in Europe. European pacifists were encouraged by Gandhi's example and hoped to revive Jaurès' dream of an international alliance of nonviolent resisters against militaristic national governments. The pacifist dream in Europe failed disastrously. There were three main reasons for the failure: lack of leadership, lack of a positive objective, and Hitler. The European pacifists never produced a leader comparable to Gandhi. Einstein was a pacifist, and lent his name and prestige to the pacifist cause until the rise of Hitler led him to change his mind, but he had no wish to be a political leader. Like Tolstoy, he was more of a hero to the world at large than to his own countrymen. Pacifism was never strong in Germany—not even at the peak of Einstein's popularity. It was strongest in England, where George Lansbury, a Christian socialist with firm pacifist convictions, was the leader of the Labour Party from 1931 to 1935. Lansbury was capable of courageous action in the Gandhi style. In 1920, when he was mayor of Poplar, in the East End of London, he went to prison rather than submit to government policies that he considered oppressive. He remained a hero to his constituents in East London. But he never attempted to dominate the European scene as Gandhi dominated the scene in India. Gandhi had the tremendous advantage of a positive objective—the cause of Indian independence—around which he could mobilize the enthusiasm of his followers. Lansbury and the other European pacifists had no similar objective; they supported the League of Nations as an international peacekeeping authority, but the League of Nations was an inadequate focus for a mass political movement. The League was widely perceived as nothing more than a debating society for elderly politicians. Nobody could take seriously the picture of millions of Europeans defying their governments in a gesture of loyalty to the League. Gandhi was swimming with the tide of nationalism; Lansbury and his followers were swimming against it. As a result, the foreign policy of the British Labour Party under Lansbury's leadership was wholly negative: no rearmament, no action against Hitler, and no wholehearted commitment to pacifism.

It was Lansbury's fate to preside over the British pacifist movement at the height of its popularity, which came during the same years that saw Hitler's rise to power in Germany. A few weeks before Hitler became Chancellor, the undergraduates of Oxford debated the proposition "This House will not die for King or Country" and approved it by a substantial majority. The vote received widespread publicity, and may, in fact, as the opponents of pacifism later claimed, have encouraged Hitler to pursue his plans of European conquest more boldly. Whether or not Hitler paid attention to the Oxford students' vote, there is no doubt that his aggressive policies were encouraged by the existence of strong pacifist sentiments in both England and France. In October, 1933, Hitler felt confident enough to withdraw from the international Disarmament Conference, which had been meeting since before he became Chancellor; this action was an official notification to the world that he intended to rearm Germany. Four days later, George Lansbury, speaking for the Labour Party in the House of Commons, said, "We will not support an increase in armaments, but we shall also refuse to support our own or any other government in an endeavour to apply penalties or sanctions against Germany. No one will ask for these if the great nations immediately, substantially disarm and continue until universal disarmament is accomplished."

The great nations were not about to disarm, as George Lansbury well knew. His policy meant that England would simply do nothing—neither arm nor disarm. The pacifists of England and France, by announcing their unwillingness to fight, made Hitler more reckless in risking war and made the war more terrible when it came. Lansbury had been caught in the tragic dilemma of political pacifism. There is no easy answer to this dilemma. A country facing an aggressive enemy must decide either to be prepared to fight effectively or to follow the path of nonviolence to the end. Whichever it decides, the decision must be wholehearted and the consequences must be accepted. The example of England in the nineteen-thirties proves only that a halfhearted commitment to pacifism is worse than none at all. Halfhearted pacifism is in practice indistinguishable from cowardice. European pacifism became finally discredited when the Second World War began and halfhearted pacifists could not be distinguished from cowards and collaborators. The debacle of European pacifism has at least one clear lesson to teach us: pacifists, if they are to be effective in the modern world, must be as wholehearted and as brave as Gandhi.

I was a teen-ager in England during the years of George Lansbury's decline. In 1935, he was forced to

HAND DELIVERED IN ATLANTA · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DETROIT · HOUSTON · LOS ANGELES · MIAMI · NEW YORK · PITTSBURGH · SAN FRANCISCO · WASHINGTON D.C. · TORONTO · MONTREAL · MEXICO CITY

Financial Times

For a sample copy
write or call
FT Publications Inc
14 East 60th St
New York NY 10022
(212) 752-4500

Travel - Slowly, Leisurely, Gracefully with

Italia Adagio

Quant'è bella giovinezza...

How beautiful is youth and springtime
But how fleeting!
He who wants to be happy, can be
Of tomorrow there is no certainty.
Lorenzo the Magnificent

I have created my tours around the rare, small cities which are still pure and unsullied by mass tourism, but the splendor of past civilizations, the grace of simpler ways of living are rapidly fading.

Italia Adagio appeals to all the senses. The marvelous smell of fresh country bread in the early morning; the savory odor of spring lamb stuffed with wild herbs from the fields and slowly roasting on an olive wood fire; the pleasantly sour fragrance of the wine fermenting in the Serristori cellars where Machiavelli lived and wrote; the ravishingly beautiful landscapes where the gentle winds turn the olives to silver and stir the golden ginestra surrounding the Greek temple at Segesta; all combine with the Italian genius for the arts, sciences and for **living** to make an extraordinary holiday.

I conduct these tours many times every year, and they never fail to delight me. I am sure that you will be just as enchanted with my view of Italy. *Frieda Yamins*

Theme and Variations - 23 days, Departs: May 3, June 20, Sept. 6, Oct. 4, 1984
Parte Seconda - 22 days, Departs: May 25, 1984
Sicily - 19 days, Departs: April 2, 1984

Detailed brochures available from: Italia Adagio Ltd.
162C Whaley Street, Freeport, New York 11520 (516) 868-7825

Shine at your next party.
Without polishing your silver.

3M has developed an amazing little piece of paper that will keep your silver from tarnishing for 6 months or more.

Put it near your silver in your cabinet, or any other confined area. It absorbs the air-borne sulfur that causes tarnish. And, unlike polish, it can not harm silver surfaces.

Order some today. And shine at your next party. Without the time and trouble of polishing.

To order, call toll free: 800-328-1449 or mail coupon to: DMS/3M, P. O. Box 959, Hicksville, NY 11802.

3M Hears You...

Call toll free: 800-328-1449 or mail coupon to: DMS/3M, P.O. Box 959, Hicksville, NY 11802. Please send me the following packages of 3M Silver Protector Strips (12 strips per package). I understand if I am not satisfied for any reason, I can return my order for a full refund.

☐ 25023 — 1 pkg. $4.99 ($3.99 + $1.00 S&H) $____
☐ 25031 — 2 pkgs. $8.83 ($7.58 + $1.25 S&H) $____
☐ 25049 — 3 pkgs. $11.67 ($10.17 + $1.50 S&H) $____
Applicable state sales taxes (all states except: AK, DE, MT, OR, NH) $____
TOTAL $____

Name
Address
City
State Zip
☐ Check or money order payable to 3M Silver Protector Strips (No cash please) ☐ American Express ☐ Master Card ☐ Visa
Credit Card Acct. No. $10 minimum on charge orders
Expiration Date Mo.____ Yr.____
Signature
Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.
Offer valid only in U.S.A. 558

3M Silver Protector Strips

3M

choose between his pacifist principles and his position as leader of the Labour Party. Being an honest man, he stuck to his principles, and handed over the leadership of the Party to Clement Attlee—the same Attlee who became Prime Minister ten years later and made the decision to arm Britain with nuclear weapons. After 1935, pacifism as an effective political force in England was dead. But it was still alive in India. Young Englishmen who were against the establishment acclaimed Gandhi as a hero. We greatly preferred the flamboyant Gandhi to the powerless Lansbury and the colorless Attlee. Our conversation was sprinkled with the rhetoric of pacifist doctrine. If only we had a leader like Gandhi, we said, we would fill the jails and bring the warmongers to their senses. We continued to talk in this style while Hitler filled his concentration camps in Germany and silenced those who opposed his policies. But in 1939 Hitler attacked and overran Poland. We were then face to face, as Lansbury had been in 1933, with the classic pacifist dilemma. We still believed theoretically in the ethic of nonviolence, but we looked at what was happening in Poland and decided that against Hitler nonviolent resistance would not be effective. Almost all of us abandoned our allegiance to nonviolence and went to war against Hitler. It seemed to us then that there was no effective alternative to guns and bombs if we wanted to preserve our lives and liberty.

Now, forty years later, a book called "Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed," by Philip Hallie, has been published, telling the story of a French village that chose the path of nonviolent resistance against Hitler. It is a remarkable story. It shows that even against Hitler nonviolence could be effective. The village of Le Chambon-sur-Lignon collectively sheltered, and saved the lives of, many hundreds of Jews through the years when the penalty for this crime was deportation or death. The villagers were led by their Protestant pastor, André Trocmé, who had been for many years a believer in nonviolence and had prepared them mentally and spiritually for this trial of strength. When the Gestapo from time to time raided the village, Trocmé's spies usually gave him enough warning so that the refugees could be hidden in the woods. German authorities arrested and executed various people who were known to be leaders in the village, but the resistance continued unbroken. The only way the Germans could have crushed the resistance was by deporting or killing the entire population. Nearby, in the same part of France, there was a famous regiment of German Army auxiliary troops, the Tatar Legion, trained and experienced in operations of extermination and mass brutality. The Tatar Legion could easily have exterminated Le Chambon. But the village survived. Even Trocmé himself, by a series of lucky accidents, survived.

Many years later, Trocmé discovered how it happened that the village was spared. The fate of the village was decided in a dialogue between two German soldiers, representing the bright and the dark sides of the German soul. On the one side was Colonel Metzger—an appropriate name, meaning in German "butcher"—who was the commander of the Tatar Legion and a killer of civilians, and who after the liberation of France was executed as a war criminal. On the other side was Major Schmehling, a Bavarian Catholic and a decent German officer of the old school. Both Metzger and Schmehling were present at the trial of Roger Le Forestier, a medical doctor in Le Chambon who was arrested and executed as an example to the villagers. "At his trial," Schmehling said when he met Trocmé many years later, "I had heard the words of Dr. Le Forestier, who was a Christian and explained to me very clearly why you were all disobeying our orders in Le Chambon. I believed that your doctor was sincere. I am a good Catholic, you understand, and I can grasp these things. . . . Well, Colonel Metzger was a hard one, and he kept on insisting that we move in on Le Chambon. But I kept telling him to wait. I told Metzger that this kind of resistance had nothing to do with violence, nothing to do with anything we could destroy with violence. With all my personal and military power, I opposed sending his legion into Le Chambon."

That was how it worked. It was a wonderful illustration of the classic concept of nonviolent resistance. You, Dr. Le Forestier, die for your beliefs, apparently uselessly. But your death reaches out and touches your enemies, so that they begin to behave like human beings. Some of your enemies, like Major Schmehling, are converted into friends. And finally even the most hardened and implacable of your enemies, like Colonel Metzger, are persuaded to stop their killing. It happened like that, once upon a time, in Le Chambon.

What did it take to make the concept of nonviolent resistance effective? It took a whole village of people standing together with extraordinary courage and extraordinary discipline. Not all of them shared the religious faith of their leader, but all of them shared his moral convictions and risked their lives every day to make their village a place of refuge for the persecuted. They were united in friendship, loyalty, and respect for one another. Sooner or later, everybody who thinks seriously about the meaning of nuclear weapons and nuclear war must face the question of whether nonviolence is or is not a practical alternative to the path we are now following. Is nonviolence a possible basis for the foreign policy of a great country like the United States? Or is it only a private escape route, available to religious minorities who are protected by a majority willing to fight for their lives? I do not know the answers to these questions. I do not think that anybody knows the answers. The example of Le Chambon shows us that we cannot in good conscience brush such questions aside. Le Chambon shows us what it would take to make the concept of nonviolent resistance into an effective basis for the foreign policy of a country. It would take a whole country of people standing together with extraordinary courage and extraordinary discipline. Can we find such a country in the world as it is today? Perhaps we can, among countries that are small and homogeneous and possess a long tradition of quiet resistance to oppression. But how about the United States? Can we conceive of the population of the United States standing together in brotherhood and self-sacrifice, like the villagers of Le Chambon? It is difficult to imagine any circumstances that would make this possible. Yet history teaches us that many things that had once been unimaginable nevertheless came to pass. At the end of every discussion of nonviolence comes the question that Bernard Shaw put at the end of his play "Saint Joan": "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?"

—FREEMAN DYSON

(*This is the third part of a four-part article.*)

Our Rhine cruises—the best of Europe on sail...

Make the most memorable part of your European trip a lovely, leisurely cruise through Holland, Germany, France and Switzerland. Fall under the spell of sights and scenes that are pure enchantment, as you luxuriate in all the comforts and camaraderie on board one of our 8 floating hotels. Depending on the cruise, you join 100 to 210 fellow passengers. All cabins with river views. International dining with panoramic vistas of both banks. Service? Impeccable. Entertainment? Convivial. With the diversions and delights of frequent stops to sightsee on your own or on optional guided tours.

Come, let the Rhine work its magic on you for 3, 4 or 5 days. Join us in Holland and glide upstream through 600 miles of spectacular scenery to Switzerland. Charming windmills, towering castles and cathedrals, majestic monuments and fortresses. Quaint villages and proud cities and vast vineyards. All sweep miraculously in view. Among the legendary places you'll linger are Strasbourg, Rüdesheim, Heidelberg, Düsseldorf and Cologne. Or cruise from Switzerland downstream to Holland. Choice of First or Europa Class and Moselle River Cruises, April-October. Ask for "ER" brochure.

KD German Rhine Line
Over 150 Years Experience Cruising the Rhine

Contact your travel agent or Rhine Cruise Agency, 170 Hamilton Ave., White Plains, NY 10601, (914) 948-3600. 323 Geary St., San Francisco, CA 94102, (415) 392-8817.
In Canada: Holiday House, 25 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, Ont. M5C1H7. (416) 364-2433.

Sir Thomas Lipton's
Connoisseur Tea

Sir Thomas Lipton Presents

Your Fortune in a Cup of Tea?

What fun for you and your friends when you try your skill as a fortune teller with this 6-oz. fine bone china cup and saucer from Staffordshire, England. A detailed booklet on the art of tea-leaf reading is included to guide you. For authenticity *and* delicious taste we send you an introductory 1.77-oz. (22 cups) sampler of one of our finest Chinese leaf teas. **$17.50** (shipping included)

For fastest service call toll-free **1-800-526-0359**, Extension 62 (In New Jersey, call 1-800-932-0878, ext. 62) 7 days a week, 24 hours a day. Credit card orders only.

Please send me ____ Fortune Cup(s) with a 1.77-oz. sampler of Chinese leaf tea at $17.50 each, shipping and handling included. (7040S)

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Amex ☐ Visa ☐ MC

Name
Credit Card #
Address
Exp. Date
City State Zip
Signature (required)
Offer valid only in U.S.A.

Sir Thomas Lipton's
TRADING COMPANY
P.O. Box 215 • 105 Oak Street, Dept. PF4F26 • Norwood, NJ 07648

THE THEATRE

"East Lynne" on Skates

AT a traditional Irish wake, condolences are expressed by a simple "I'm sorry for your trouble," and those were the words that leaped into my mind at the conclusion of the new musical "The Rink," at the Martin Beck. "Trouble" in the sentence quoted above has to do with death, but I mean the word literally, and not figuratively. What a lot of trouble a great many distinguished professionals in our theatre have gone to with little to show for their efforts except a series of exhausted metaphors about the magical nature of childhood, the savagery of contemporary urban life, and other familiar problems. There are a number of admirable things in "The Rink," including an exceptionally vivid performance by Liza Minnelli; a sturdy, if guarded, performance by her co-star, Chita Rivera; some charming songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb; and a romantic and ingenious setting by Peter Larkin, but the book, by Terrence McNally, remains obdurately inert. No clever pranks of stagecraft can succeed in bringing this gloomy Finnegan to life.

As a playwright, Mr. McNally has given me much pleasure in the past with his comically impudent view of man as not merely a fallen creature but a pratfallen one. Here, to my astonishment, the grimly moralistic attitudes of "East Lynne" glimmer through the plotting. According to the program, the scene is "a roller rink somewhere on the Eastern seaboard," and, having ruled out Mount Desert and Key West, I am content to identify it as Coney Island in the recent past. Nice Jewish families and nice black families are no longer able to frequent the boardwalk on which the rink is situated, because murderous punks have made the boardwalk their turf; for Anna (Chita Rivera), the middle-aged Italian widow who owns the rink, to remonstrate with the punks is to invite being raped by them. Anna contracts to sell the rink, which will then be demolished, but just as the wrecking crew moves in, her long-lost daughter, Angel (Liza Minnelli), returns from California, where she has been living the hard, drug-taking, sexually promiscuous life of a somewhat belated flower person. The daughter turns out to be the co-owner of the rink, and she resists seeing it demolished; for her it evokes the colored lights of her childhood, long extinguished. Mother and daughter have a mountainous accumulation of grievances to brandish as weapons against each other; a truce that may prove permanent and at least serves to bring down the final curtain is achieved by means of a sudden reversal of fortune that might well have raised a blush on the cheek of O. Henry.

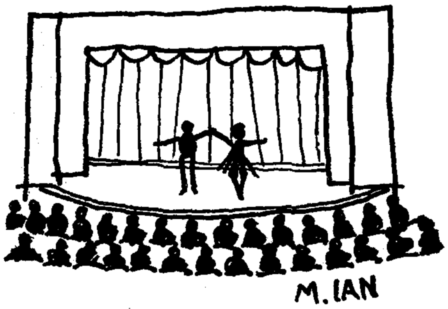
Despite my complaints, I think Miss Minnelli is well worth going to see. I always feel like a happy puppet in her presence, tugged this way and that by her seemingly unself-conscious artistry. Jason Alexander is effective in several roles, and Scott Holmes is excellent as Anna's sleazy, womanizing husband. An actor named Ronn Carroll plays, among other characters, a fat Jewish housewife and a fat Catholic nun. (I hope female impersonation isn't becoming a fad on Broadway; a good many competent actresses are out of work.) The costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss, the choreography is by Graciela Daniele, and the direction is by A. J. Antoon. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Explosive Mixture

VELINA HOUSTON'S "American Dreams," at the Negro Ensemble Company's Theatre Four through February 19th, is about a black soldier, Creed Banks, who returns from Korea with his Japanese bride, Setsuko. The time is 1955, and the setting is the apartment of Creed's brother Manfred, on the lower East Side of this city. The homecoming and the presence of Setsuko bring many issues to a boil; some of them are resolved in the course of the evening, and some are not. Manfred is a failure and a drunk, and since he has bought a car for himself with the money that Creed sent him as a down payment on a house he is beside himself with worry and remorse. He badly mistreats his wife, a portly woman who resents having a "Jap" in her home and envies the courtesy with which Creed treats Setsuko. The Banks brothers and a sympathetic sister of theirs, who welcomes Setsuko, are half American Indian, a fact that sets up additional racial complications. Also present are a cousin of Setsuko's—another Japanese war bride—who functions as a kind of dea ex machina, setting a number of people straight, and a rich and beautiful woman, half white and half black, who was once engaged to Creed. Of all of them, Manfred's wife—rough of speech, fat, miserable, and funny—is the most sympathetic character on the stage. Several stories are told, the main plot turning on Manfred's having stolen that money.

The two brothers are well acted. Reuben Green is Creed, trying to balance his loyalties to his wife and to his family. Count Stovall is Manfred, resentful and bullying but letting us see, from time to time, the decent man buried under all that bad behavior. Sandra Reaves-Phillips is splendid as Manfred's wife, Nancy Hamada is properly shy and bewildered as Setsuko, Ching Valdes is a delight as her cousin, and Kim Yancey and beautiful Janet League do well as the sister and ex-fiancée, respectively. What is important is that the play is truly about something—perhaps about too many things for this talented dramatist to handle comfortably at once. But in this Off Broadway season, when we have so often had to make do with gruel, there is plenty of meat and considerable spice. The author herself is half Japanese, one quarter black, and one quarter American Indian—and entirely dramatist. The true strength of "American Dreams" is in its small, intimate scenes, and it never hits a false note.



AT the beginning of Timothy Mason's "Levitation," at Circle Rep, a young man called Joe walks onto the porch of a large house in the middle of the night, finds some keys beneath the door, and tries to fit one in the lock but fails. The place is a residential section of Minneapolis in mid-August. As Joe rests on the swing, his father enters from the lawn, dressed in pajamas and bathrobe. In the desultory conversation between them, we learn that Joe is an unsuccessful playwright; his father suggests that if he wrote about something other than death he might find more popular acceptance. Joe has arrived from New York unex-

Franco Maria Ricci brings to America the most beautiful magazine in the world

Beautiful and Bold

In May of 1984, the most talked-about magazine in Europe will begin publishing an international edition in America. Daring and unexpected, beautiful and bold, FMR *will be the first magazine of its kind to join together the twin spirits of American achievement and Italian artistry.*

Directed by Franco Maria Ricci, Italy's leading art publisher and graphic designer, FMR *bears his initials on the cover as his pledge to make it the most striking magazine of the eighties.*

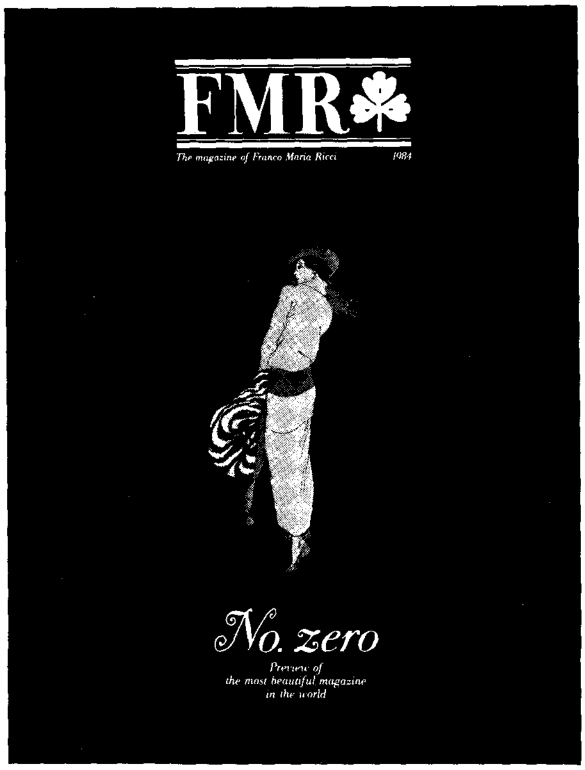
Its 160 pages, all in full color, will bring you art you have never seen before from all over the world: visionary gardens, Baroque palaces, Renaissance frescoes, kabalas, medieval bestiaries, Puritan gravestones, sirens, Madonnas, hippogriffs, unicorns, forgotten sanctuaries, Towers of Babel, fashion and vanities, Art Deco deliriums. These stunning images will be enriched by the literary flair of the world's outstanding writers and the knowledge of its leading scholars.

FMR

This page has been sponsored by

montedison

in support of the arts and Italian culture



FMR

The magazine of Franco Maria Ricci 1984

No. zero

Preview of the most beautiful magazine in the world

NYR3

FMR

P.O. Box 30108, Lansing Michigan 48909

☐ **Free "Zero Issue":** I enclose $ 1.25 for handling and postage

1984 subscription (8 issues) and membership

☐ FIRST SUBSCRIPTION, personal or gift (please circle) $ 48.00

☐ ___ ADDITIONAL GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS:
$ 40.00 each (list attached) $

☐ ___ POSTAGE (outside U.S., Canada, and Europe)
$ 10.00 each $

Sign gift card: ________ Total $

☐ I enclose a check or money order

Charge my ☐ Am. Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ Mastercard ☐ Visa

Acct. no. ________ Exp. Date ____

Interbank no. (Mastercard only) ________

Signature ________

Name (or recipient) ________

Address ________

City ________ State ____ Zip ____

Telephone (____) ________

Charter subscriber benefits

FMR *was created for an élite group of subscribers, who will become members of the Ricci Collector's Club. The card entitles them to a 20 percent discount on all Ricci publications and the gift of a beautiful silk-bound address book (a $ 35.00 value), printed on hand-made Fabriano paper and designed by Franco Maria Ricci for his friends and collectors.*

FMR *is printed in Italy and to maintain its high quality will be limited in number. We cannot guarantee charter subscriptions after April 30.*

Franco Maria Ricci

Collector's Club

Membro *N°*

DIANA VREELAND 38214

Milano ~ Paris ~ New York

What is the "Zero Issue?"

A special 32-page preview of the most beautiful magazine in the world has been prepared — with the same extraordinary illustrations and design. You can receive this "Zero Issue" of FMR *by sending the attached coupon and $ 1.25 to cover postage and handling.*

Send coupon to: FMR
P.O. Box 30108
Lansing, Michigan 48909
or charge your subscription by credit card, calling toll-free:
1-800-FMR-CLUB
In Michigan call collect:
(517) 323-9200

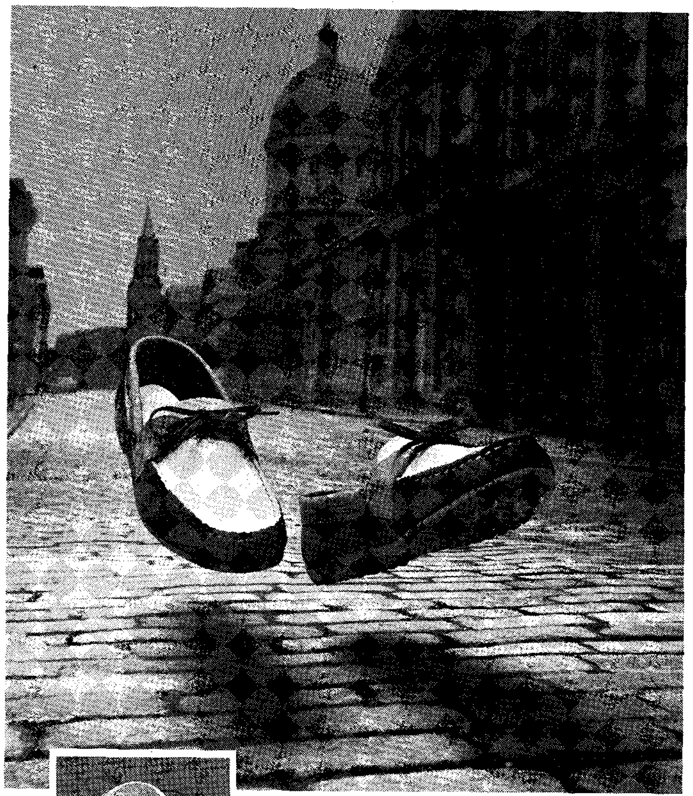
(The "Zero Issue" cannot be ordered by telephone.)

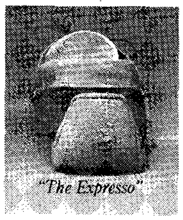
pectedly, and he plans to stay put in Minneapolis. His mother appears, in her nightgown, and tells him, among other things, that Paul, his former lover, is still living in Minneapolis and often comes to dinner. Soon the porch fills with people, among them Joe's sister and his young nephew, his current male lover, and an aged teacher of his father's. Joe is astonished by the gathering but is told that he is the only unexpected guest. The themes of the play are memory and mortality. What is actually happening dawns on Joe at exactly the same time that it does on the audience (or, at least, on this member of it), and there is no point in describing it closely and spoiling what should be surprises.

The play is gentle, fanciful, sentimental, and somewhat droopy, but it is well performed by Ben Siegler (Joe), Michael Higgins (father), Trish Hawkins (sister), Bruce McCarty (current lover), Helen Stenborg (spinster schoolteacher), Lenka Peterson (mother), and Eric Schiff (nephew). B. Rodney Marriott was the competent director. The impressive, roomy setting, in the tiny stage area, was designed by David Potts and lighted by Dennis Parichy. "Levitation" will run through March 11th.

WHAT "Getting Along Famously," by Michael Jacobs, has to offer is the spectacle of three of its four actors having the time of their lives, a rather amusing imitation of Sean Connery, a few wisecracks, and absolutely nothing else. The play (or non-play), at the Hudson Guild through February 19th, is a Hollywooden farce set in New York. It concerns an author who, after a string of successful thrillers that have been adapted into successful movies, is now determined to write a "good" book (whatever that means). He has decided to end the series of thrillers by killing the central character, a James Bond type. Result: bedlam—frenetic yelling by literary agent, yelling back by author, tragic hamming by actor who has been playing the leading role, and quiet tolerance by author's daughter. If Mr. Jacobs has skipped any theatrical cliché in writing about this writer, I cannot find it. Ted Flicker plays the author, Tom Aldredge is the agent, Edward Power is the amusing Connery imitator, and Beverly Nero is the daughter. Joan Darling directed. Good setting of author's luxurious library, by James Leonard Joy.

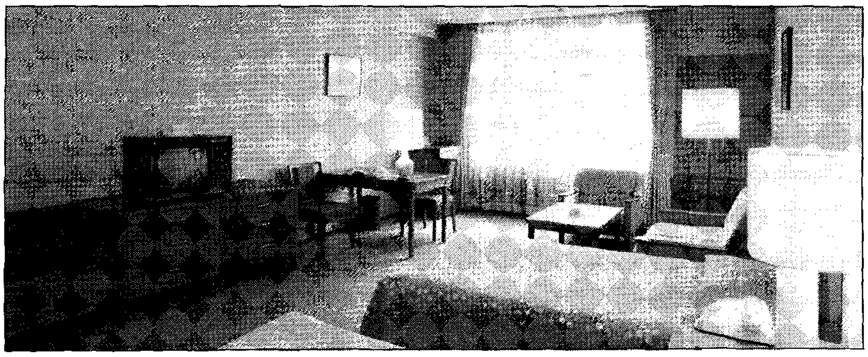
—Edith Oliver



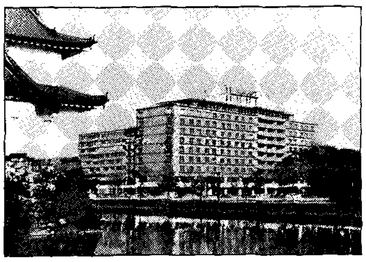


Available at fine department and specialty stores everywhere.

BERNARDO®
Rising Above The Commonplace
P.O. BOX 16547, COLUMBUS, OHIO 43216, 1-800-848-0675



Tokyo has many hotels—but only one Palace.



Overlooking the Imperial Palace grounds, adjoining Tokyo's commercial heart, the Palace Hotel provides an intimate setting in which old-world courtesy complements new-world facilities.

Palace Hotel TOKYO JAPAN
1-1-1 Marunouchi, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan Tel:(03)211-5211
Telex:0222-2580Palace J Cable:PALACEHOTEL TOKYO

Associate Member of CIGAHOTELS
Our Representatives:
UTELL INTERNATIONAL/U.S.A. toll free 800-223-9868 New York Tel:(212)757-2981
LOEW'S REPRESENTATION INT'L/U.S.A. only. toll free 800-223-0888

Member of Golden Tulip Hotels: call your nearest KLM office

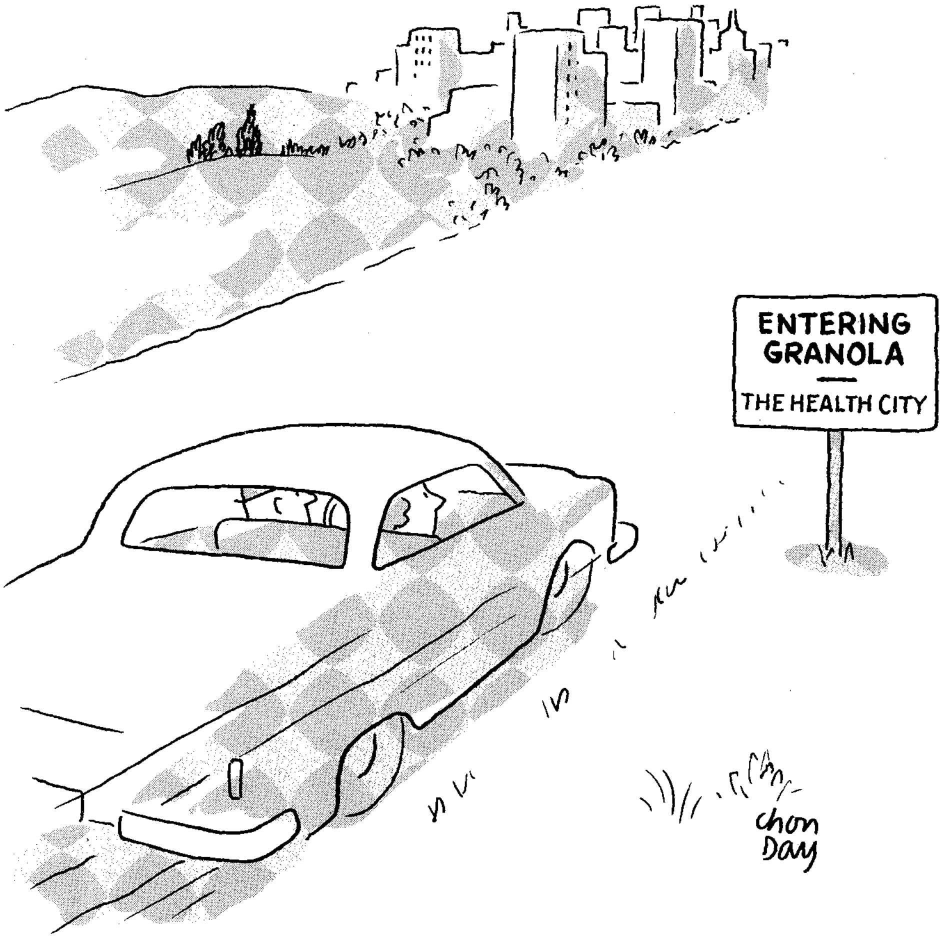
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Powers of Music

THE "new Romanticism" and the "return to tonality" are trends surely not unrelated to Gustav Mahler's dominating position in contemporary concert life. Among the great composers of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, Mahler was one who remained uncommonly independent of Wagner's harmonic influence. Ernst Krenek wrote in 1941—when Mahler's music was little played and largely scorned—of the composer's "unconscious reaction against Wagner," and claimed that his clinging to "a musical material which is not yet affected by the destructive principles let loose by Wagner against tonality" was "exactly what makes Mahler a propelling force in the evolution of music." In the late symphonies, Krenek continued, Mahler "succeeded in drawing the conclusions from this reaction and in laying down the foundations of the music to come." Some of that music to come, so far as concert-hall audiences are concerned, has been in a sense Mahler's own—symphonies known once to only a few enthusiasts but now everyday fare and extensively recorded. Conductors as diverse as Bernstein, Solti, Haitink, and Boulez have become Mahler champions. Composers as disparate as Weill, Shostakovich, Britten, Hans Werner Henze, Peter Maxwell Davies, and David Del Tredici have owned his influence.

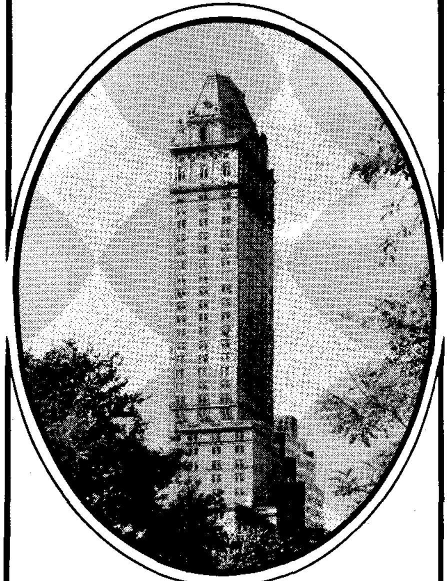
This month, on consecutive days, Mahler's early cantata "Das Klagende Lied" and his late symphony "Das Lied von der Erde" were played in New York. "Das Klagende Lied," his first large composition, is an astonishing piece. Completed in 1880, when he was twenty, it is less eclectic than prophetic—and less prophetic than already assured. Brahms and Wagner were still writing, but—as the composer Hugh Wood remarked in a program note for Boulez's London performance of "Das Klagende Lied," in 1975—"the influence of both these giant figures is subsidiary, almost bypassed, in fact, in favour of an extraordinarily fresh and independent empirical diatonicism." In this work, Mahler said, he "found himself as Mahler." On any page, its author is unmistakable. The sound of the orchestra is magical. The music has Schubertian freshness, boldness, beauty, and charm. The dew of early Romanticism sparkles again here, yet the matter, both musical and textual, is disturbing. In 1880, Freud was still a medical student in Vienna; but poets and musicians often discover first what philosophers and scientists later formulate. "Das Klagende Lied" is a tale of sibling rivalry, aggression, guilt, repression, and revelation. The roots of the narrative lie in folklore (many ballads tell a similar story) and go back to Cain and Abel. The score, amid all its picturesqueness, makes explicit—"analyzes"—dark currents of emotion and reasons for action. Mahler is easily enjoyed on the surface: the lyrical tunes—birdsong, folk melody—are so pretty, the passionate tunes so eloquent, the orchestration so delightful. Heady bursts of blatant popular music (already in "Das Klagende Lied" they are present) exhilarate listeners independently of the ironic role the composer intends them to play. Sometimes it seems that is all that audiences—and several conductors, too—find in Mahler. He has been cheapened by many run-of-the-mill performances. There is more to him.

Mahler entered "Das Klagende Lied" for the Beethoven Prize (Brahms was one of the judges), but without success; he remarked later that had it won he might have been spared "my whole cursed operatic career . . . the hell of theatrical life." To "musicians of the future," the work was also unacceptable: Mahler sent the score to Liszt, the president of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein, and Liszt returned it with faint commendation of the music ("many praiseworthy details") and brisk condemnation, not altogether unjustified, of the text. The cantata was performed at last in Vienna in 1901, two decades after its composition. It was a public success but was vilely reviewed ("a flood of ugliness"). By this time, Mahler had removed the first of its three parts, "Waldmärchen." Mahler's nephew Alfred Rosé owned a score, and he conducted a complete "Klagende Lied" over the Austrian radio in 1935. (His score of "Waldmärchen" is now at Yale, and the piece was published in 1973 by Belwin-Mills.) Mahlerians still disagree whether the composer's decapitation of his cantata was justified or not. Listeners can decide for themselves by playing, with and without the first part, the Boulez recording of



In 1930
Charles Pierre
created
The Hotel Pierre.

It was
New York's
most beautiful
hotel.



It still is.

The Pierre
NEW YORK
A Four Seasons Hotel

Fifth Avenue at 61st Street
New York, N.Y. 10021
(212) 838-8000
U.S. 800-828-1188
N.Y. State 800-462-1150

The Leading Hotels
of the World

"Das Klagende Lied," on Columbia. (Boulez recorded Parts II and III in 1969, and "Waldmärchen" the following year.) It is not quite an unloaded test, for Boulez's "Waldmärchen" has soprano and tenor soloists (Elisabeth Söderström and Ernst Haefliger) superior to those in the two other parts, and, in general, the performance of "Waldmärchen" is one of the most impassioned and colorful things he has put on disc. Nevertheless, the conclusion seems to me inescapable that "Das Klagende Lied" as first conceived is a balanced and beautiful work, and one that should be performed complete.

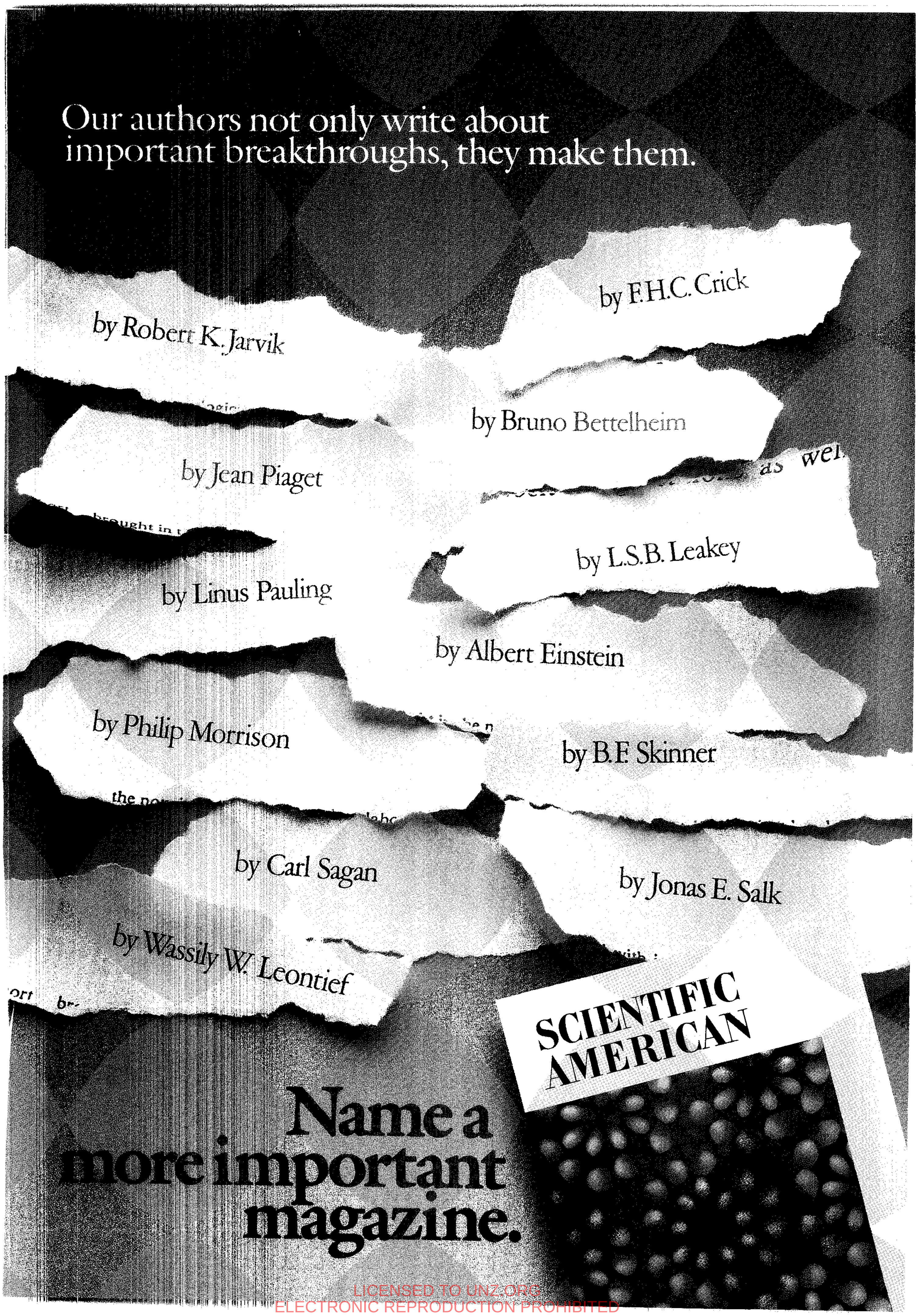
There have been at least three three-part performances in New York, all brought to Carnegie Hall by visiting orchestras: the Minnesota Orchestra, under Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, twelve years ago (some cuts were made); the Buffalo Philharmonic, under Julius Rudel, three years ago; and, this month, the Boston Symphony, under Seiji Ozawa. Mr. Ozawa conducted a clear, straightforward account of the work, efficiently played and sung but rendered without poetic insight, without vision, without the delicate attention to Mahler's fine markings or the narrative urgency that distinguishes the Boulez reading. The *Times* critic was moved to describe the work as "fustian" and blamed Mahler, instead of his conductor, for a failure "to sustain epic length with dramatic specificity." The best of the four soloists was the Finnish baritone Jorma Hynninen; he had only a few phrases in the first part. The others—Esther Hinds, Janice Taylor, and David Rendall—were so-so. The piece was performed in German, and they pronounced words instead of bringing a narrative to life.

There seldom seems to be much point in attending Zubin Mehta's concerts with the Philharmonic, or in writing about them, except when a new or unusual work or a choice soloist is billed. Jon Vickers was billed as the tenor soloist in the Philharmonic's "Lied von der Erde," and that promised something worth hearing. But Mr. Vickers was ill, and his place was taken by Jon Fredric West, who sang with rude, blunt enthusiasm. The alto part was done by Brigitte Fassbaender, a mezzo who specializes in breeches parts and had neither the warm, even tones nor the eloquence of phrase and utterance that the role requires. The Philharmonic's playing was undetailed and unbeautiful. The matinée audience applauded after each movement, as if at an operatic recital. It was an unworthy account of a composition that should leave listeners overwhelmed.

HANDEL's ode "Alexander's Feast, or The Power of Music," is a masterpiece: his depiction of a very grand musical party—Alexander's victory feast in conquered Persepolis. Thais is at Alexander's side. The minstrel Timotheus sings, affecting his audience with a variety of passions. Part I ends with a lull: with wine and love at once oppress'd, the vanquish'd victor sinks upon Thais' breast and, as it were, snoozes through the intermission. Part II begins amusingly, recalling scenes common at concerts: at Timotheus' bidding, the band sounds "a louder yet, and yet a louder strain" until the hero jerks out of his slumber, stares about him a moment, and realizes where he is. Timotheus' stirring song of revenge then rouses Alexander to action. He seizes a flambeau, Thais seizes another, and they set fire to Darius' palace. Today, the banqueting hall of Persepolis is roofless, traces of the fire remain, polished reliefs of servitors bearing choice dishes still line the hall, and it is easy to imagine the scene. Easy, too, while listening to Handel's ode, for in the cut of its melodic gestures and in its instrumental colors it has the graphicness that makes him one of the most vivid of all composers. Soloists and chorus bring the conflagration to a climax. Then two recorders breathe gently over a viola bass, the tenor sings "Thus, long ago," Alexander's feast recedes, and St. Cecilia's more solemn music, which "enlarg'd the former narrow bounds," is hymned. As the chorus tells of "arts unknown before," its fugue touches within three bars on at least eleven of the twelve tones. Between sacred and secular, Handel refuses to judge:

> Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
> Or both divide the crown:
> He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
> She drew an angel down.

Newburgh Hamilton adjusted Dryden's 1697 St. Cecilia's Day ode for Handel's setting, in order, he said in his preface, that a great master "whose Compositions have long shewn, that they can . . . inspire Life into the most senseless Words" might now have a worthy text. "Alexander's Feast," which appeared in 1736 and was a public success, builds on "Athalia," three years earlier, and adum-


Our authors not only write about important breakthroughs, they make them.
by Robert K. Jarvik
by F.H.C. Crick
by Bruno Bettelheim
by Jean Piaget
by L.S.B. Leakey
by Linus Pauling
by Albert Einstein
by Philip Morrison
by B.F. Skinner
by Carl Sagan
by Jonas E. Salk
by Wassily W. Leontief
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
Name a more important magazine.

The World of Club Pearl

密 Now Pearl Cruises brings you a more intimate way to sail the Far East and South Pacific. It's the "Club Pearl" concept of individual care and personal attention, aboard ships that carry no more than 425 passengers. Whether you cruise aboard the M/S PEARL OF SCANDINAVIA or the M/S PRINCESS MAHSURI, you'll be visiting the well-known destinations, and exotic ports yet unexplored by the oversized ships. From China, to Japan, Indonesia, the Great Cities of Asia, Australia, New Zealand, and the South Sea islands, you'll find Pearl Cruises sails to more destinations, more often than anyone. For details on our ships, itineraries, and Club Pearl, ask your travel agent for the colorful new Club Pearl/Pearl Cruises brochure. Or call Pearl Cruises toll free: (800) 792-0944 (in California), or (800) 227-5666 (Continental U.S.). Why just take a cruise, when you can experience the unique world of Club Pearl.

CLUBPEARL

Pearl Cruises

China, Japan, Indonesia, the Far East and South Pacific.
Pearl Cruises, Pier 27, San Francisco, CA 94111

M/S PEARL OF SCANDINAVIA REGISTRY: BAHAMAS
M/S PRINCESS MAHSURI REGISTRY: WEST GERMANY

brates the great music-drama "Saul," three years later. Handel's finest Italian operas had already been written. The ode pointed the way toward his still greater achievements. It reviews and at the same time demonstrates the powers of music ("the greatest blessing that's below") to instill awe, promote merriment, awaken compassion, incite amorous tenderness, and set the blood racing with wild, reckless excitement.

The ode was performed this month at the Ninety-second Street Y by the Y Chamber Symphony and the Y Chorale, conducted by Gerard Schwarz. The program bore the legend "Y Chamber Symphony Goes Baroque," but it hadn't gone quite Baroque enough: the recorder parts were played by modern flutes; André Emelianoff's cello obbligato to "Softly sweet in Lydian measures" was Russianly ripe and throbbing; the band was top-heavy and often too strenuous and vibrant. But the chorus, trained by Amy Kaiser, was first-rate—light, lithe, steady, and clear. The four soloists had perhaps not given enough thought to the scene, the sense, and the poetry. They tended to sing at their scores, and not to the audience. There were mispronunciations (of "Thais," "Bacchus," "deity"), and there were misaccentuations caused by banging down on the first beat of the bar instead of observing Handel's play of verbal against musical accents. The tenor, David Gordon, had very clear diction, but he chopped recitative lines into fragments. The second soprano, Kathryn Gamberoni (allotted "Softly sweet" and "'War,' he sung"), marshmallowed her words. The principal soprano, Arleen Augér, was delightful—limpid, pure, gentle, witty and charming in her phrasing and her adornments. The bass, Ronald Hedlund, had some address, but his focus was unsure. Nowadays, one hopes to hear Handel conducted from the keyboard, with a nod, a glance, a toss of the head, an occasional wave of the hand. Mr. Schwarz stood on a podium, baton in hand, and beat time; and sometimes he seemed to be beating out every single beat of each bar in a way that kept the music earthbound. But not always: in particular, the choral finale of Part I soared aloft in free, sweeping arcs of glorious sound.

THE Metropolitan Opera's revival of Verdi's "Macbeth" was a depressing affair. Peter Hall's controversial, arresting 1982 production, directed now by Paul Mills, has been reduced to routine. The broomstick rides are gone; the once apparently nude Hecate now sports brown briefs; Macbeth no longer plays an Albrecht attempting to grasp elusive Wilis; Lady Macbeth is less ready to roll about on the floor. The changes could be deemed improvements had anything but stock dreariness taken their place. John Bury's décor looks more coarsely executed than ever, and Gil Wechsler's follow-spot lighting more rudimentary. No one seems to have passed on to the Met chorus—surely one of the dullest and least dramatic opera choruses in the country—that injunction prominent at the start of the Verdi staging books:

> N.B. Make the choristers realize that they should not represent a meaningless mass of people but should each of them portray an individual character and, as such, act and move each on his or her own account, following his or her own sentiments, maintaining with the others only a certain unity of action devised to insure more accurate musical execution.

The choristers stood or sat about like dummies—features blank, postures inexpressive, eyes on the conductor—and produced much the same sort of timbre and attack whether they were playing warriors, courtiers, exiles, bards, or witches. The corps of cutthroats did sing their chorus at Verdi's *ppp*, and that was good, but they did so without whispered intensity; they might have been Mendelssohnian elves. (An equally stodgy "Don Carlos," taped at the Met last season and put out this month by PBS, provided closeup views of lifeless pudding faces.) Sherrill Milnes, the Macbeth, was in good voice the night I went, but his interpretation was bland and blank. Renata Scotto's Lady Macbeth lacked the vocal resources for the role, and some of her histrionics were risible. James Levine's heavy conducting seemed less acceptable than ever after the alert, precise, colorful account of the score—Verdi's careful and copious dynamic indications accurately observed, choral and instrumental timbres matched to the situations—that Riccardo Muti and the Philadelphia Orchestra brought to Carnegie Hall last October.

ST. MICHAEL'S, a good 1891 church by Robert Gibson on West Ninety-ninth Street, supports an ambitious and varied series of musical events. Some of them take place in the church, others in the octagonal parish hall, where last week the Columbia

Better Than Jogging, Swimming or Cycling

NordicTrack

Jarless Total Body Cardiovascular Exerciser Duplicates X-C Skiing for the Best Motion in Fitness

The enjoyable sport of cross-country skiing is often cited by physiologists as the most perfect form of cardiovascular exercise for both men and women. Its smooth, fluid, total body motion uniformly exercises more muscles and higher heart rates seem easier to attain than when jogging or cycling. NordicTrack closely simulates the pleasant X-C skiing motion and provides the same cardiovascular endurance-building benefits—right in the convenience of your home. Makes a year round, consistent exercise program easily attainable. Eliminates the usual barriers of time, weather, chance of injury, etc. Also highly effective for weight control.

More Complete Than Running
NordicTrack gives you a more complete work out—conditions both upper body and lower body muscles at the same time. Fluid, jarless motion does not cause joint or back problems as jogging or running often do.

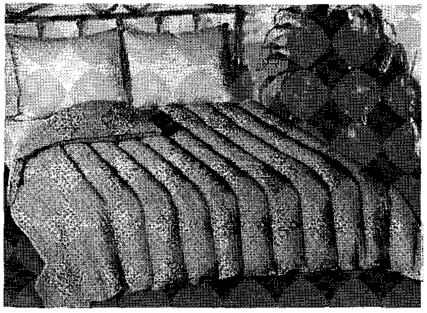
More Effective Than Exercise Bikes
NordicTrack's stand-up skiing motion more uniformly exercises the large leg muscles and also adds important upper body exercise. Higher pulse rates, necessary for building fitness, seem easier to attain because the work is shared by more muscle mass.

Even Better Than Swimming
NordicTrack more effectively exercises the largest muscles in the body, those located in the legs and buttocks. When swimming, the body is supported by the water, thus preventing these muscles from being effectively exercised. The stand up exercising position on the NordicTrack much more effectively exercises these muscles.

Practical, Takes Little Storage Space
Folds compactly in only 30 seconds. Requires only 15 by 17 inches storage area.

A Proven, High Quality Durable Product
NordicTrack is in its 7th year of production. NordicTrack is quiet, motorless and has separately adjustable arm and leg resistances. Two year warrantee, 30 day trial period with return privilege.

Call or write for free brochure
TOLL FREE 1-800-328-5888
PSI 124NY Columbia Crt., Chaska, MN 55318
Minnesota 612-448-6987



SHOP AND COMPARE OUR PRICES

Down Comforters

& DOWN PILLOWS

DOWN COMFORTERS $69

You'll save 50% and more off normal retail by purchasing down comforters and pillows at the manufacturer's price.

Our parent company, Gillette Industries (founded in 1911), is the national manufacturer of Bill Blass women's down coats. We're America's Down Experts manufacturing down comforters, down pillows, designer down robes, and other quality down products in Wisconsin.

Down comforters are for those who appreciate luxury and love warmth. Hand-guided sewing and the finest white European down...nature's best insulation ...go into every comforter we make. These comforters are covered with a down proof cotton/polyester fabric, woven to stay on your bed. Coordinating down pillows are the perfect complement for total sleep comfort. **Call or write for your free down catalog.** **The Company Store**™

☎ **1-800-356-9367**

Channel Down Comforters	*Colors*
☐Twin (60"x86") $69	☐Lt. Blue
☐Queen/Full (86"x86") $99	☐Beige
☐King (102"x86") $129	☐Dusty Rose

Reversible Channel Down Comforters (not pictured)	*Colors*
☐Twin (60"x86") $79	☐Lt. Blue/ Slate Blue
☐Queen/Full (86"x86") $109	☐Beige/ Caramel
☐King (102"x86") $139	

Down Pillows	*Colors*
☐Standard (20"x26") $30	☐Lt. Blue
☐Queen (20"x30") $40	☐Beige
☐King (20"x36") $55	

☎ **ORDER BY PHONE TOLL-FREE: 1-800-356-9367.** Use your M.C., Visa or Am. Exp. when ordering by phone. **OR ORDER BY MAIL:**

☐M.C. ☐Visa ☐Am. Exp. ☐Check

Acct. No.:__________ Exp. Date______

Comforters:$_____ + $_____ = $_____

Pillows:$_____ + $_____ = $_____

Ship. & Hdg. charge-$5.00 per item:$_____

TOTAL:$_____

Your signature: __________

Address: __________

City, State, Zip __________

Send to:
The Company Store, Dept. 461, 1205 S. 7th St., La Crosse, WI 54601. Guarantee: If for any reason you are not completely satisfied, please return for a **full refund. Delivery:** Immediate.

String Quartet, the church's quartet-in-residence, played a nourishing and beautiful program: Haydn's Opus 33, No. 3 (the "Bird"), Conlon Nancarrow's Quartet, and Schubert's C-Major Quintet. The hall holds about a hundred and fifty. There was an audience of eighteen. It was an intimate occasion—chamber music played as if to a handful of friends—and would have been more intimate still had the room not been plunged into near-darkness when the music began. The Columbia is an ensemble of four sensitive and accomplished young artists (Benjamin Hudson, Carol Zeavin, *Sarah Clarke, and Eric Bartlett*), each also a soloist in her or his own right, and all versed in contemporary music. To the "classics" they bring a quick, keen appreciation of motivic variations and harmonic tensions which makes their interpretations more alert and more moving than those of some celebrated, lusher-toned, less finely sentient ensembles. The Haydn was bewitching. The Nancarrow—a score that looks almost amateurish on paper—is odd and adventurous in its modes and its rhythms. For the Schubert, Rosalyn Clarke joined the quartet, as second cello. The work, one of music's miracles, cast its unfailing spell. Uncommonly eloquent in this performance were the transitions in the slow movement from E-major bliss to F-minor fret, and back again: brief bars in which time stands still; moments that, when the sounds are as poignantly placed as they were here, fill listeners' hearts and minds with mysterious awe. Sometimes, in the small chamber, the playing could with advantage have been gentler still. In the finale of the Schubert, energy turned at the close to roughness. But the spirit—fiery, "symphonic," even heroic—was right. Strange that this could ever have been found an easygoing movement. The powers of music which Handel hymned and which Mahler deployed on an epic scale are all present in the four movements of this sublime, disturbing, beautiful quintet. —ANDREW PORTER

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[From the London Observer]

Abandoned mine shafts in north Cornwall are being made safe in a £700,000 Manpower Services project, but nearly 50 unemployed workers given the job under the government-backed scheme are under strict orders not to harm the bats who live there.

Dangerous mine shafts will be capped but if bat colonies are discovered special entrances and exits will be fitted for them.

Quiet Quality

Our genteel resort is enhanced by the beauty of the landscape unique to Virginia's western shore of the Chesapeake Bay. Yachting, leisurely golf, uncrowded tennis, swimming, dancing and far more await you. For nearly four decades this family owned inn has provided acclaimed regional cuisine and pleasing accommodations complemented by gracious service. Your inquiry is invited.

THE TIDES INN

IRVINGTON, VA 22480
Box 339 804/438-5000

The Classic Caribbean Vacation

Discover the new level of luxury in the Caribbean—St. Thomas' best kept secret. And we want to keep it that way.

Discover Mahogany Run. Elegant one and two bedroom private resort villas. Some of the most spectacular vistas in the islands. The storied Fazio golf course, sophisticated dining, tennis, swimming pools, world renowned Magens Bay Beach, and the freeport shopping of historic Charlotte Amalie.

For reservations and information see your travel agent or phone (800) 524-2129, or call direct (809) 775-5000.
Telex 3470128. Or write:
Mahogany Run, P.O. Box 7517,
St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands
00801.

Mahogany Run

The LAZY 'AC' RANCH

A cattle and dude ranch owned and operated by a truly western couple, at the foot of the beautiful Grassy Mountains near Townsend, Montana. Horseback riding, chuck wagon feeds, square dancing, fishing, all day rides, cookouts, heated pool, weekly rodeos. Log cabins with private baths and fireplaces. Wholesome ranch food. Come relax, have fun on a truly western vacation.

For Brochure and information, write Arlie & Millie Craig, Box 460-N, Townsend, Montana 59644

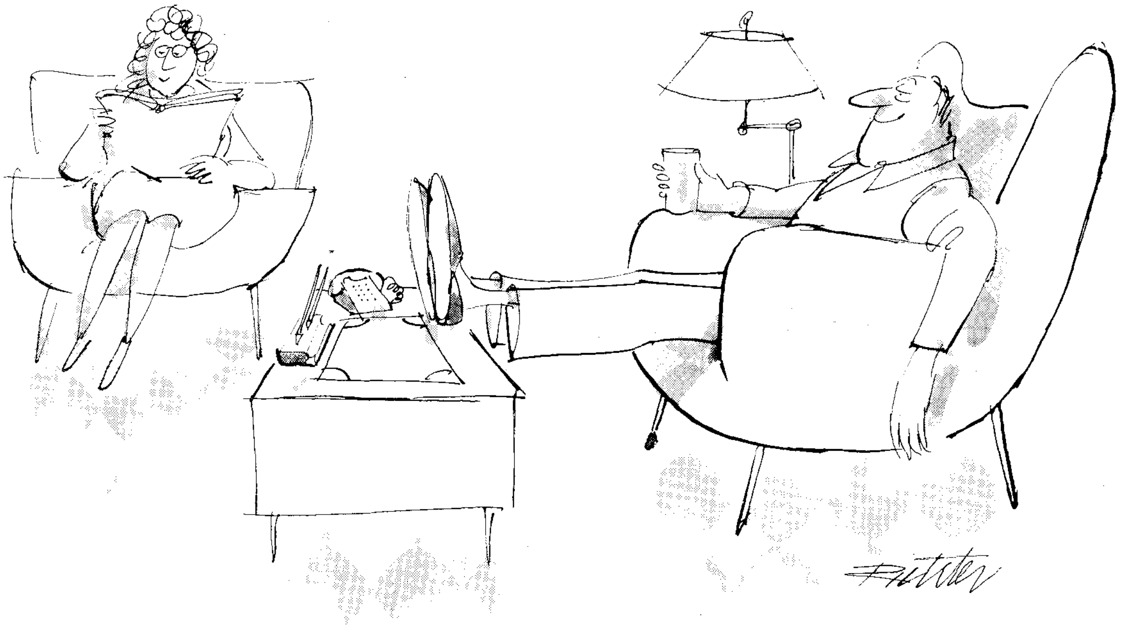
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Comedy, Epic, Sitcom

IN "The Lonely Guy," Steve Martin, thrown out by his girlfriend, falls into a subculture of Lonely Guys, and we accompany him as he enters this secret society of men who recognize each other. (It's like the closeted gay subculture of the fifties.) The fun of the movie is Martin's stumbling into this world of outcasts and his earnestness in trying to conceal the signs that he's one of "them." Martin, who can't quite believe the situation he's in, puts all his energy into finding a new girlfriend. He's only a temporary Lonely Guy, but on his first day of this new life he meets Charles Grodin, a listless, permanent Lonely Guy, who becomes his close companion. These two Manhattanites engage in a series of partly improvised dialogues that take place in Central Park and around the city. When they walk together, Martin, the dreamer, has a spring to his step; Grodin, who has stopped dreaming, drags himself along. A dumpy fellow who's losing his hair, he looks as if his brain were fogged in. He's the essence of droopiness. His shoulders are bowed down, and he seems to have sunk into his floppy pants; he might have been born holding a weighted shopping bag in each hand. Grodin creates the character out of practically nothing—out of inflections—and, with Steve Martin playing straight man to his fud, they're a manic-depressive team. They keep coming up with absurdist jokes, Martin by being desperately starry-eyed and hopeful, Grodin by his frowns—by being negative about everything. And Grodin can't be budged.

It's too bad that the secret world of the Lonely Guys isn't more fully worked out, with more contrasting species and types. Except for the Steve Martin–Charles Grodin teamwork, almost nothing carries over from one scene to the next, and most of the people in the cast are marooned, trying to look animated when they have nothing to do and nowhere to hide. The film is at its peak when Steve Martin, having found Iris (Judith Ivey), a girl with a yen for Lonely Guys, and then lost her phone number, goes up to the roof of his apartment house and despairingly howls her name. His call is like a signal; it sets off other Lonely Guys on the roofs of other tall buildings, who howl the names of their own lost loves. It's as if Martin had discovered another wrinkle in the lives of Lonely Guys, and for a minute New York City is like a gothic village of howling tomcats. There are other scenes that stand out. The first time Martin goes into a restaurant and asks for a table for one, all heads turn toward him and a spotlight follows him as the maître d' seats him. At a costume party on a cruise ship, Martin, who's dressed as Charlie Chaplin, with derby and walking stick, loses Iris to a swinger (Steve Lawrence); he turns his back to the camera and for an instant recaptures the mood of the silent clowns as he walks out of the film frame with the Chaplin lonely-little-fellow walk, twirling his stick. At home in his apartment, Martin waters his plants and talks to them while Grodin, who's visiting, reads the obits in the newspaper, looking for the names of Lonely Guys who have killed themselves. ("This one's thirty-three.") Often, the execution of a gag is crude but you can still laugh at the idea; there's a sneezing-in-bed routine that could have been a classic if it had been given more care. The movie is flimsy, though. We don't find out why Martin's girlfriend throws him out or why Iris has a soft spot for Lonely Guys, and after Grodin has defined himself as a perennial reject he acquires a last-minute womanfriend. "The Lonely Guy" is generally likable, but it makes you feel as if you were watching television. At times, you *are* watching television: celebrities such as Merv Griffin, Loni Anderson, and Dr. Joyce Brothers drop in, the idea being that their appearances are automatically good for a laugh.

Adapted from Bruce Jay Friedman's 1978 "The Lonely Guy's Book of Life," the picture was directed by Arthur Hiller, who is the opposite of a perfectionist. (His last movies were "Romantic Comedy," which started pushing up daisies in its first shots, and the ineffable "Making Love.") Watching some of the parts of this film that fizzle—the scenes with Martin at the greeting-card company where he works as a writer, or the scenes with Steve Lawrence surrounded by hordes of adoring women—I had the feeling that Hiller plows through a comedy script, shooting it diligently, right on schedule, whether the gags work or not. And then he begins the next picture. The script here—it's by Ed Weinberger and Stan Daniels, from an adaptation by Neil Simon—calls for Lonely People to jump off bridges and buildings, and the way that Hiller and his cinematographer, Victor J. Kemper, set up the shots, the stunt men and women risking their necks might as well be sacks of sawdust. Steve Martin deserves better craftsmanship and a director with some whoopee in his soul. Martin isn't just breezing through his pictures; his mind is working, his physical agility keeps your spirits high, and he comes



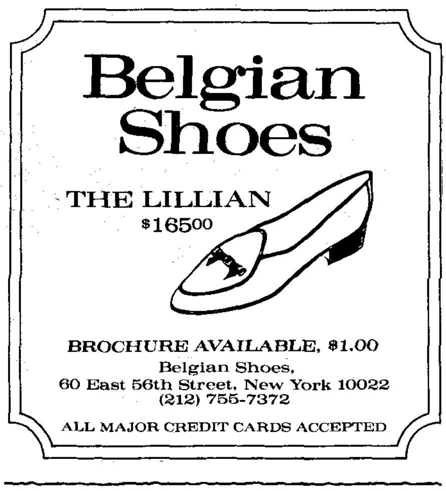
ESTATE JEWEL

FINE PLATINUM BAGUETTE AND ROUND DIAMOND BOW BROOCH BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS. $9500

YELLOW GOLD AND PLATINUM, EMERALD CUT DIAMOND (2.27 CTS.) AND TWO EMERALD CUT DIAMONDS (1.23 CTS.) RING. $13,750

SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Boston, MA 02117
(617) 266-1858


Belgian Shoes

THE LILLIAN
$16500

BROCHURE AVAILABLE, $1.00
Belgian Shoes,
60 East 56th Street, New York 10022
(212) 755-7372
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

Palm Springs' Perfect Interlude
PRIVATE POOL VILLAS
Daily • Weekly • Season
LA MANCHA private villas and court club
Call for Reservations (619) 323-1773
Outside California - (800) 854-1298

up with little refinements in the midst of broad slapstick. He has a way of pronouncing "lonely" so that the first syllable has an aching sound; you can hear the character's sympathy for the plight of the lonely. His heart goes out to these guys, and it goes out to himself.

"El Norte" is about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands, which probably hasn't changed much since pre-Columbian times, to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film was made on a short shoestring. It's an attempt at an epic, and in certain, dogged ways it *is* an epic; it's divided into three parts (set in Guatemala, Mexico, and Southern California), and it tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. But it's an epic of the independent and underfinanced film movement, which means that moviegoers have to be willing to settle for humanistic aims and considerable amateurishness. The Navas (who met at the U.C.L.A. film school) couldn't shoot the Guatemalan section in Guatemala; they faked it in Mexico, and they didn't have the art directors and craftsmen to fake it magnificently. (They rely a lot on flute sounds to suggest the isolation of a mountain village.) Their Rosa and Enrique aren't Guatemalans, either; they're Mexican actors, and Enrique shows it. But the subject ties together with our own experiences of the Hispanics we see in menial jobs, and it gets to us, no matter how naïve or crude the moviemaking is.

The film's account of the mistreatment of the Indians, who pick crops under the eyes of an armed overseer, and of the violence that erupts—in which Rosa and Enrique's parents are murdered—has a ritual inevitability about it. It's a romanticized, idyllic life of oppression, with dignity, and the slender, quietly intelligent Rosa is very beautiful in her striped woven cottons and with a large jug of water on her head. We know that we're not in the hands of a great writer-director when the father, on his way to attend the labor-organizing meeting that will result in his getting killed, pauses to tell his fully grown son the story of how the rich men took their land away from them, and the son, after being told to go home to his mother, bows and kisses his father's hand, reverently. (In their own, non-Hollywood way, the Navas are shameless.) But in this folkloric section the stilted moviemaking is somewhat offset by the suggestion of García Márquez in the slightly hallucinogenic atmosphere: in the lavender light and some magical butterflies and an apparition or two. It's pasteboard García Márquez; it's merely part of the picturesqueness of the place, but it helps.

In the Mexico section, the Navas put Rosa and Enrique through a rapid series of ordeals. With the two of them learning how to deal with the authorities, fighting for their lives with a guide who means to rob them and kill them, and then having to crawl through a rat-infested sewer pipe to get across the border between Mexico and the United States, this is actually the best—the most straightforward—moviemaking. It's also the most conventional action-movie material. When "El Norte" reaches its richest possibilities—in Los Angeles—it gets bogged down in too many incidents that illustrate the perils in the lives of illegals but don't tell us much about these particular ones. Within a matter of days, Rosa goes from carrying water on her head to trying to operate an electronic washing machine in a Beverly Hills mansion. And she has a poignant quality: she seems insecure, smaller, lost. (Now the flutes on the soundtrack are her inner voice.) But Enrique—or Ricky, as he's called in the expensive restaurant where he works as a busboy—has nothing to draw us to him except his gullibility and his eagerness to please. Since the movie doesn't deal with America's role in the oppression that is driving Guatemalans to the north, its point must be to sensitize us to what they and other illegals in our midst feel and think, yet the movie doesn't enable viewers to see deeper into Enrique than the thoughtless Anglos on the screen do. If he's suffering any spiritual distress from leaping over centuries, we aren't aware of it. He looks simple to the people in L.A., and he looks simple to us.

Rosa and Enrique are used as representative characters, and it's on that basis that we can accept their lack of individuality, but then the didactic script pulls a shift on us. Rosa, who was attacked by rats in the sewer pipe, comes down with typhus, and here's the clinker in the film: her sickness prevents Enrique from grabbing his big chance—a job as a factory foreman in Chicago, and the legal status that will come with it. The director actually shows us the plane to Chicago flying off without him, and when "El Norte" starts operating on standard dramatic-crisis tricks the good will we bring to it dwindles. We may no longer feel any compunction about admitting to ourselves that it's uninspired. The Navas want to be sure we get the great, resonant theme, and so Rosa, in her fever, with Enrique weeping at her bedside, tells us the lesson of the movie—that they are homeless at home and not accepted here. (This must come as a surprise to Ricky, who seems to have been adapting and making friends.) It *is* a great, resonant theme, though, and maybe that's why the film's ineptitude doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does.

"BLAME IT ON RIO" is about father-daughter incest, in a disguised form. It's about a forty-three-year-old father's guilt and confusion because of his affair with his best friend's fifteen-year-old daughter, who is also his own teen-age daughter's best friend. Yet it's also meant to be a rollicking romantic comedy. The forty-three-year-old father is played by Michael Caine—he was born in 1933, and this picture seems to have aged him another ten years. I think this is the first time that I've seen Caine onscreen and taken no pleasure in his performance. He manages to give his flashy, "smart" lines a reading that makes them sound humanly plausible, but the result is counterproductive. His acting comes across as overemotional; the near-incest keeps him sweating and rushing about anxiously, and you just want him to get free of this picture—which is like a splurgy, risqué episode of "The Love Boat"—and back to sanity.

The scene that the movie never recovers from comes early. Caine and his pal, Joseph Bologna—they're British and American coffee executives who operate out of São Paulo—take their daughters (Demi Moore and Michelle Johnson, respectively) for a month's holiday in Rio, where the four of them share a villa. The girls go down to the beach, and when the men go there, too, ogling the bare-breasted women, they see the backs of two beauties, who turn, and their bare-breasted daughters come bobbing over to them, laughing at their discomfort and hugging them. It's as if a Doris Day–Rock Hudson comedy of the early sixties had gone topless. The movie mixes travel-folder footage of Rio that's colorful and showy in a rather insulting way—it seems designed for an audience of tired businessmen looking for tropical kicks—with these messy erotic-parental situations. The way the ripe-to-bursting Michelle Johnson is made up, she has the lewd expression that little-girl teases of six or seven sometimes get when they smear their mouths with lipstick; the moviemakers are obviously trying to launch her as a sex goddess, and trying too hard. They've got her snaring Caine on the beach at night after a Brazilian wedding celebration (macumba, and all that); she takes out her retainer, wiggles invitingly, and commands, "Make love to me."

"Blame It on Rio" was directed by Stanley Donen, and its executive producer was Larry Gelbart, who also wrote the final script, revising Charlie Peters' earlier version. (Claude Berri's 1977 film "One Wild Moment," which has the same plot, isn't credited on the screen or in the publicity.) It's understandable that the moviemakers thought they were on to something, because they are, but it's not something they can handle in this touristy manner—and it may be that these particular moviemakers couldn't handle it in any manner. Most of "Blame It on Rio" is an attempt to squirm out from under its subject. The film goes on and on, prolonging Caine's misery. Bologna is enraged because his daughter tells him she has been having sex with an older man, but won't tell him who. He's obsessed with finding the man, and insists that his friend Caine be at his side. By the time Bologna is beating up strangers and reading his daughter's diary, the picture has degenerated into a smarmy sitcom. It oozes self-consciousness.

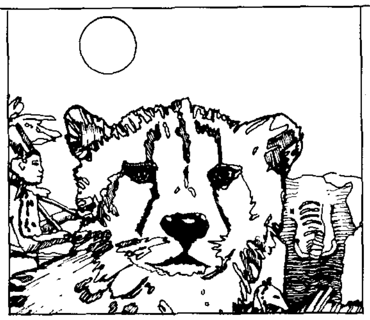
—PAULINE KAEL

•

ROARS WE DOUBT EVER GOT ROARED

[*Prince Michael of Greece in Smithsonian*]

On this day, Charlemagne entered the Basilica of St. Peter, kneeled before the high altar and sank into lengthy prayers. Minutes later the Pope tiptoed up behind him and, without warning, jammed a crown on his head. The forewarned audience roared: "To Charles August, crowned by God, Great and Peaceful Emperor of the Romans, long life and victory."



Maupintour's

Africa

UNEQUALED ADVENTURE on these high quality escorted tours. In-depth wildlife viewing, best hotels, most desired lodges, most meals, limited size. Scenic wonders, tribal lifeseeing, colonial past. Recommended to wildlife enthusiasts.

EAST AFRICA'S wildlife in the best parks of Kenya and Tanzania. Everyone has a window seat in safari vehicles. 21 days.

SOUTH AFRICA'S Johannesburg, Pretoria, Cape Town, Cape Point, the Garden Route through Plettenberg Bay, Durban, famous *Blue Train,* Kruger National Park. Zimbabwe's majestic Victoria Falls on the thrilling Flight of the Angels. 21 days.

KENYA'S wildlife in 7 reserves and national parks. See tribal dances, village life. Flightseeing for spectacular views. 19 days.

"Come join us for the Africa experience. Incredibly beautiful. Fulfilling. Unforgettable. Comfortable and easy to see."

Tom Maupin

SEND THIS COUPON. Check boxes for information about these Maupintour escorted tours.

Maupintour

quality escorted tours since 1951

Maupintour, 408 E. 50th St., New York, N.Y. 10022. Telephone 212/688-4106.

name

address

city

state/zip

nyk-afr-4

Maupintour 1984 escorted tours include:
☐ Alaska ☐ Africa ☐ Canada ☐ Orient
☐ Europe ☐ Opera/Festivals ☐ Greece
☐ South Pacific ☐ World's Fair ☐ USA
☐ Arizona ☐ Christmas ☐ Fall Foliage
☐ Hawaii Deluxe ☐ Middle East/Egypt
☐ India ☐ Morocco ☐ Oberammergau

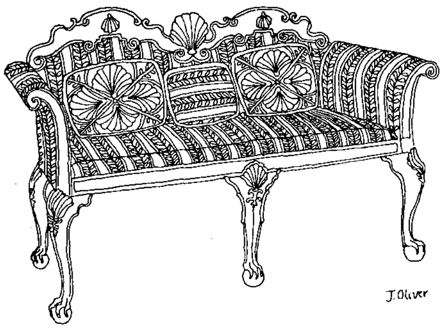
A POLITICAL JOURNAL

WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 10

FEW Presidents in history have known how to set, and hold, the stage as well as Ronald Reagan does, and thus he entered the political year—via his State of the Union Message and his opening of his reëlection campaign—with a great splash. Reagan's sense of theatre is unmatched in politics, his use of language unique, and his capacity for arrogating unto himself the symbols and values Americans hold dear—flag, family, God, patriotism, national strength—awesome. He is the master weaver of the national myths. All this was on display as he gave his State of the Union speech, on January 25th, and then, four days later, at ten-fifty-five on a Sunday evening, announced on all three television networks his decision to seek reëlection. But when the President's advisers say, as they have done publicly, that they expect the election to be a tight one they are saying what the wisest among them truly believe. All sorts of things that cannot be predicted can affect the outcome: events; the kind of campaign each candidate runs; the nature of the race itself—its own dynamics. Reagan, we know, is a tested national campaigner of superb political instincts and skills. The skills of his opponent, who the Reagan people assume will be Walter Mondale, are only beginning to come into national view. For what it's worth, the Reagan people are impressed; but the chemistry the Democratic nominee establishes with the voters cannot yet be seen. These factors aside, two things are agreed on by both sides, and seem unarguable at this point: the election is up for grabs as of now; and, because it will offer a clear choice and will be very hard-fought, it will be a big election. Moreover, no sooner had the applause for the President's opening performance died than there were new shocks to his economic and foreign policies: the collapse of his Lebanon policy and what was shaping up as a crisis over his economic policy. Some developments, on close examination, showed important things about the unusual nature of the Reagan Presidency.

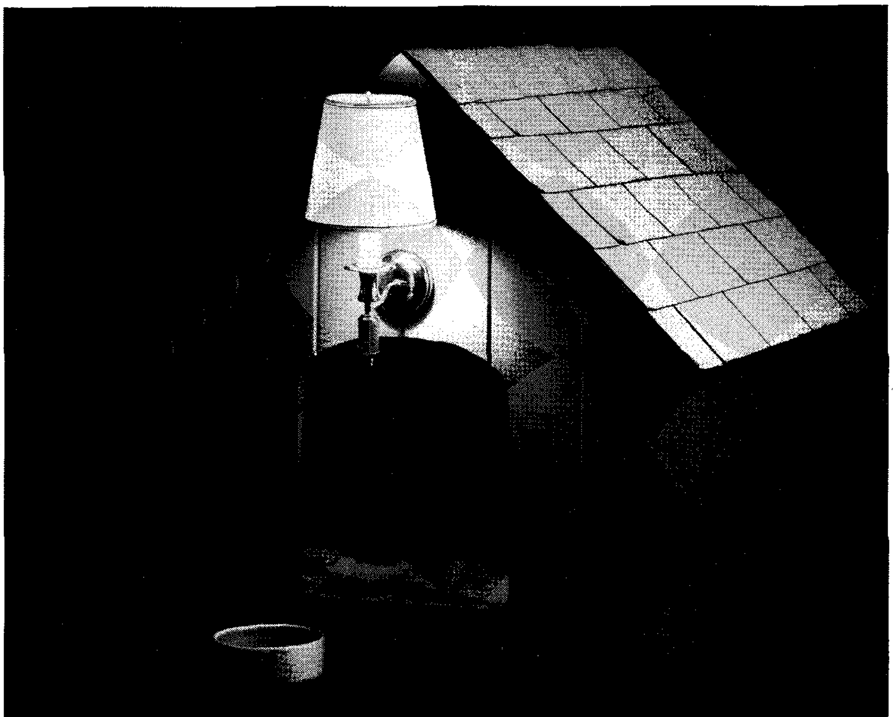
The first factor that suggests that it could be a close election and, contrary to the general assumption now, winnable by the Democrats, is the math. The nature of Reagan's landslide in 1980 is much misunderstood: Reagan did win a landslide in the electoral college, but he won only fifty-one per cent of the popular vote, and he carried many states narrowly. This time, the Reagan people, anticipating a race between Reagan and Mondale, see the possibility of a close race; in fact, they and the Mondale people see many states in the same light. Both sides see a possibility that the Democrats could carry Washington and Oregon, both of which Reagan carried in 1980. Both sides agree that the Democrats could carry Texas, which Reagan carried handily in 1980. (Black and Hispanic voting went up there substantially in 1982, and the Democrats took over the governorship.) There is some question within the Reagan camp whether the Southern states will fall as plentifully to Reagan this time. (He carried all but Georgia in 1980, and the Mondale people believe they can win several Southern states, perhaps including Florida, which Reagan carried easily in 1980, and which the Reagan people assume they will carry again.) And both sides agree that the outcome in the industrial Midwestern states is uncertain: in 1980 Reagan carried Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, but all these states are in question now. New York, which Reagan carried in 1980, is in doubt now. One Reagan adviser and a key Mondale strategist think there is even a chance Mondale could carry California. Other states that Reagan carried in 1980 are not considered automatically his this time. A critical question is whether Reagan can again win the forty to forty-five per cent of the blue-collar votes that he received in 1980. (Reagan received about eight per cent more of these votes than Ford did in 1976.) "We're facing a much bigger battleground this time," a key Reagan adviser said to me recently. "That's why I'm nervous."

The second factor that suggests it could be a close election is the size and the state of the Democratic base. The Reagan people start with the assumption that fifty-three per cent of the people identify themselves with the Democrats and thirty-five per cent with the Republicans. Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's pollster, says, "Even though the parties are weak, a person's declaring himself a Democrat or Republican is still the best predictor of how he is going to vote. There's much talk about independents. We find that when people say they are independent, and then we ask them which party they lean toward, they are stronger partisans than many of those who declare a party. We get the fifty-three-to-thirty-five split by asking the second question." Moreover, the Reagan people believe that the Democrats have been registering many more new voters than the Republicans have since 1980, and this increases their fear that they could be overwhelmed by sheer numbers in several states. And so both the Reagan-Bush '84 Committee (the President's official reëlection committee) and the Republican National Committee are now mounting substantial registration drives. (The Republican Party plans to spend an unprecedented amount on the election.) A large increase in black voting has already affected a number of elections since 1980, and is a threat to Reagan. Republicans also feel that they have to increase their registration in order to offset strenuous efforts this year by labor, women, environmentalists, and black and Hispanic groups and others to get out the vote—against Reagan. Among the groups the Reagan people have targeted for registration are fundamentalist Christians, Asians, and suburban Republicans. But the Republicans concede that their potential voters are more scattered, and harder to find, than those the Democrats are signing up. Moreover, in 1980 twenty-eight per cent of those who had voted for Carter in 1976 stayed home. Wirthlin says, "Mondale's task is to solidify the natural proclivities of Americans to vote Democratic—and that's why it's going to be a close race." The Democratic candidate could be helped by the fact that Reagan is an energizer of the Democrats. So two forces would be converging: if Mondale is nominated, it would be, as Wirthlin himself has said, with the intense support of the Democratic constituencies, which would expend a lot of energy in the general election; at the same time, Reagan will be stirring up that energy. Mondale's



Democratic rivals have, of course, been making the sorts of criticisms of him that the Republicans will cheerfully exploit, if he is the nominee, and Mondale has certain vulnerabilities—of the sort that Reagan would relish going after. But at the end of the day the most astute Republican strategists are taking nothing for granted.

The Reagan strategists' plan is to have the President be "Presidential" as long as possible, taking few political —or ostensibly political—trips, but enough to keep his campaign legs in shape. The case against the Democrats is to be carried by Vice-President George Bush and Cabinet officials and others, but, of course, little that Reagan does will be absent political considerations. Even appearing to be nonpolitical is a political act. The intention is to put Reagan on display as a strong leader—"leadership" being considered a key issue by the Reagan people. In 1980, Wirthlin says, the issue was Carter's "failed leadership." This year, he says, it will be whether people want to continue under Reagan's leadership. The Reagan campaign strategists have mapped out the year, and planned a number of steps to be taken with a view to, among other things, having Reagan dominate the agenda and the news, rather than allow the Democrats or the media to do so. Their plan also deals with the attacks that can be expected from the opposition and outlines the constituencies that have to be reached. The Reagan strategists divided their planning for the election into six stages: the period from mid-October of 1983, when the Reagan-Bush Committee was formed, through the State of the Union Message and the formal beginning of the campaign; the period of the Democratic primaries until about April 1st, when they expect it to be clear who the Democratic opponent will be; the period leading up to the Democratic Convention, in July (the President's political advisers expect his trip to China, in April, to be a very big event); the "doldrums" period between the two party conventions (when they consider it most important that the media not be allowed to set the agenda); the Republican Convention, in August, and the "afterglow" from that; and the period from Labor Day until the election, on November 6th. But they know that, for all their tidy plans, events will occur and mistakes will be made for which there is no plan. One of the most important tests



Dog gone, turn off the light.

We make sure that our lamps are lovable before they go to a proper home. That's why people have been loyal to Keystone for over 50 years.

KEYSTONE LAMPS. THEY PUT YOU AT EASE WHEREVER YOU PUT THEM.

Subsidiary of Kidde, Inc
KIDDE

For the store nearest you, write: 230 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001

From The Sir Thomas Lipton Collection

Tea for thee.

Sometimes there's nothing more welcome than a cup of tea... alone. So for those special times we've created this pretty Tea-For-Me: a 10-oz. porcelain cup, saucer and lid with charming morning glory pattern, complete with its own infuser. And just for you we've included a 1.77-oz. (22-cup) sampler of one of our fine leaf teas. $15.00

For fastest service call toll-free **1-800-526-0359**, Ext. 62.
(In New Jersey, call 1-800-932-0878, ext. 62) 7 days a week, 24 hours a day. Credit card orders only.

Please send me ______ Tea-For-Me Cup Set(s) with a 1.77-oz. sampler of leaf tea at $15.00 each, shipping and handling included. (7014S)

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Amex ☐ Visa ☐ MC

Name

Credit Card #

Address

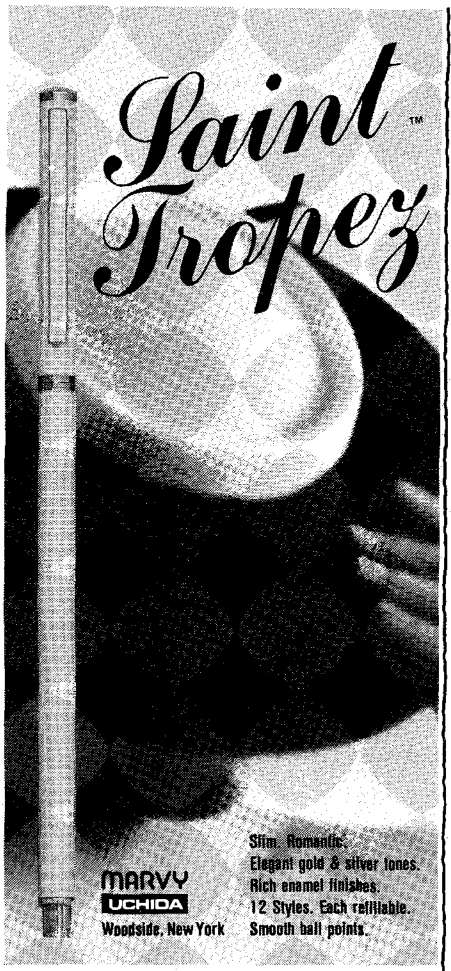
Exp. Date

City State Zip

Signature (required)

Sir Thomas Lipton's
TRADING COMPANY
P.O. Box 215
105 Oak Street, Dept. PF4E26
Norwood, NJ 07648

Offer valid only in U.S.A.



Career Discovery at Harvard

Graduate School of Design

Twelfth annual summer introduction to careers and education in the design professions

Architecture
Landscape Architecture
Urban Design and Planning
July 2 to August 10, 1984

for people sixteen and over considering career choices or changes.

Career Discovery Box N
48 Quincy Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
617/495-9340

LA JOLLA

"The Pacific Ocean is our back yard"

Traditionally, we host most of La Jolla's Distinguished Visitors!

We would be pleased to accommodate you.

hotel La Valencia

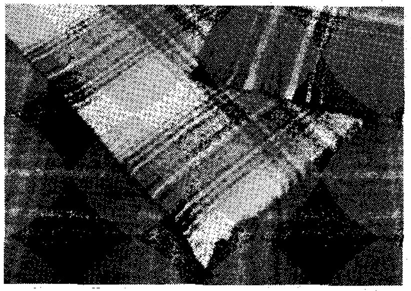
P. O. Box 1089, La Jolla, Calif. 92038
(619) 454-0771

of a campaign is its ability to recover from mistakes.

REAGAN, for all his strengths, has vulnerabilities of his own. One thing that has struck a number of people here is that while his approval ratings have gone up this does not necessarily translate into people's saying they would vote for his reëlection. Politicians, especially those who are behind in the polls, like to say that "the only poll that matters is the one on Election Day," but there is great truth to the point: Reagan was farther behind Carter at this point in 1980 than Mondale is behind Reagan; Wirthlin says that had the 1980 election occurred on October 1st, in all probability Carter would have won. The possibility of the Reagan electoral-college landslide did not appear until, at most, five days before the election—and there is debate over whether it appeared that soon.

Reagan's State of the Union Message was a revealing road map of the President's political exigencies. There were a number of things for the blue-collar workers. First, there was talk about the economic recovery. Unemployment is higher than when Reagan took office, and real interest rates (after inflation) are higher, but inflation is down—as a result of the recession—and unemployment is dropping. (Economic growth slowed in the last quarter of 1983, which was actually good news for the Administration, since the speed of the recovery increased the danger of *higher interest rates.*) Wirthlin says that blue-collar voters don't blame Reagan for the recession and give him credit for the recovery. He and other Reagan advisers say that blue-collar voters applaud Reagan's building up of America's defense, that they like his appeal to traditional values and his opposition to affirmative action and quotas—and that they simply like Reagan. Reagan's sheer lack of pomposity, Wirthlin says, is a definite political plus. Reagan has in fact created an almost mythic figure: the regular guy who has "had it up to my keister" with all the perfidies of Washington—leaks, big spending, big government. Reagan, like George Wallace before him, reaches these people through his indignation at "those bureaucrats in Washington" and his talk of the need to cut the size of government. He is seen, his advisers say, as a friendly fellow who is non-élitist, the product of a lower-middle-class Irish home. He may prefer the

Imported
WOOL THROWS



Choose one of three classic Tartan-style pure-wool throws woven by world-famous Lordelo, Portugal. Cuddly-warm and lightweight. 20% mohair and 80% virgin wool. Ideal for ski lodge, hideaway home, Spring football games, Mother's Day gift. Generous 53"x 69", fringed on two sides. Normally $80 retail, only **$49.95** prepaid post. To order, **call (213) 534-3385 COLLECT** (1-6 PM PST M-F) *or use form below:*

ICM Merchandising Corporation
3545 W. Lomita Blvd., Suite D, Torrance, CA 90505

Please Ship ________ Lordelo mohair/wool Throw(s) @ $49.95 for One, Two for $89.95.
Please indicate color pref: ☐ Off-White #1. ☐ Dk Blue #14. ☐ Heather Green #16
☐ Check Encl. Charge: ☐ VISA ☐ MC
Card No. ____________ Exp. ______
Name: ____________
Address: ____________
City ________ State ______ Zip ______
Order Now. Offer expires 3/31/84.
CA residents add applicable tax.
☐ *Add my name to mailing list for future offers.*

Peter Island offers nothing.

Certainly you can sail, scuba through ship-wrecks, ride, fish and play tennis. But you can also do nothing at all and enjoy it as never before. Peter Island is remote, beautiful, expensive and exclusive. Very good travel agents know about it.

Peter Island
Hotel and Yacht Harbour, British Virgin Islands
For res. call your travel agent or Resorts Mgt., Inc.
800 225-4255. In NY (212) 696-4566.

RATED BEST* STEAK HOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY
*By BEST BUYS Magazine Survey

THE ASSEMBLY

MORE THAN A GREAT STEAKHOUSE!
16 West 51st Street, NYC, (212) 581-3580

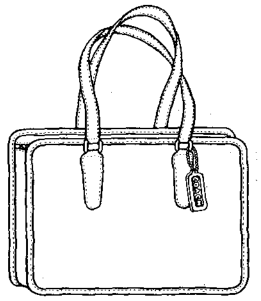
London: Town and Country
July 14–28 Specialists in art, architecture, theater, and history lead you off the beaten path. Please write for 1984 brochure.

BRATER TOURS
1507 Wells St.
Ann Arbor, MI 48104
(313) 668-8899

company of the rich (and may have received the generous backing of a number of them), but his political base has always been among the middle class and the lower middle class, whose angers and resentments, as well as patriotic and religious inclinations, he appeals to expertly. Reagan's amiability, which is genuine, is a powerful weapon. His invoking of moral values in his State of the Union speech (just as he had done in his acceptance speech in Detroit in 1980)—his citing the values of faith, family, work, neighborhood, peace, and freedom—was essentially aimed (as it was in his acceptance speech) at the blue-collar voter. His calls for certain "social" legislation—constitutional amendments to allow prayer in the schools and to prohibit most abortions—were aimed beyond his natural base, at the blue-collar voter as well. This social agenda has got nowhere since Reagan came into office, to the disappointment of some of his original followers. Now Reagan is making new efforts to reaffirm that base. The President's political advisers are concerned that the fundamentalist Christians, who gave Reagan important support in 1980, and whose voting strength can make a difference, particularly in the Southern states, may not support Reagan with sufficient intensity this year. In his brief announcement of his candidacy, he spoke of "seeing if we can't find room in our schools for God." And Reagan's first public appearance on the day after his announcement was before a convention of the National Religious Broadcasters, in Washington, in which he invoked God and the Bible numerous times. Of the Bible he said, "Within the covers of that single Book are all the answers to all the problems that face us today." He likened the issue of prohibiting abortion to the Civil War struggle to end slavery, and he said that "medical-science doctors confirm that when the lives of the unborn are snuffed out they often feel pain, pain that is long and agonizing." (The American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, representing twenty-four thousand doctors, disputes this.) He called again for prayer in the schools, and he came out against child pornography and the American Civil Liberties Union. Besides the President's own actions, another step the Reagan campaign will take to reinsure the support of the evangelical Christians is to have James Watt, the former Secretary of the Interior, make a number of appearances before them. Senator Paul Laxalt, Republican of Nevada, the President's close friend and the general chairman of the Reagan reëlection campaign, told me, "I don't know of a politician in this country more respected by the fundamentalists than Jim." (However, a poll taken for a conservative group last fall found that there is a "gender gap"—a tendency of men to support Reagan to a greater degree than women do—among fundamentalists, and that either Mondale or John Glenn would receive more support among this group than Carter did in 1980.) Watt will also be raising money for Reagan. Reagan's call in his State of the Union address for tuition tax credits was also aimed at blue-collar voters (and Hispanic voters as well), as was his call for tougher action against crime. (Edwin Meese, the White House counsellor, whom Reagan has designated as his new Attorney General, can be expected to be quite vociferous on that subject.)

ONE of the biggest potential problems facing the President is, of course, the enormous budget deficits. There has been disagreement among his advisers as to how much of a political problem the deficits pose, but not much disagreement over what the political effect would be if the deficits led to higher interest rates, a stall in the economy, or an increase in the inflation rate before the election. The President's political advisers took comfort in two aspects of the politics of the deficit issue: first, according to their polls, most people blame Congress for the size of the deficit, even though it is essentially Reagan's tax cuts and increases in defense spending that have caused the deficit to more than triple since he took office, and even though Congress has been holding down spending on "controllable" domestic programs (that is, non-entitlements); second, they figure that Reagan's opponent will be on the "wrong" side of the deficit issue—will call for more taxes. One Reagan campaign aide says, "Give me a choice between a big deficit or taxes, I'll take a deficit." But another campaign official, talking about the politics of the deficit, says, "It's not that easy. If the economy goes flat or interest rates go up, it's the deficit that could destroy our house." In the State of the Union speech, the President made a number of passes at the deficit without actually confronting it. He shook his rhetoric at it. ("We might well begin with common

COACH
LEATHERWARE



Nº 9665
Marketing Tote $160

This open-top Glove Leather tote has two inside compartments with zipper closures.

We make it in: *Black, British Tan, Burgundy, Mocha and Tabac.*

You can choose one at any of our stores or have us ship it to you from our factory at no extra cost.

May we send you our catalogue?

The Coach® Store
754-N Madison Ave., New York City 10021
(212) 594-1581

COMFY COTTON

Beige Floral Bow Tie Chemise

Flattering, long torso tucks, soft bow tie, side seam pockets and self tie belt. Below knee length. Smart leafy design in white on beige. 100% cotton. Gently machine wash cool.
Sizes P-S-M-L . . $74.95
Plus $4.00 for shipping.

J. JILL LTD. Write for color catalog.

Dept. N220
Stockbridge Rd.
Gt. Barrington, MA 01230

Who Will Paint Your Portrait?

We represent today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors. Visit our exhibition gallery and commission the artist of your choice or send $1 for our new color brochure.

PORTRAITS, INC.
985 Park Avenue, New York, 10028
(212) 879-5560

sense in federal budgeting: Government spending no more than government takes in." "We can begin by limiting the size and scope of government." "A pattern of overspending has been in place for half a century.") He ruled out raising taxes. One of Reagan's most impressive skills is his ability to cast an issue his way—stating a proposition that seems unarguable, or posing a question to which there seems only one obvious answer. In his speech, he said, "Whether government borrows or increases taxes, it will be taking the same amount of money from the private sector." As a statement of fact, this is correct. (It is a simplification of something the economist Milton Friedman has been saying.) But Reagan's implication is that it does not matter whether the deficit is paid for by taxes or by borrowing. This raises the question of why there should be any taxes at all, and overlooks the matter of the interest that must be paid on the debt, and the many consequences of the high interest rates that result from running such a large deficit. But Reagan's line may have been more than just a rhetorical turn. In White House meetings, he says that paying interest on the deficit doesn't matter, since we pay it to ourselves. (In fact, his own Economic Report of this year points out that forty per cent of the interest goes to foreigners who have invested in this country because of the strong dollar and the high interest rates. Moreover, the debt diminishes private investment, thus shrinking the economy over the long term; it hurts exports—the United States is now running the highest trade deficit in history; it leads to the risk of inflation or an overly restrictive monetary policy; and it could, of course, cause a crisis of confidence in the financial markets.) That crisis may have already begun. The Dow Jones industrial average has dropped ninety-four points in the three weeks since Congress returned; the reason most often cited has been fear that the deficit would not be substantially reduced. Why this possibility was news to the stock market is a mystery.

There is actually a large question of how much Reagan understands about economic policy, as there is about his understanding of other areas, such as arms control and foreign policy. According to people within the Administration who have reason to know how the President thinks, he does not understand or accept the figures that his economic advisers present to him. It is not, according to these sources, that Reagan is wrestling with competing goods; he isn't wrestling at all—he dismisses the idea that there is a problem. He often asserts that the deficit was there when he came to office, and refuses to recognize that there is a significant difference between a sixty-billion-dollar deficit (the size of Carter's last deficit) and a hundred-and-eighty-billion-dollar deficit (which the Reagan Administration projects for the next several fiscal years)—a difference that most of his economic advisers, and a great many other people, do recognize. Even the hundred-and-eighty-billion figure is optimistic; the Congressional Budget Office, which is politically independent, says that the deficits for this year and future years are a good bit higher than the Reagan Administration predicts, and will reach over three hundred billion by fiscal 1989. Among other things, the Reagan budget is based on optimistic, not to say unrealistic, assumptions: about strong, sustained economic growth over the next four years, and about interest rates and inflation. At that, the interest on the debt for fiscal 1985 is estimated by the Administration at a hundred and sixteen billion. The President is wont to say to his advisers that the Democrats created the deficit, we hoped it would go away, and it didn't—and leave it at that. When Reagan's economic advisers show him the charts indicating how the deficits have grown during his Presidency, it does no good. He believes that the size of the deficit is being exaggerated, because he assumes that economic growth will continue; he does not appear to absorb the fact that the calculation of the size of the deficit already assumes strong economic growth—though this has been explained to him many times. Thus, there is a certain routine to White House conversations on this subject. Reagan assumes that since some economic projections have been wrong—the strength of the recovery was generally underestimated—all economic predictions are probably wrong, and he is not interested in hearing uncongenial news. Moreover, he does have his own ideas, gleaned from his reading and stories he has heard, about the nature of the problem. The anecdotes for which he is famous are not arguing points; they represent his thinking.

Save $10.00 when you treat yourself to our
VERMONT
Cob-Smoked Ham

—and get our Smoked Bacon and Aged Cheddar Sampler FREE
We smoke our Hams and Bacon over slow fires of corncob and maple, the way we've been doing it in Vermont for over 100 years. The flavor is beyond compare—so much better than hickory smoked.
We'd like to send you a 6-lb. Cob-Smoked Ham (serves 6 to 8) at our one-to-a-customer Introductory Price of **only $19.95** plus $3.00 postage and handling—**a $33.25 value; you save over $10.00.** Satisfaction guaranteed.

FREE
Order now, and we'll include 12 oz. of our cob-smoked Bacon PLUS a half-pound of our special Aged Cheddar—both FREE.
HARRINGTONS
5022-4 Main St., Richmond, Vermont 05477
Send 6 lb. COB-SMOKED HALF HAM at special Introductory Price of only $19.95 plus $3 postage and handling. Include my FREE GIFT of smoked Bacon and Aged Cheddar. (Limit 1 order per Customer) 7735
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Charge my ( ) MasterCard ( ) VISA ( ) American Express acct. (include card no. and exp. date). Offer expires June 30, 1984.
Name ____________
Address ____________
____________ Zip ______
Phone Orders: (802) 434-4444

RAMPANT LION TIE
The Rampant Lion has been the emblem of Scotland since the time of independence under William the Lion. Polyester.
No. 2156 $10.00
State color - red on navy or gold on maroon
Add $1.00 for shipping.
Check, Mastercard or Visa
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send for our unique catalog.
Visit our Seattle store at 1525 N.W. Ballard Way
David Morgan
Box 70190 Seattle, WA 98107
Telephone (206) 282-3300

THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624
San Francisco's favorite
small hotel. Warm country inn charm. Superb Union Square location. Continental breakfast included.
Our new Post Street Bar & Cafe is now open.
THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109
Toll Free: 800-227-4742
In Calif: 800-622-0557
Operated by the Andrews Family *Brochure Available*

For example, the President apparently picked up somewhere that if one added up the cost of all federal programs to help people and divided it by the number of poor people it would come to each person's getting well over thirty thousand dollars. The problem is that of the programs that go into the total that is divided up only a small portion actually goes to poor people. (The figure includes Social Security, unemployment insurance, Medicare, and federal retirement benefits.) But the President cannot be dissuaded of his thought. And, it seems, as long as he has his own idea of what the problem is and the way to solve it—his own explanation of the problem—he can dismiss the solutions that his advisers suggest. But then, apparently, he doesn't press his aides to come up with a program that fits his idea of the problem—he just goes on to the next subject. So the President's approach to the economy has not just proceeded from his well-known aversion to taxes; it is that he thinks there is another solution. More than one observer has noted that the President proceeds with an extraordinary detachment from his institutional role and the authority he has; he will rule out what advisers suggest that he do if he finds it unpleasant, but then does not use his office to get them to do something else—or even to carry out what he thinks, on whatever basis, can be done. A responsible foreign-policy figure has told me that when he meets with Reagan he finds him disconcertingly disengaged. I have heard more than one government official use the word "notion" to describe the President's thoughts: he has a notion about this, a notion about that—the clear implication being that these thoughts are not firmly based on fact but are firmly fixed in the President's mind.

Thus, the Administration came up with a budget that is wildly, perhaps dangerously, out of balance not because the President has a canny long-range strategy but because he does not accept that there is a real problem. (When Reagan ran for office, he pledged a balanced budget by fiscal 1983, and when he came to office and presented his supply-side tax-cut plan he said that the budget would be balanced by fiscal 1984.) He is said to assume that the deficit can be dealt with in the future by further attacks on "waste" and "overhead." David Stockman, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, and Martin Feldstein, the chairman of the Council

THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM

"How clever of you to bring me here before the theatre."

"More champagne to go with the blini and caviar?"

"If you insist, but would you do something special for me?"

"Anything."

"Can we come back later for supper?"

"Of course!"

"Darling! I could kiss you!"

"Quick, waiter, more champagne!"

The Russian Tea Room
150 West 57th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019
[212] 265-0947

RTR

SPANISH ZERO

A BERLITZ® LANGUAGE COURSE in a handsome briefcase for only $125

Just dreaming about that next trip? Waste no time.... travel with Berlitz!

When you first set foot in the country you're going to, don't regret that you *might* have learned scores of words and phrases before you left. *Know* them before you arrive—and be able to improve your fluency while you're there—with this Berlitz course in a brief case you can take with you! Course includes 90-minute "how to" tape, 40 lessons on five 60-minute cassettes, handy rotary verb-finder and six illustrated manuals. Don't get frustrated trying to find the word you want in a dictionary. *Know it.* And be better able to shop and win the respect of the people whose country you visit.

☎

For your convenience on credit card orders dial toll-free
1-800-228-2028 ext. 35
and refer to Dept. 3477
24 hours a day,
7 days a week.

Why not give us a ring—right now! (our expense)

(Nebraska residents dial 402-571-4900)

Berlitz Publications, Dept. 3477
3490 Lawson Blvd., Oceanside, NY 11572

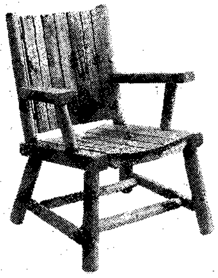
Send **Berlitz Comprehensive Cassette Course(s)** checked. $125 each in briefcase plus $4 for shipping and insured delivery.

☐ **French** 86100 ☐ **German** 86101 ☐ **Italian** 86102 ☐ **Spanish** 86103

Enclosed check ______ money order ______ payable to Berlitz.
Or charge my AMEX ______ Diners Club ______ VISA ______
MasterCard Interbank # ______ Exp. Date ______
Card # ______ Exp. Date ______
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

N.Y. residents add sales tax. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

Send for Walpole Woodworkers' 1984 Outdoor Cedar Furniture Catalog



$1

Handcrafted in the classic New England tradition with the enduring beauty of natural cedar. Just one selection from our fine quality, rustic cedar furniture collection.

KENNEBEC CHAIR
$74.95
Money-back Guarantee

767 East St., Dept. N2AC-84, Walpole MA 02081
Toll Free (800) 343-6948, Mass., Alaska
and Hawaii residents call (617) 668-2800

☐ **SEND ME FOR $1 THE CEDAR FURNITURE CATALOG** (free with order)
☐ **SEND ME THE KENNEBEC CHAIR FOR $74.95** (plus shipping)
☐ Check/MO ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA
☐ American Express

Shipped partially assembled; easy to complete. No C.O.D's Add 10% for UPS shipping except Alaska and Hawaii. Mass. residents add 5% Sales Tax.

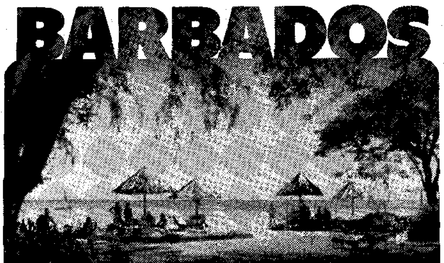
Card # ____________________
Expires ____________________
Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________________ ZIP ________

WalpoleWoodworkers®

Be a guest in our
twenty exquisite manor houses,
stately homes and castles
throughout
England, Scotland and Wales

The Heritage Circle

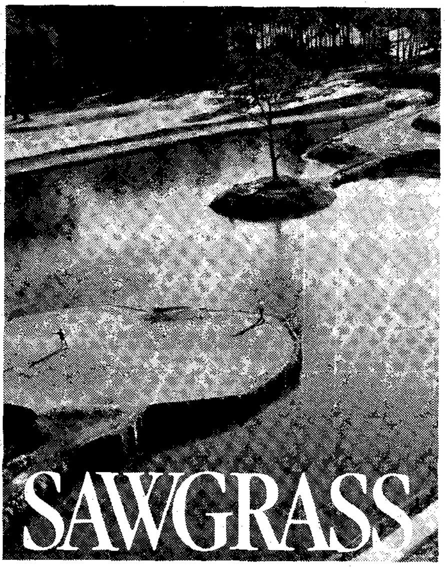
See your Travel Agent or contact:
FIRST RESORT CORPORATION
200 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10016
Toll Free: (800) 235-3505 New York State and Outside
Continental U.S. (212) 689-3048 / Telex: 422123



BARBADOS BEST – On Barbados Best Beach
CORAL REEF CLUB & SANDPIPER INN
Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Phone 212-535-2445 • 800-223-1108
315 E. 72nd St., NYC 10021

of Economic Advisers, proposed for this year a seven-and-a-half-per-cent surtax on individuals and corporations. But James Baker, the White House Chief of Staff, and Richard Darman, deputy to the Chief of Staff, who had earlier backed moves to get the President to raise taxes, knew that he would not agree, and did not fight for the proposition. A contingency tax—contingent on Congress's making certain budget cuts—was considered but was not agreed to, either. (Last year, the Administration proposed such a tax but did not push it, and Congress did not approve it.) Some thought was given to having the President offer a sweeping tax reform, coupled with some sort of flat tax, or a consumption tax, but this, too, would have dodged the question, for such a sweeping change would take a long time to pass and implement. (When, in his State of the Union speech, the President said that he had asked for a study to be made of a simplified tax code and a broader-based tax, and that it be presented to him in December—after the election—Democrats laughed.)

DESPITE the President's belief that the deficit problem was being overblown, he did agree, on the morning he was to give his speech, to a proposition that he ask Congress to join him in negotiations to find a way to reduce the deficit by a hundred billion dollars over the next three years, as a "down payment." The idea had been floating around the White House for about ten days, and by all reports came to fruition because Donald Regan, the Treasury Secretary, who had been standing with the President in his refusal to make any serious move to raise taxes, became worried that the Administration would go before the country in an implausible position. (The idea of a bipartisan commission to deal with the budget had been floated by the White House, to predictable catcalls. The commission idea had been used up, and to propose one would be an obvious dodge.) The President apparently finally accepted the idea of the negotiation for a "down payment" because he felt that even though the Democrats had started the deficit the press and others might blame him for it and he had better make some move. The move he did make was a deft one. In one stroke, he diminished his own vulnerability on the deficit issue and increased that of the Democrats. If they didn't cooper-



The course the TPC® calls home.

Play the PGA TOUR™ Tournament Players Club™ course, home of the Tournament Players Championship.® Plus, 36 more holes of championship golf at Sawgrass. We also have tennis, fishing, swimming, horseback riding, fine dining, luxurious accommodations and an unspoiled beach. All just 20 miles south of Jacksonville.

For more information, call 1-800-874-7547. Or write: P.O. Box 600 Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida 32082.

Sawgrass
An Arvida Resort Community

Siambelli
50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE

Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner

46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
American Express Card

HOST TO GREAT AMERICANS SINCE 1716

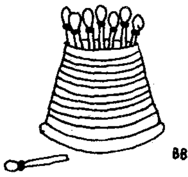
Gracious hospitality amidst the sights and sounds of our nation's birth. 60 rooms with all modern comforts. Great food and spirits. Write for brochure.

The Colonial Inn
on the Green Dept N Concord, MA 01742
(617) 369-9200
Operated by the Grimes Family

CANADA BY RAFT!

Down virgin rivers in mountains of British Columbia. Untouched wilderness. Sparkling Chilcotin and mighty Fraser. Cruise up coastal fjord, fly over glaciers of Coast Range plus 240 thrilling yet safe miles by raft through cleanest, most magnificent scenery on this Continent. Price $1450; 11 days ALL incl. from Vancouver. **J.H. MIKES CANADIAN RIVER EXPEDITIONS, 845 CHILCO ST., VANCOUVER, B.C. 604/683/5005.**

ate, or if the negotiations fell through, they would be blamed. The Democrats, having been through a similar, unsuccessful exercise in 1982, were, to say the least, wary—and were also resentful that the President, with this one maneuver, had made their position so awkward. So when the President talks in honeyed tones about bipartisanship, as he did in his State of the Union speech, the Democrats are, from experience, on guard. They know that Reagan is preparing the way to turn around and zap them. Reagan is a maestro of the politics of blame.



Reagan's aides have been quite forthright about the fact that the Administration has little interest in offering politically controversial proposals to cut spending in an election year. Thus, the budget, which the President submitted to Congress a week after his State of the Union Message, proposed fewer cuts in domestic programs than in the past, but, once again, many of them involved programs for the poor, and several of them had been rejected by Congress in the past; and it suggested some changes in the tax code that would amount to $7.9 billion in new revenues. Several of the more controversial proposals for domestic cuts the Administration had been considering were toned down or withdrawn. (A proposal to reduce Medicare benefits for most recipients, which was leaked to the press earlier this year, to poor reviews from members of both parties, was considerably moderated.) The politics of the situation had taken over the budget process. Most of the "easy" (politically easy) cuts had been made—in programs affecting the poor. Neither Republicans nor Democrats had the heart to go much farther there. This left programs for the middle class, defense, and taxes as areas for reducing the deficit. An Administration official said to me after the budget was submitted, "It's the classic embodiment of the free lunch. We can have our tax cut; we can have our defense spending; we can avoid inflicting pain on the electorate. We can blame the past and say that everything will be better after the election. It's pretty irresponsible." The Administration's budget proposed a growth in defense spending of thirteen per cent after inflation. If Reagan's new defense budget is approved, the growth in defense spending will total sixty per cent, after inflation, since the Reagan Administration took office. (About ten to fifteen billion dollars of the three hundred and five billion now being asked for defense is padding—put in in the knowledge that Congress will make cuts. This is a tradition.) Moreover, most of the things that are now driving up the costs of defense—new weapons systems, a vastly enlarged Navy—have already been approved. The defense budget, then, is on automatic pilot within the Administration. Stockman, who used to fight to reduce it, has largely given up. There has, in fact, not been a serious discussion of the defense budget within the Administration since the summer of 1981 (following passage of the large tax-cut bill), when Stockman argued that if the defense budget wasn't reduced and other things weren't done the deficit would reach the awful level of eighty-five billion dollars.

The hundred-billion-dollar "down payment" over three years which the President called for does not seriously address the deficit problem: assuming that the Congressional Budget Office's prediction that the deficit will be over three hundred billion by fiscal 1989 is correct, reasonable people believe that the deficit needs to be reduced by a hundred billion to a hundred and fifty billion dollars *per year*. Some of the savings, the President and his aides said, could be found in the "less contentious spending cuts" that the President had proposed in the past but Congress had not approved; but this is a contradiction in terms. And some savings, they said, could be found in minor changes in the tax law; many of these proposals, too, have been beaten back before by the interested parties. The Administration's ideas of how to save a hundred billion dollars involve some mirrors: some of the savings are already included in the budget, and are therefore being counted twice. The Administration has been ambiguous about from what baseline the saving of a hundred billion dollars begins, and there are different ideas about this within the Administration. And part of the saving, the President and his aides said, could be made by enacting some of the proposals made by a commission headed by J. Peter Grace, the businessman. The Grace Commission report—actually a series of forty-seven reports, containing nearly twenty-five hundred recommendations—cites a number of savings that in a nonpolitical world might make sense. (Some of the potential savings here, according to

Everything You Have Heard is True.

This may well be the finest hotel in the New World.
Boston Globe

The staff is among the best trained in the country.
New York Post

L'Ermitage is the Nation's best.
Dallas Times-Herald

L'Ermitage has been recognized with more than praise...it is one of only three hotels to be the recipient of both the Mobil Travel Guide's Five Star and AAA Five Diamond awards and it is the only hotel on the West Coast to be so honored.

L'ERMITAGE
hôtel de grande classe
BEVERLY HILLS
(800) 282-4818 in California
(800) 421-4306 Nationwide

The call of the Tetons

A unique lodge under the towering crags of Wyoming's Grand Tetons offers you true luxury, great food, fine service and all the creature comforts while you enjoy wildlife, nature and great outdoor adventures in the Grand Teton National Park.

JENNY LAKE LODGE
OPEN JUNE 9 TO SEPT. 9
Grand Teton Lodge Co., Dept. T. Reservations Office, P.O. Box 240, Moran, Wyoming 83013. **A Rockresort.**

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. In summer when it is warm there is swimming, fishing and boating. And in winter, quite the other way, ice skating, a bit of skiing, a quiet winter walk along the old canal towpath . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

DRESS FOR SUCCESS... FOR LESS.

Send for free catalog of fine classic clothing at eye-opening savings.

Shop conveniently from our 88-page catalog for men and women. It's brimming with classic clothing and accessories. Everything is priced far below most fine stores, and your satisfaction is unconditionally guaranteed.

JoS. A. Bank® Clothiers
Manufacturers and Merchants
28 Light Street/Baltimore, Maryland 21202
(301) 837-8838

Please send free catalog to:
Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______
© 1984 BFC

CALLAWAY GARDENS RESORT
Private Villas for a luxurious vacation just south of Atlanta.
Superb golf, tennis, fine dining.
The difference is outstanding.
Call Ms. M. Dunn for reservations 800 282-8181
Callaway Gardens®
Pine Mountain, GA 31822-9800
A Mobil Four-Star/AAA Four-Diamond Resort

SWITZERLAND
AS THE SWISS LOVE IT
Nestled in a luxurious valley of the Vaud Alps near Gstaad in the village of Rougemont, which has preserved its centuries old charm and quaint character. 36 rooms and six suites in a first-class hotel built in 1982.
Hotel Caprice
Rougemont, Switzerland
See your Travel Agent or call
RSI Reservation Systems Inc. 212-661-4540

FRAMING is a fine art in itself. We offer the finest French line mats and custom frames. Let us advise you.
WUNDERLICH·&·CO·INC·
41 East 57th Street, Seventh Floor
New York, New York 10022/(212) 838-2555

a number of authorities, are inflated.) But the Grace Commission report was quite unwelcome in Washington. A Senate Republican leadership aide described it to me as "a bunch of hooey," and Stockman is known to view it dubiously. Still, the Grace Commission provides the President with more artillery for his rhetorical battle against government spending.

The Democrats, predictably, huffed and puffed after the President made his proposal for a negotiation on a "down payment," and they were seriously divided about what to do. But that they would have to coöperate was never really in question. A number of Republicans—especially senators up for reelection this year—were relieved at the President's proposal. They want to appear "responsible" about the deficit but don't want to take any action that might not sit well with the voters. Many Republicans feel that the deficit is more of a current political issue than the President's advisers do; they see farmers, exporters, and businesses that compete with imports all being hurt, and say that bankers and realtors are becoming alarmed. There was, however, one big political flaw in the President's budget moves: Reagan left himself open to all manner of charges by Democrats about the terrible things he will do to reduce the budget if he is reëlected.

In the days immediately following the issuing of the budget, Administration officials provided some nice comedy: Stockman told a congressional committee that the government was "in the same position of many companies on the eve of chapter eleven;" Feldstein told reporters that "the budget is not what we want to see happen in [fiscal] 1985;" and Regan told a congressional committee that Congress might as well "throw away" the economic report prepared by Feldstein's advisers and issued on February 2nd, which, reflecting Feldstein's more orthodox conservative economic views, took a more dire view of the effect of the high deficits than did Regan, whose department houses the last of the supply-siders in the government, and who prefers to ally himself with the President. The argument between Regan and Feldstein was a continuation of one that had been going on for months, now intensified by the embarrassing budget. A political adviser to the President fretted to me that the row might not reflect well on the President's "leadership." Then Paul Volcker, the chairman of the Feder-

One of America's Truly Great Inns

World class service in the Virginia hunt country.
- 175 Guest Rooms
- Three Dining Rooms
- Year Round Tennis

THE BOAR'S HEAD INN
For reservations or a color brochure write to: Dept. N.Y., P.O. Box 5185
Charlottesville, Va. 22905 (804) 296-2181

One of Bermuda's finest cottage colonies on 18 acres of gardens in glorious settings. Privacy, seclusion and fun of life are combined with comfort, luxury and sophistication. 1800' ocean front contains two private beaches with natural pink sand. Tennis. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our Club House with its superb seascape; luncheon at the Pool Terrace.
PINK BEACH CLUB AND COTTAGES TUCKER'S TOWN BERMUDA
A Celebrated Country Hotel.
See your travel agent or David B. Mitchell.
200 Madison Ave. N.Y.C. 10016. 212-696-1323.

Dromoland Castle & Clare Inn Ireland's Finest
A Luxurious Castle and a charming Inn just 8 miles from Shannon Airport.
Brochures and Reservations McDonough Hotels, Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare.
Phone (061) 71144. Telex: 26854. Free Toll 800 624 1921.

LA RÉCOLTE
RECOMMENDED BY "GOURMET" AND "TOWN & COUNTRY"
110 E. 49th St., East of Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 212-421-4389.

al Reserve Board, told Congress that the deficits were threatening economic growth and the stability of domestic and international financial markets, and even Regan said that the deficits could bring on another recession. Volcker was both stating a truth and somewhat reacting to the slide in the stock market, and Regan was reacting to Wall Street. And, in the way these things seem to work, Wall Street, in turn, reacted to what Volcker and Regan said, and slid further.

In his State of the Union speech, the President, without any apparent embarrassment, renewed his call, first made in 1982, for a constitutional amendment "mandating a balanced federal budget." He also asked for a constitutional amendment that would permit him to veto a single item in an appropriation bill (the "line-item veto"), rather than have to veto the entire bill if some part of it displeased him. This, too, was a symbolic proposal, since the great proportion of the budget—defense, entitlements (Social Security, Medicare, pensions, and other programs for which payments are mandated by law), and interest on the debt—would be off-limits. Moreover, it would bring about a change in the institutional balance of power which gives members of both parties pause. (It is interesting that Reagan, a conservative, has endorsed four amendments to the Constitution: on abortion, school prayer, the balanced budget, and the line-item veto.)

REAGAN'S other great political vulnerability is, of course, his conduct of foreign policy. As of late, it has been the one that has worried his advisers most. Their cluster of concerns has included the low state of affairs between the United States and the Soviet Union, and the lack of any progress—and, at this point, even negotiations—on arms control; Lebanon; and Central America. Beyond all this, the President's advisers are aware that his handling of foreign affairs has hurt him politically, and that the Democrats will try to make the case that he prefers the use of force to negotiation, and will question his competence in managing foreign policy. So in his State of the Union speech the President laid great stress on his quest for peace, just as nine days earlier he had made a televised address in which he struck a more conciliatory tone toward the Soviet Union than he had used in the past. Many people around the President do not believe that an

Experience the living art of Haiti... and the fine art of living, at the Hotel Splendid.

Yours. All the elegance and attentive service of a bygone era, in the turn-of-the-century mansion that is the Hotel Splendid. Where an old-world lifestyle (which includes live classical music at dinnertime) is enhanced by every modern comfort—including a swimming pool set in a tropic Eden.

We're just a short walk from one of the foremost collections of Haitian art anywhere, and the galleries and shops of Port au Prince are nearby too. Within easy driving distance are villages untouched by time. Awesome mountain views. Exquisite secluded beaches. Everywhere, natural beauty such as nowhere else on earth.

Come. Gratify your mind as well as your senses. Discover all that is magical and compelling about Haiti's fascinating Afro-European culture, so different from the rest of the Caribbean—unique as the Hotel Splendid!

American Airlines can take you there every day of the week.

Member of Relais et Chateaux.

Hotel Splendid
PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI

American

For information and reservations, see your travel agent.
Or call Toll-Free **(800) 223-1588** • In New York State **(212) 661-4540.**

On Sale!

Silk Turtlenecks!

$29.95 ea. in quantities of 2 or more

2 or more for $29.95 each
1 for $32.50
Price guaranteed through April 30, 1984.

For skiing, hiking, bicycling, riding, golf... or just dressing well on weekends. Enjoy the luxurious comfort of 100% pure knitted silk, the king of natural fibers. Silk is lighter, stronger, softer and warmer than any natural fiber. Our rich Wintersilks™ fabric is warm in cold weather when worn under an outer garment, and cool in summer when worn alone. Silk breathes, is not bulky and is easy to care for. Just hand or machine wash, like wool. Dries overnight at room temperature. Ideal for apres-ski, and for travelers who like to dress up but travel light. Men's/Ladies' S-XL unisex sizes in Navy, Red, or Champagne. Orders shipped within 72 business hours. *Order today!*

Call toll-free: 1-800-356-5310 Ext. 652
Alaska, Hawaii or Wisconsin: 1-608-241-2225

Guarantee: If not fully satisfied, return in as-new condition within 30 days of our shipping date for exchange, credit or refund of item purchase price (S & H charge not refundable). Sorry, we do not accept C.O.D. packages.

Quantity	Size	Color	Description	Price Each	Total
			Men's/Ladies' Silk Turtleneck (Navy, Red or Champagne)	$29.95/$32.50	
			Silk Aviator Scarf (Red or Champagne—not shown)	$22.50	
			Shipping and Handling		$3.25
			5% Tax for Wis. Addresses		
			Total Enclosed		

☐ Check ☐ Visa ☐ Master Card ☐ Amer. Exp.
Card No. ____
We ship UPS whenever possible. Be sure to give your complete street address.
Exp. ____
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

The White Pine Company 2038 Pennsylvania Ave., Dept. D49, Madison, WI 53704

REI
Quality Outdoor Gear and Clothing
Since 1938

Free
REI Spring
Catalog

Bring the outdoors right to your door! REI offers one of the largest selections of outdoor equipment, clothing, and accessories competitively priced, to send you on any pursuit. **We guarantee satisfaction or your money back.**

☐ Please send me a FREE color catalog.
☐ YES! I want to become an REI member. Enclosed is $5.00.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State __________ **ZIP** __________

Call toll free: **1-800-426-4840.**
WA State: **1-800-562-4894.**
Toll call Canada, AK and HI: 1-206-575-3287.

REI, P.O. Box C-88127, Seattle, WA 98188
84NY220

CAMBRIDGE
BEACHES

(The Original
Cottage Colony)

IS
BERMUDA

See your Travel Agent or
RSI Reservation Systems Inc.
6 East 46th Street
New York, N.Y. 10017
N.Y.State 212-661-4540
Toll Free 800-223-1588 (Nationwide)

Sleep better *naturally*
REDUCE NOISE
Flents®
Since 1927
EAR STOPPLES
At most drugstores. Send for free mail order catalog.
Flents Inc., Dept. N, Box 2109, Norwalk, Ct 06852

arms-control agreement will be reached this year (if one were, his political advisers believe, he would be nearly impossible to beat), in large part because some important people in the President’s bureaucracy don’t want an agreement. Some Administration members who do favor arms control worked very hard to play down the Administration’s report, issued in mid-January, of alleged Soviet violations of arms-control agreements. They saw the report as an effort by some members of the bureaucracy to wreck arms control. Some of the alleged violations are ambiguous, and there is a strong difference of opinion within the Administration about their seriousness; in previous Administrations, complaints about violations were dealt with quietly, through an established international mechanism. Moreover, the subject of compliance is a highly technical one, understood by few within the government. I am told that Caspar Weinberger, the Secretary of Defense, frequently tells the President that “the Soviets are cheating on the treaties we have with them, as you know.” This is something that the President is quite inclined to believe. Some of the President’s advisers, and particularly his political advisers, now say that if an arms-control agreement is not reached this year it will be because the Soviets want to see Reagan defeated. The death of Soviet leader Yuri Andropov, on February 9th, added a new element to the speculation, but in fact Andropov had been quite ill for months, and it is generally believed that others had been making policy decisions; a lot of history has already gone into the United States–Soviet relationship, but perhaps Reagan can now attribute any lack of progress to the change in Soviet leadership. One political adviser said to me recently that the Soviet Union undoubtedly assumes that it can get a better deal from Mondale; when I asked him if this argument would be used in the campaign, he just smiled. Another adviser said simply, “The President will blame everything on the Russians and the Democrats.”

The President was apparently of the view that the less said about Lebanon in his State of the Union speech the better, so he gave it brief mention. He did say that “there is hope for a free, independent and sovereign Lebanon,” and that “we must not be driven from our objectives for peace in Lebanon by state-sponsored terrorism.” But even as he spoke, support for the President’s policy was diminishing among both parties and within his own Administration, and the situation in Lebanon was deteriorating. As it turns out, planning for withdrawal of the Marines to ships offshore Lebanon was already going on within the Administration, but this did not prevent the President from continuing to set forth high stakes for keeping the Marines in Lebanon, or from bashing House Democrats, who were working up a resolution calling for “prompt and orderly withdrawal” of the Marines. In an interview given to the *Wall Street Journal* on Thursday, February 2nd, Reagan said, referring to House Speaker Thomas P. O’Neill, “He may be ready to surrender, but I’m not.” In his radio address on Saturday, he said that though the situation in Lebanon “is difficult, frustrating and dangerous . . . *that is no reason to turn our backs* on friends and to cut and run.” On Sunday, the Cabinet of President Amin Gemayel resigned—in a move led by its Muslim faction—and the Army disintegrated, and the civil war reached a new intensity. (On that same day, National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane, in an article in the Boston *Globe*, stated that among the reasons “we must not leave Lebanon now” is that “the presence of the Multinational Force provides needed stability during the negotiating and reconciliation process.”) On Tuesday, Reagan issued a statement that the Marines would be withdrawn to the ships offshore, and that the ships could use their guns to fire on Syrian-held territory, regardless of whether the Marines were under attack. The President, who was en route to his ranch from Las Vegas, where he had made a couple of appearances (the day before, he had picturesquely celebrated his seventy-third birthday in Dixon, Illinois, his home town), did not read the statement for the television cameras. He was not to be associated with bad news. To the consternation of some of his political advisers, he then disappeared to his ranch. On the following day, Administration officials explained that the planning for the change in policy had been under way for some time and had been approved on February 1st. Weinberger and the Joint Chiefs of Staff had wanted to get the Marines out of their untenable posi-

Every day, just before shipment, GM cars are tested and reviewed by some of the toughest people in the business.

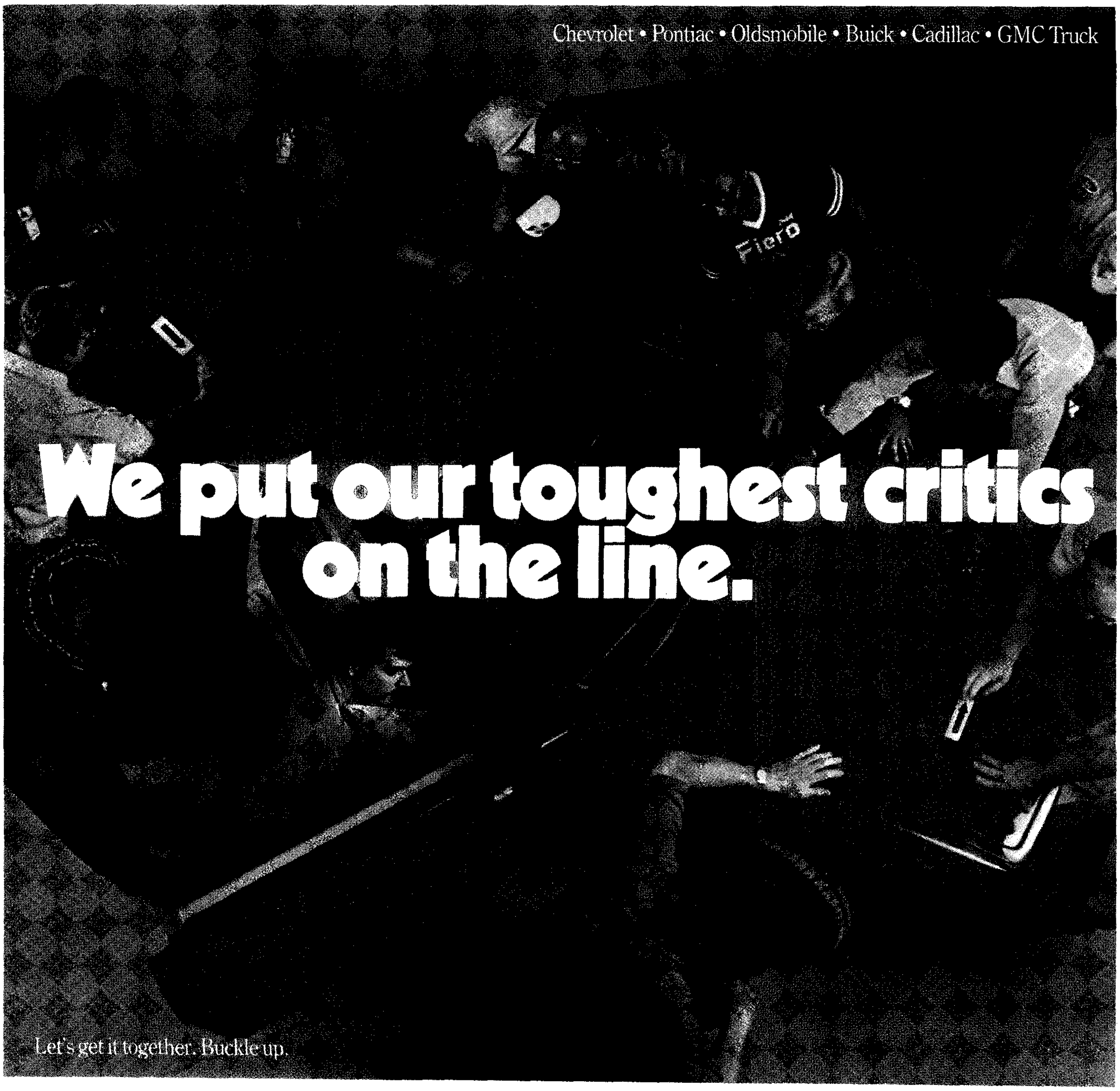
They're our Quality Audit Teams.

Each specially-chosen member, in addition to having a full-time job in the assembly plant, is also an expert at ensuring quality. GM people want surfaces to be flawless. Fits to be perfect.

Quality Audit Teams are a new technique, a new sharing of responsibility at GM. And a better way to deliver the quality you want.

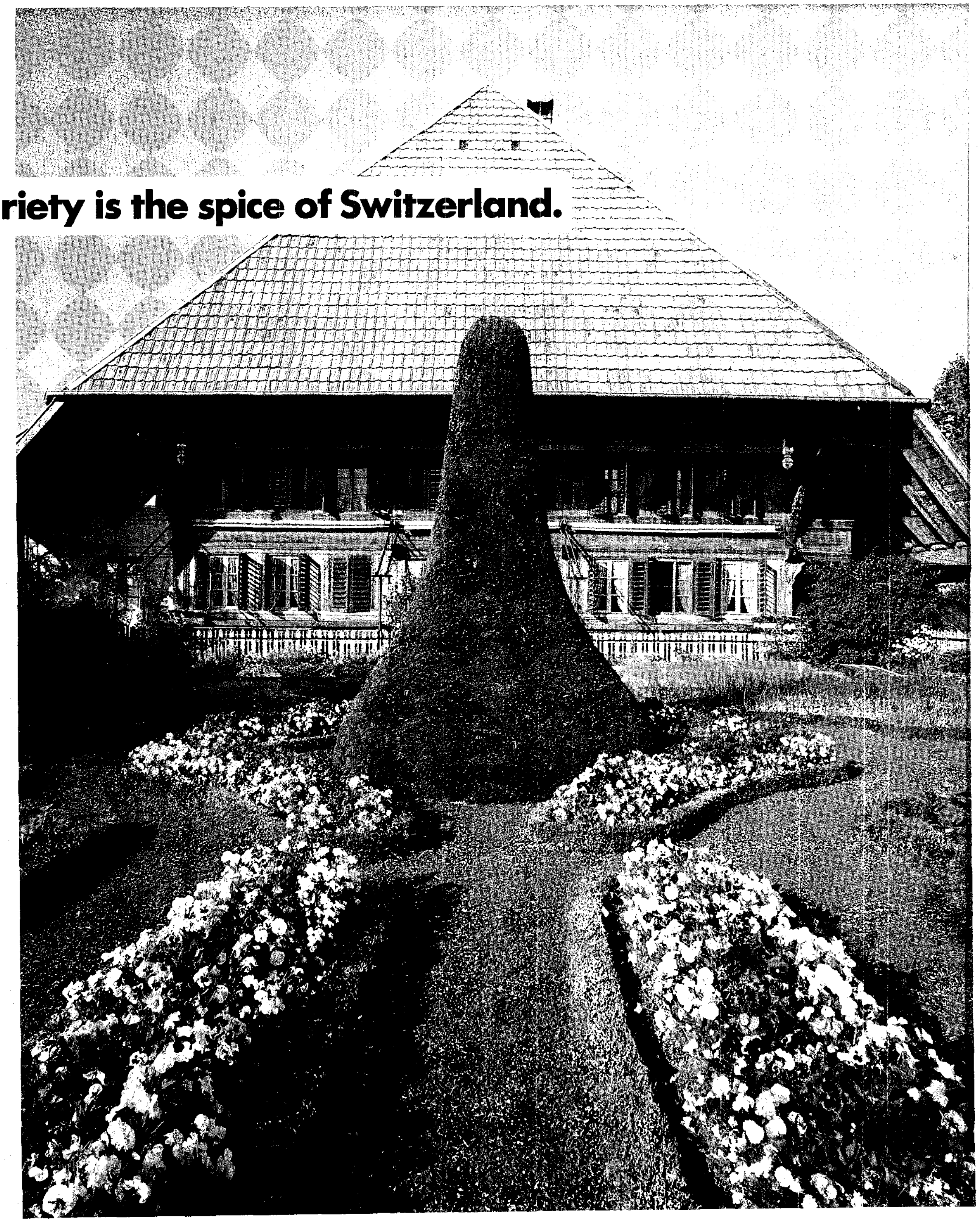
We believe in taking the extra time, giving the extra effort and paying attention to every detail. That's what it takes to provide the quality that leads more people to buy GM cars and trucks than any other kind. And why GM owners are the most loyal on the road.

That's the GM commitment to excellence.


Chevrolet • Pontiac • Oldsmobile • Buick • Cadillac • GMC Truck
Fiero
We put our toughest critics on the line.
Let's get it together. Buckle up.

Nobody sweats the details like GM.

Variety is the spice of Switzerland.



Strolled about the city, studied the fashionable window displays, on a par with London, Paris, and Rome. Smart thoroughfares, winding streets, appealing shops. Prices induced not merely flirtation but surrender. Credit cards accepted. (As yesterday for the excursion to the farming village.)

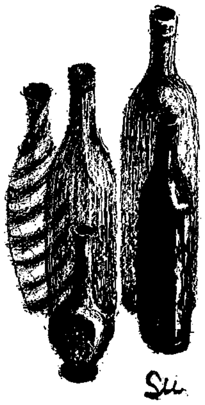
Swissair flies its Boeing 747s and
DC-10s a total of 24 times a week from
New York, Boston, Chicago,
Montreal and Toronto to Switzerland.

Switzerland

Swiss National Tourist Office
and Swissair,
The Swiss Center, 608 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10020.

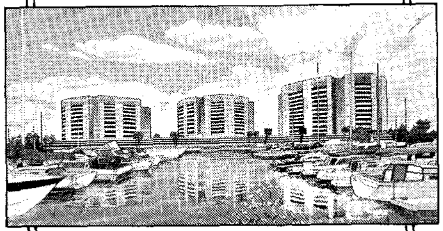
GGK

tion, but the President and Secretary of State George Shultz had been opposed—arguing that the removal of the Marines, even to an offshore position, would amount to a withdrawal that would give pause to all of our friends in the Middle East, and encourage our adversaries. They were assuaged, according to officials, by those parts of the withdrawal plan which changed the rules of engagement for the ships offshore and put in more training forces to work with what was left of the Lebanese Army. One official told me, "In the President's mind, if you just pull the Marines out and compensate for that in other ways you don't pull the rug out from Gemayel." The President, by a number of accounts, was fairly uninvolved in the planning process. (There are also questions about how carefully the decision to send the Marines in in the first place was considered.) Administration officials insisted that the announcement of the decision to withdraw the Marines was to have been made in any event the day after it was made, irrespective of what was happening in Lebanon, and that it was moved up one day because it began to leak to the press. They said that what the President did was different from what the House Democrats were considering (they had put off consideration after Gemayel's government came apart), because the Democrats wanted simply to pull the Marines out; in fact the draft House resolution would not have removed the offshore presence of the ships. I asked one official what use the Marines would be on the ships. He replied, "I can't explain that." (While all this was going on, Shultz was on a tour of Central and South America and, on the day of the President's announcement, arrived in Grenada, landing on the Cuban-built runway that the Administration had said was being built for military purposes; the former government of Grenada had said that it was intended for tourism. Shultz said, "Now the regime here is different. The airport is needed to carry planes . . . for tourists.") Washington, stunned by the swift series of events, is still sorting them out. The Marines are not out of Lebanon yet, and there is some worry that it may have been dangerous to announce their withdrawal before it was a fact. Within days, there was much confusion over just when the Marines would be withdrawn: Administration officials were saying the Marines might be in Lebanon for another four months, but when members of both parties hit the roof an official suggested the withdrawal might take one month. Weinberger said, "We are not leaving Lebanon. The Marines are being redeployed two or three miles to the west." The President remained secluded through all this. There were widespread concerns about the heavy firing from the ships—including extensive use of the sixteen-inch shells of the battleship New Jersey—and the implications of this for reaching a settlement in Lebanon, which some Middle East experts still do not rule out. When members of Congress objected that, under the War Powers Act, the Administration had been authorized only to fire to protect the Marines, the Administration, changing course, announced that that was now its policy. Inevitably, the political implications of the events were weighed: many people believe that Reagan was, once again, lucky—that these events had happened early enough in the year that they would be largely forgotten by the time of the election. But this was not the only foreign-policy matter that the Democrats would raise, nor was the matter closed. Whatever the politics of the situation, the facts were unpleasant. Two hundred and sixty-three servicemen had died in a futile cause. And the Administration, like Administrations before it, had undertaken a feckless military mission and by saying that United States prestige was involved in its success had made that so.



On Central America, the President, in his State of the Union speech, simply called on Congress to implement the report of the commission headed by Henry Kissinger, which was transformed in the speech into "the Henry Jackson Plan." Kissinger's name was not mentioned. This solves two problems: Kissinger, despite his own efforts, is still not beloved by all of the President's followers; and by naming the commission's report after the late Senator Jackson, a Democrat, the President reaches for bipartisan support. (Jackson had suggested that the commission be established, and he was a "counsellor" to it.) The commission, though bipartisan, was dominated by foreign-policy

LOS ANGELES' ONE-OF-A-KIND HOTEL



Only enormous suites with kitchens, just 7 minutes from LAX

Surrounded by hundreds of yachts bobbing in the Pacific

A setting reminiscent of a fine country club, with tennis, swimming, racquetball, health spa, excellent restaurants, luxurious penthouses, and exceptional meeting facilities including a corporate concierge floor

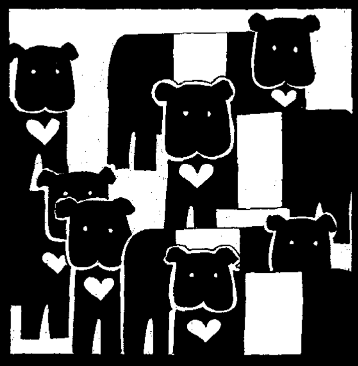
Surprisingly, at about the cost of standard hotels

MARINA CITY CLUB RESORT HOTEL

Los Angeles' one-of-a-kind hotel

Call your travel agent
or toll free (800) 282-2212
From California (800) 221-8843

CHAPEL HILL
NORTH CAROLINA



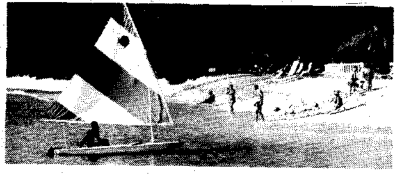
A GREAT PLACE TO RETIRE.

Award-winning homes in the woodlands of a 625 acre farm. Call or write for more information about our sophisticated approach to living in the countryside.

Fitch Creations, Inc.
Box 111 Dept N2
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514
919 942-5107 in N.C.
800 334-5475

Flowers? Again?
Call Balloon Bouquets instead.
balloon bouquets® **1-800-424-2323**
(In Washington, D.C. 202-785-1290)
"Now being delivered to boardrooms, offices and front doors all over the country."
HOUSE & GARDEN
VISA • MC
AM. EXPRESS
BIRTHDAY • ANNIVERSARY • GET WELL • CONGRATULATIONS

On the best beach in
BARBADOS
A Celebrated Country Hotel



Fashionable St. James — the beach. And directly on it, the impeccable Colony Club. Small, chic, with the easy style of Indies living. All rooms have patios, looking out on verandahs and gardens. The best in dining with buffets, barbecues, patio dancing. Yachts for cruises and parties. Glass bottomed boats, fishing boats. Pool. 7 miles Bridgetown's duty-free shops.

8 Days/ 7 Nights $685 IT3EA1FIKE per person dbl.occ. European Plan Dec. 17, 1983 to Apr. 8, 1984.

Air conditioned room, welcome cocktail, 2 meals a day, rum punch party, airport transfers, day tennis, chaise lounges, beach & pool, exchange dining. Minimum stay required Christmas & February. Exclusive of gratuities and tax.

COLONY CLUB

See your Travel Agent or call
David B. Mitchell & Co., Inc.
200 Madison Ave., NYC 10016
Phone: (212) 696-1323
Toronto 281-3483 • Montreal 286-4052

FREE!
Swimsuit
Catalog

Send name and address to:

SUNUP/
SUNDOWN®
Dept. NY1
Box 11899
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33339

or

Send $16.99
(plus $2. handling)
for suit pictured
Size ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L
Color ☐ White
☐ Black
☐ Orange

Money Back Guarantee

HAND MADE
PHOTOGRAPHIC ENLARGEMENTS
Color or B&W–Sizes up to 40" x 120"
plus photo restoration
send for free catalogue
FOR OVER 25 YEARS
Astra Photo 65 East South Water Street
Chicago, Illinois 60601

KEY WEST

A carefully restored 19th century conch hotel in the Historic Preservation District. Modern kitchens & baths, air-conditioned, pool, Jacuzzi. Reasonable by week or month. Brochure: call collect (305) 294-5702, 411 William St., Key West, FL 33040.

—Island City House—

conservatives, and its report, issued January 11th, reflected the view that the problem in Central America is an East-West struggle, though it did also say that the problems there had local origins as well. It called for large increases in economic and military aid to Central America. At the insistence of some of its members, it recommended tying aid to El Salvador to progress in human rights—a policy that the President, through a veto, had rejected last year, and continues to resist. Now the Administration has extended indefinitely the military presence in Honduras, so the military "exercises" there have just officially ended.

In another part of his speech, the President dealt with what both parties think is an issue in 1984: which candidate is equipped to lead us into the future. Pollsters offer a number of explanations of why this question of leadership for the future arises. (It could be because the pollsters ask about it.) It is suggested that Reagan has provided such a dramatic break with the past that now the question is where we go from here; that people sense that the economy is undergoing a profound change and are uneasy; that people sense that the economic future is indeed cloudy. In any event, the President proposed, for "our next frontier," a permanently manned space station. The President's advisers explained that this would offer all manner of opportunities for commercial enterprise in space, for developing medicines, and so on. Echoing John F. Kennedy's call in 1961 for putting a man on the moon within the decade, Reagan said, "Tonight, I am directing NASA to develop a permanently manned space station, and to do it within a decade." The funding for the space station would come to a hundred million dollars in fiscal year 1985, and its total cost is officially estimated at eight billion dollars. But it is widely understood that the total cost of the project would be more on the order of twenty or thirty billion dollars. The space lab is a big new mission that NASA has been seeking for some time (the aerospace industry has been championing it as well), and for two years Stockman managed to keep it out of the budget. The President didn't say anything in his speech about his famous "Star Wars" proposal of last year, for an anti-missile system in space, which had become quite controversial. Yet funding for it continues, though not on as grand a scale as sought by the Pentagon; the scientific community is quite divided on it on both doctrinal and technical grounds.

One of the groups that the President's political advisers worry most about is women. The "gender gap" turned up in the 1980 election, and is believed to have grown since then. Women are affected by "the peace issue" but also by the Administration's apparent insensitivity to their concerns, which include economic questions as well as what are called "women's issues." (This is not true of all women, of course, and the President's political advisers have now developed a method of subdividing women into roughly sixty-four categories—among some of which the President gets a very high rating, and among some a very low one.) So there was a little bit for women in the State of the Union address: a statement that "in 1983, women filled seventy-three per cent of all new jobs in managerial, professional, and technical fields." This statistic was one of a number that the President used rather loosely: it included clerical jobs in these "fields." He also made a passing reference to "women's rights," and mentioned some other matters of concern to women: equal treatment in pension rights; day care; and enforcement of child-support payments. Despite all the fuss stirred up by Meese about hunger in the period just before Christmas, and the President's solemn vow then that he would not be satisfied "as long as there is one person in this country who is hungry," Reagan gave the subject only a glancing mention in his speech. In early January, the commission he had appointed to look into the matter reported—as had been expected, given its composition—that the problem was not very serious.

And there was in the speech a little bit for environmentalists, whose opposition to Reagan Administration policies has been made into a politically dangerous force. (And many environmentalists are independent voters, whose support Reagan needs in order to win.) William Clark, since he took over as Secretary of the Interior last November, has succeeded in defanging the movement somewhat by reversing a number of Watt's policies and getting rid of some of his most controversial appointees. In his speech, Reagan said that he would request for the Environmental Protection Agency "one of the largest percentage budget increases of any agency;" in fact, the E.P.A. budget would still be ten per cent less than it was before Reagan took office. The President also proposed doubling funds for the research program for acid rain—which still leaves the Administration without a program to deal with acid rain. William Ruckelshaus, the head of the E.P.A., and a progressive Republican whose appointment to the agency last March was intended to help Reagan politically, had sought a funding increase of twice the size that the President proposed, and had lost a fight with the Office of Management and Budget to proceed with a program to deal with acid rain. (When Reagan named Ruckelshaus to the job, he said that controlling acid rain should be of high priority.) Nevertheless, the President made it appear that he was doing more for the E.P.A. than he was, and, for good measure, Ruckelshaus was invited to observe the State of the Union speech from the gallery where the First Lady sits—even though in meetings the President gets Ruckelshaus confused with Donald Rumsfeld, the special Middle East envoy.

THE most striking thing about the President's speech, beyond its politics, was its pyrotechnical display of Reagan's rhetorical devices and skills. It's not simply the husky voice speaking practicedly into the microphone—making a much greater impression on the viewer at home, at whom it is aimed, than on the people in the House chamber, who are props. It's more Reagan's unique use of language and his patented uplift tone. He is George M. Cohan and Gary Cooper: "America is back—standing tall." Reagan's stories have happy endings; no problems are daunting. The analogy with the movies he used to play in is irresistible. He tells a story that people want to hear. Reagan's is a melodramatic, heroic prose that other politicians would blush to use, but he gets away with it, because in his case it is authentic. He is a throwback figure out of the fifties, a time when problems seemed simpler and America's military might was unchallenged. He invokes God and the flag again and again, and he aligns himself foursquare with the family. He shamelessly appropriates heroes, but there is no reason to doubt that he relishes the heroic tales he tells so often. For the State of the Union speech, there was Sergeant Stephen Trujillo, a Ranger medic, who was seated in the front row of the First Lady's gallery, next to Reagan's daughter Maureen, and whose heroism in the invasion of Grenada Rea-

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name

Address Apt.

City State Zip

☐ One year: $32 ☐ New subscriber

☐ Two years: $52 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)

Additional Postage: Canada $12.00 per year; other foreign $20.00 per year. (Please remit in U.S. funds.) 4084

☐ My check for $ ________ is enclosed.

Please bill my: ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐ Visa

Account # ________

Signature ________

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.

☐ One year: $32 ☐ Two years: $52

To ________

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Gift card to read "From ________"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your **new** address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036

Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)

Bel Air for $80?

Surround yourself with elegance for the entire weekend, for only $80 per person (double occupancy). Enjoy tennis, swimming, gourmet candlelit poolside dining, a Sunday buffet brunch, and fine European service. It's a memorable weekend for a wonderful price.

Hotel Bel Air Sands
Luxurious European service in a lush California setting.

11461 Sunset Blvd. at the San Diego Freeway,
Los Angeles (Bel Air), Calif. 90049
(213) 476-6571, In Calif. 1-800-352-6680,
Outside Calif. 1-800-421-6649

BOOKS ON TAPE
FREE BROCHURE

NEW!
Books on Tape
JOHN LE CARRE
THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL

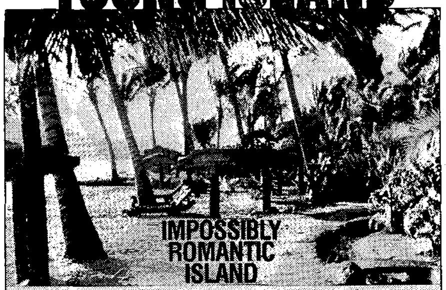
Best sellers on cassettes.
Money back guarantee.
VISA and MasterCard.

Call Toll-Free
1-800-626-3333
(New National Toll-Free Number)

729 Farad St., Costa Mesa, CA 92627

Or write Books on Tape, Inc. Dept. N.
P.O. Box 7900, Newport Beach, CA 92660

YOUNG ISLAND



Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Call: 800/223-1108 • 212/628-8149
315 E. 72nd St., NYC 10021

gan described. (Fortunately, the hero had a Hispanic surname, and the deed was done in Grenada, which has been a political plus for Reagan, and not in Lebanon. There were no parents of the Marines who died in Lebanon in the gallery.) Two years ago, Reagan had sitting in the gallery, and paid homage to, Lenny Skutnik, a young government worker who had dived into an icy Potomac River to help rescue a victim of an airplane crash.

Presidents, as a breed, are wont to boast of their achievements and give themselves good grades and, from time to time, stretch the facts; but Reagan throws around questionable numbers to a degree that may be unprecedented. He dazzles with his statistics, and he grins and glides away from problems with more agility than any other President in memory. Reagan understands the importance of having a vision and stating it forcefully, and knows that this can be far more powerful than the facts. People who intrude with the facts are "doomsayers" and "hand-wringers," who must be ignored. Now it is clear that this is what the President really believes. The fascinating thing about Reagan is that he seems at once to have a very shrewd understanding of what he is doing with his rhetoric and to deeply believe what he is saying; there is no disconnection, and therefore he comes off as without artifice. (We knew when Johnson and Nixon and Carter were faking it.) Reagan's acting skills are of great value to him in his Presidency, but much of what he does is beyond acting: he is speaking from conviction, not simply from a script. This is part of his power. He also understands the importance of repetition, of stating a case over and over until it becomes a "fact." He has painted such a dark picture so often of the national situation before he took office that it has become a received truth. (He makes the economic situation worse than it was, and, to hear him tell it, the United States was unilaterally disarming, when in fact every leg of the defense triad—land, sea, and air—was being strengthened.) But this is shrewd, too. How many politicians want to stand up and defend Jimmy Carter? Reagan will run against Carter, big spending, and government. He will have no hesitation in running against government, even though he will have been heading it for nearly four years; he did the same thing in 1970, when he ran for reëlection as governor of California, successfully. —ELIZABETH DREW

VERY CLOISTER

Refreshing, invigorating.
Enjoying the solace of the sea,
good sporting on the fairways,
and much more.
A resort for when not just
any paradise will do.
Very five-star. Very Cloister.
Call toll-free 800-841-3223,
Georgia 800-342-6874.
The Cloister,® Sea Island,
GA 31561. Sea Island

Whiskey Collection

...A classic collection of 1000 sealed bottles of rare, matured whiskies for sale.

This collection features 300 Pure Scotch Malts, Highland, Lowland, Campbeltown and Islay dating back to 1930. 500 Scotch Blends of which more than half are truly unique as they are no longer produced. 200 Bourbons comprised of Beams and Dants' Ceramic Collections and Old Fitzgerald Classic Decanters. This exceptional collection is offered for sale intact.

For catalogue & terms of sale write Box P.M., The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Include $10.00 for catalogue postage & handling.

RELOCATING TO BOSTON?

Experience life in an historic neighborhood in the heart of Boston near Copley Square. Our restored Victorian townhouse apartments and condominiums combine contemporary style in a traditional setting. For more information, call or write:

GOLDWEITZ & COMPANY
200 Clarendon Street
Boston, MA 02116 (617) 267-8000

Paris newsletter.
For those who love Paris...

In English. $30/year (11 issues—free issue with order).
Check, money order, Visa, MC to:
US Office · Paris newsletter
524-31 Thames Street, Newport, RI 02840

BOOKS

The Charged Imagination

Eudora Welty was asked by Harvard University to give, in the spring of 1983, a set of three lectures on how she became a writer. They have been published under the title of "One Writer's Beginnings" (Harvard; $10), with the subheadings "Listening," "Learning to See," and "Finding a Voice." Her father grew up on a farm in Ohio and her mother on top of a mountain in West Virginia. When they married, Mrs. Welty, offered the choice of the Thousand Islands or Jackson, Mississippi, to live in, chose Jackson. Dream, illusion, hallucination, obsession, Eudora Welty says, "and that most wonderful interior vision which is memory, have all gone to make up my stories, to form and to project them, to impel them." It is because of this, and not because she was born in Mississippi, that she is as quintessentially Southern a writer as William Faulkner or Flannery O'Connor or Walker Percy.

As an infant she was carried to the window and shown Halley's comet in her sleep. Her father loved instruments that would instruct—a telescope with brass extensions, the barometer—or that, like the kaleidoscope and the magnifying glass, would fascinate. Like many American men of his period he believed in progress, in the future. The fact that he was in the insurance business may have had something to do with his habitual concern for eventualities. He taught her and her two younger brothers what to do if they were lost in a strange country and how to avoid being struck by lightning. Her mother, a romantic, scoffed at caution. ("High winds never bothered me in West Virginia! Just listen at that! I wasn't a bit afraid of a little lightning and thunder! I'd go out on the mountain and spread my arms wide and *run* in a good big storm!")

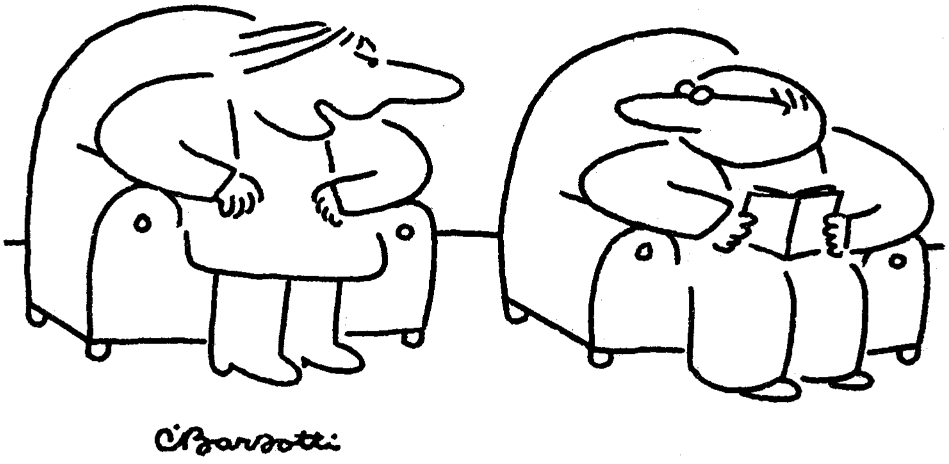
From the age of two she was read to by her mother. "She'd read to me in the big bedroom in the mornings, when we were in her rocker together . . . She'd read to me in the diningroom on winter afternoons in front of the coal fire . . . and at night when I'd got in my own bed. I must have given her no peace." Many children have loved to be read to who didn't become writers. There has to be something else, a kind of fermentation. "In my sensory education," Miss Welty says, "I include my physical awareness of the *word*. Of a certain word, that is; the connection it has with what it stands for. At around age six, perhaps, I was standing by myself in our front yard waiting for supper, just at that hour in a late summer day when the sun is already below the horizon and the risen full moon in the visible sky stops being chalky and begins to take on light. There comes the moment, and I saw it then, when the moon goes from flat to round. For the first time it met my eyes as a globe. The word 'moon' came into my mouth as though fed to me out of a silver spoon."

Her mother wanted her to have her own library card, and, having introduced her to the librarian, said, "Eudora is nine years old and has my permission to read any book she wants from the shelves, children or adult. . . . With the exception of *Elsie Dinsmore*." On the way home she explained: "She'd made this rule because Elsie the heroine, being made by her father to practice too long and hard at the piano, fainted and fell off the piano stool. 'You're too impressionable, dear,' she told me. 'You'd read that and the very first thing you'd do, you'd fall off the piano stool.' " Mrs. Welty was not unimpressionable her own self. ("She read Dickens in the spirit in which she would have eloped with him.")

"Ever since I was first read to, then started reading to myself," Miss Welty says, "there has never been a line read that I didn't *hear*. As my eyes followed the sentence, a voice was saying it silently to me. It isn't my mother's voice, or the voice of any person I can identify, certainly not my own. It is human, but inward, and it is inwardly that I listen to it. It is to me the voice of the story or the poem itself. . . . My own words, when I am at work on a story, I hear too as they go, in the same voice that I hear when I read in books."

Long before she wrote stories, she listened for them in the anecdotal, he-said-and-then-I'm-told-she-very-plainly-said monologues of a neighbor, of the sewing woman, or whoever. "I suppose it's an early form of participation in what goes on. Listening children know stories are *there*. When their elders sit and begin, children are just waiting and hoping for one to come out, like a mouse from its hole."

She was taken out of school and put to bed for several months because of an ailment the doctor described as "fast-beating heart." She spent the day in her parents' double bed in the front upstairs bedroom, surrounded by storybooks. From there she could see what went on in the schoolyard, but young visitors were not often allowed, lest they excite her. In the evening her father and mother sat there with her. The light was partly covered by a sheet of newspaper, and in the semidarkness of her side of the room she lay enjoying the murmur of their voices until she fell asleep and was carried to her own bed. "I don't remember that any secrets were revealed to me, nor do I remember any avid curiosity on my part to learn something I wasn't supposed to—perhaps I



"When I married you,
you were twenty-two and you were nothing."

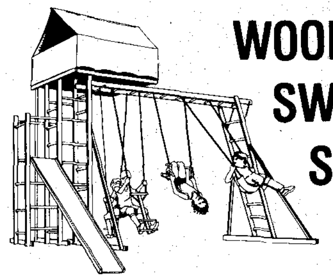
DON'T MISS
CHINA'S
GOLDEN ROUTE

To Beijing, Shanghai, Xi'an and Guilin—the most sought-after destinations in China, always experienced on our 27 different, fully escorted tours, from 15 to 25 days, Mar. to Nov. Choose your Golden Route from our *Scenic China, Legendary Grottoes, Rare China, Yangtze River* and *Asian Experience* programs. Send for our free 56-page color brochure. Then talk to the expert—your travel agent.

Pacific Delight Tours, Inc.
132 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016
Tel: 212-684-7707 or 800-221-7179

Name
Address
City State ZIP
My travel agent is

PACIFIC DELIGHT TOURS, INC. NYA4



WOODEN SWING SETS

For **38 years** we've been building the best in swing sets and jungle gyms for backyard fun. Hand crafted and now **pressure treated.** You receive a ten year limited warranty, direct manufacturer's savings and our promise to provide safe swings, jungle gyms and slides for your children.

child life play specialties, inc.
20 WHITNEY STREET
HOLLISTON, MA 01746
(617) 429-4639

FREE CATALOG

Please send free 24 page full color catalog
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP

GOOD USED BOOKS

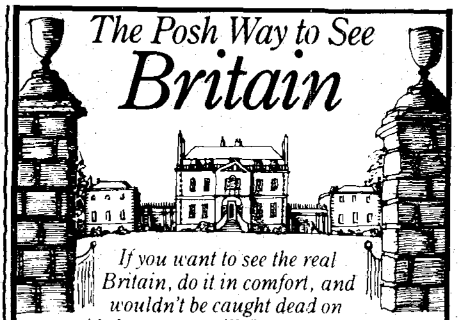
Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

was too young to know what to listen for. But I was present in the room with the chief secret there was—the two of them, father and mother, sitting there as one. I was conscious of this secret and of my fast-beating heart in step together, as I lay in the slant-shaded light of the room, with a brown, pear-shaped scorch in the newspaper shade where it had become overheated once. . . . I suppose I was exercising as early as then the turn of mind, the nature of temperament, of a privileged observer; and owing to the way I became so, it turned out that I became the loving kind."

It was her mother, she says, who supported her emotionally and imaginatively in her wish to become a writer. Her father gave her a portable typewriter and a Webster's Collegiate dictionary with her name, Eudora Alice Welty, and the date, 1925, inscribed on the flyleaf, and, somewhat later on, intimated that she would not be able to support herself by writing stories. She knew that, though he liked to read, he did not read fiction, which he thought inferior to factual writing because it was not true. He died before he had a chance to discover the kind of truth that, as a mature writer, she was capable of. Since he was neither insensitive nor of limited intelligence, his idea of truth as what is known or can be demonstrated to be a fact would have had to give way before a conception of the truth that is so much more encompassing: "In writing, as in life, the connections of all sorts of relationships and kinds lie in wait of discovery, and give out their signals to the Geiger counter of the charged imagination, once it is drawn into the right field. . . . I don't write by invasion into the life of a real person: my own sense of privacy is too strong for that . . . What I do make my stories out of is the *whole* fund of my feelings, my responses to the real experiences of my own life, to the relationships that formed and changed it, that I have given most of myself to, and so learned my way toward a dramatic counterpart. Characters take on life sometimes by luck, but I suspect it is when you can write most entirely out of yourself, inside the skin, heart, mind, and soul of a person who is not yourself, that a character becomes in his own right another human being on the page."

IN these lectures, thoughtful attention is given to a great many experiences of one kind or another: ideas and attitudes she was exposed to as a



The Posh Way to See Britain

If you want to see the real Britain, do it in comfort, and wouldn't be caught dead on a guided tour, you will find the following three items just about indispensable:

1. The Prestige Guide to the British Countryside. *Tells you what to see, where to go, and how to get there. Gives you an insider's view of 25 different areas of England, Scotland, and Wales. Plus the information an outsider needs to know.*

2. The *1984* Prestige Hotel Directory. *Describes Britain's finest private hotels. They include castles, great country houses, old coaching inns, Edwardian London town houses. Famous for de luxe service and accommodations, they have superb cuisines and wine cellars to match. They are the kind of hotels that dreams are made of.*

3. A Touring Map of Britain, *compliments of the British Tourist Authority.*

For your Guide, Hotel Directory (with rates), and Touring Map, send your name and address and check for $2 payable to Prestige Hotels, to Scott Calder International Inc. 152 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016.

Prestige Hotels
BTA BRITISH TOURIST AUTHORITY

TAKE CARE OF YOUR LUNGS. THEY'RE ONLY HUMAN.

AMERICAN LUNG ASSOCIATION®
The Christmas Seal People®

MUSTIQUE ISLAND CAN BE YOURS TO PLAY ON

Come, rekindle yourself. A 1400 acre Caribbean island resort with just 44 rooms and villas. Nine quiet beaches and winding, bumpy roads. Riding, tennis. Sailing. Seclusion.

Mustique Island
The Grenadines, West Indies

Call Your Travel Agent or Resorts Management, Inc.
(800) 225-4255 · In New York (212) 696-4566

child, visits to Ohio and West Virginia, family stories, old letters, train rides—whatever opened her ears and eyes and mind to the life around her and revealed to her the nature and material of what was to become her fiction. It is all wonderful. It is what she was asked to do. And she does it from a carefully calculated distance, as if she were taking pictures with a camera. But one has finally the feeling that the crucial thing was her own sensibility, which she was, of course, born with. Consider this paragraph about returning home from a visit to her grandmother: "Back on Congress Street, when my father unlocked the door of our closed-up, waiting house, I rushed ahead into the airless hall and stormed up the stairs, pounding the carpet of each step with both hands ahead of me, and putting my face right down into the cloud of the dear dust of our long absence. I was welcoming ourselves back. Doing likewise, more methodically, my father was going from room to room re-starting all the clocks." Surely nothing on God's green earth could have prevented *that* child from devoting her life to a study of the connections of all sorts of relationships and kinds that lie in wait of discovery.

The parts of the book that are about her family, her immediate family and going back for two or three generations, are by turns hilarious and affecting. They are a kind of present (they could conceivably have been withheld without slighting the ostensible purpose of the lectures) from Miss Welty to her audience. The handing over of so much intimate information cannot have been easy or unconcerned. The audience was, for the most part, Harvard and Radcliffe undergraduates, many more than the hall could accommodate, with the overflow in other rooms that were wired with speakers. After the last lecture, bringing flowers, they waited in long lines for the privilege of speaking to her. Not bunches of flowers. Just one flower. —WILLIAM MAXWELL

•

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

[From the Times]

An amusement device for dogs and cats, as described in a patent this week, is a ball that rolls when an animal with a radio-transmitting collar gets close enough to it. The radio actuates a motor inside.

Patent 4,391,224 was granted to Harold A. Adler of Westlake Village, Calif., for the toy, which frees the pet owner from the sometimes onerous duty of entertaining a bored, unhappy pet.

The Official Licensed Stein of the XIV Winter Olympics

This limited edition, half-liter stein commemorates the Sarajevo games. Spanning 9″ high, it's a 360° panorama of winter games competition decorated in gold. Each is dated, limited to a 30-day firing period, and capped with a lid of German polished pewter. It is available to U.S. investors and collectors exclusively through Mader's. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back! ISSUE PRICE $39.95

Rare Gold Edition

Capped with 14K gold-plated lid, and limited to a 10-day firing period. Hand-numbered in gold. (Decorative handle on both mugs.) ISSUE PRICE $65.00

For credit card orders please call 1-800-323-1717. In Illinois, call 1-800-942-8881. Ask for operator 924. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery. Mfg. by Mader's for Applause Div. of Wallace Berrie & Co., Inc., an official licensee of the XIV Olympic Winter Games Sarajevo '84.™ and © 1982 Sarajevo '84

Please send ___ regular steins at $39.95 ea. plus $4.50 for shipping, ___ gold steins at $65.00 ea. plus $4.50 for shipping. Check or money order enclosed or bill my credit card (AE, MC, V).
Credit Card No.__________ Exp. Date__________
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________ Zip__________
Phone__________
NYR2084

Mader's
Galleries
Olympic Stein Offer
Box 92548, Dept. FW
Milwaukee, WI 53202

WATERFORD®
An Irish Art.

A remarkable art book, illustrated in full color. The first definitive history of Waterford crystal. At your Waterford gallery or send $50. check to Waterford Crystal Inc. 225 Fifth Ave. New York, NY 10010.

Elegant Elbows

Our fine lamb-suede **elbow patches** are worthy of your favorite jacket or sweater. Luxuriously pliant. **Carefully perforated for easy sewing.** Complete kit includes needle and matching thread. **Beige, Black, Brown, Grey, Navy.**

1 pair $6.00; 2 pair $10.00. Shipping Included.
Martin & Ullmann, 47a W 84 St., N.Y.C. 10024

Pink Fancy
"A uniquely private hotel"

Christiansted, St. Croix
U.S. Virgin Islands 00820
Toll Free (800) 524-2045

Tear yourself away.

Send for our FREE guide to island vacations and find out about our golf and tennis, 2½ miles of beach, fine dining and luxurious villas.

Call toll free **1-800-845-8880**. (In SC, 1-800-922-5650). Or return the coupon.

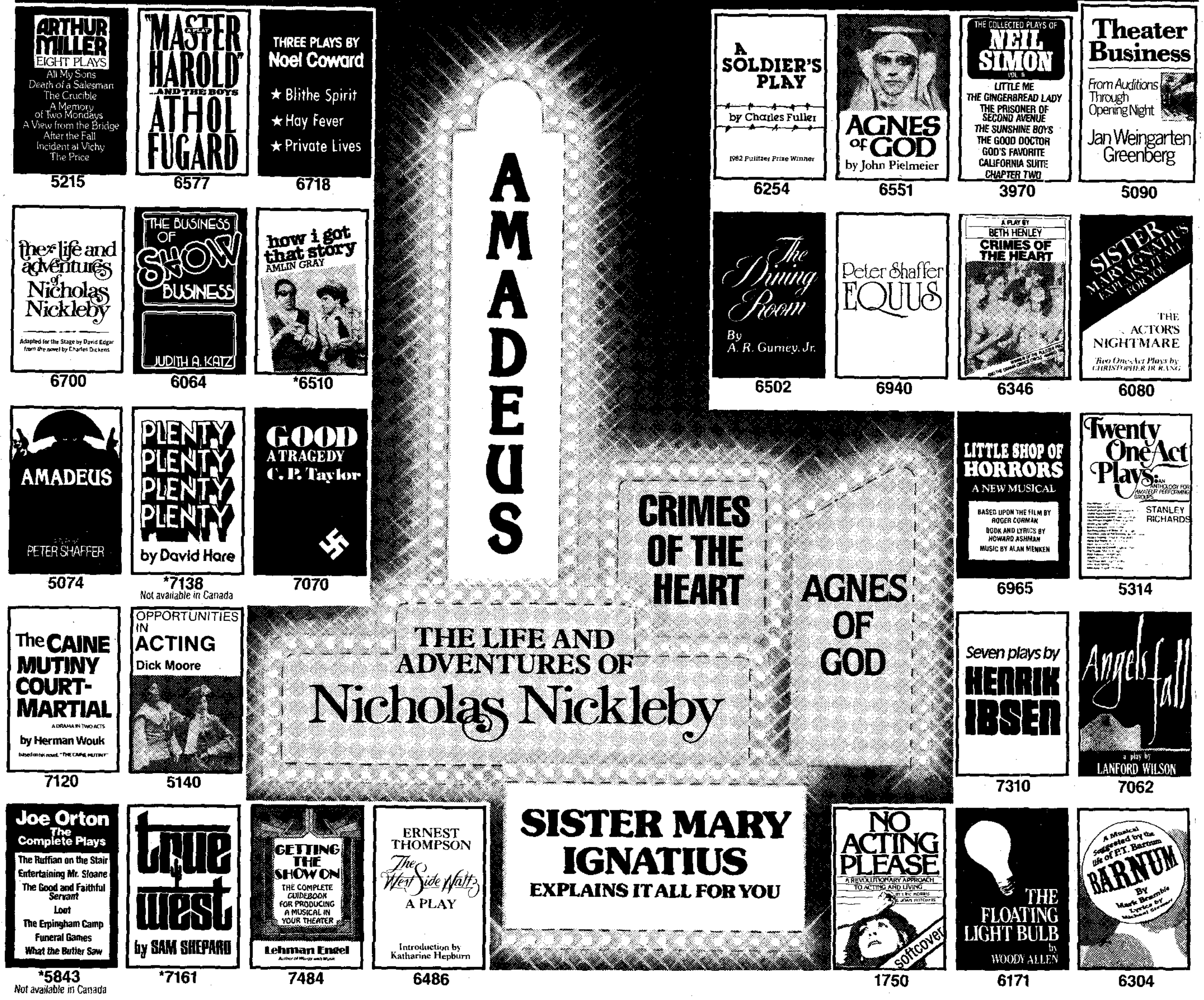
I am interested in:
☐ Golf ☐ Family Vacations
☐ Tennis ☐ Conference Information

Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________ Zip__________
Phone__________
P.O. Box Y, Isle of Palms, SC 29451

Charleston's seaside resort. Wild Dunes®
BL4

GREAT THEATRE

YOURS FROM AMERICA'S ONLY THEATRE BOOK CLUB


ARTHUR MILLER EIGHT PLAYS All My Sons Death of a Salesman The Crucible A Memory of Two Mondays A View from the Bridge After the Fall Incident at Vichy The Price
5215
"MASTER HAROLD" ...AND THE BOYS ATHOL FUGARD
6577
THREE PLAYS BY Noel Coward ★ Blithe Spirit ★ Hay Fever ★ Private Lives
6718
AMADEUS
A SOLDIER'S PLAY by Charles Fuller 1982 Pulitzer Prize Winner
6254
AGNES OF GOD by John Pielmeier
6551
THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF NEIL SIMON VOL. II LITTLE ME THE GINGERBREAD LADY THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE THE SUNSHINE BOYS THE GOOD DOCTOR GOD'S FAVORITE CALIFORNIA SUITE CHAPTER TWO
3970
Theater Business From Auditions Through Opening Night Jan Weingarten Greenberg
5090
the life and adventures of Nicholas Nickleby Adapted for the Stage by David Edgar from the novel by Charles Dickens
6700
THE BUSINESS OF SHOW BUSINESS JUDITH A. KATZ
6064
how i got that story AMLIN GRAY
*6510
The Dining Room By A. R. Gurney, Jr.
6502
Peter Shaffer EQUUS
6940
A PLAY BY BETH HENLEY CRIMES OF THE HEART
6346
SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE Two One-Act Plays by CHRISTOPHER DURANG
6080
AMADEUS PETER SHAFFER
5074
PLENTY PLENTY PLENTY PLENTY PLENTY by David Hare
*7138
Not available in Canada
GOOD A TRAGEDY C. P. Taylor
7070
CRIMES OF THE HEART
AGNES OF GOD
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS A NEW MUSICAL BASED UPON THE FILM BY ROGER CORMAN BOOK AND LYRICS BY HOWARD ASHMAN MUSIC BY ALAN MENKEN
6965
Twenty One-Act Plays AN ANTHOLOGY FOR AMATEUR PERFORMING GROUPS STANLEY RICHARDS
5314
The CAINE MUTINY COURT-MARTIAL A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS by Herman Wouk
7120
OPPORTUNITIES IN ACTING Dick Moore
5140
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF Nicholas Nickleby
Seven plays by HENRIK IBSEN
7310
Angels Fall a play by LANFORD WILSON
7062
Joe Orton The Complete Plays The Ruffian on the Stair Entertaining Mr. Sloane The Good and Faithful Servant Loot The Erpingham Camp Funeral Games What the Butler Saw
*5843
Not available in Canada
true west by SAM SHEPARD
*7161
GETTING THE SHOW ON THE COMPLETE GUIDEBOOK FOR PRODUCING A MUSICAL IN YOUR THEATER Lehman Engel
7484
ERNEST THOMPSON The West Side Waltz A PLAY Introduction by Katharine Hepburn
6486
SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU
NO ACTING PLEASE A REVOLUTIONARY APPROACH TO ACTING AND LIVING softcover
1750
THE FLOATING LIGHT BULB by WOODY ALLEN
6171
A Musical Suggested by the life of P.T. Barnum BARNUM
6304

* Warning: Subject matter or language may be offensive to some.

TAKE ANY 4 FOR $1

WITH MEMBERSHIP

How the Club works:

You'll receive your 4 books for only $1 (plus shipping and handling) and your FREE tote bag when accepted as a member. We reserve the right to reject any application. However, once accepted as a member, if not delighted, return the books within 10 days at Club expense. Your membership will be cancelled and you'll owe nothing. The FREE tote bag is yours to keep in any case. About every 4 weeks (14 times a year), you'll receive the Club bulletin, *Curtain Time*, to preview the new Selection(s), always at discounts off publishers' prices. In addition, up to 4 times a year you may receive offers of special Selections. *If you want the featured Selection(s), do nothing; it will be sent to you automatically.* If you prefer an Alternate or no book at all, return the order form by the date specified. (A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments.) You always have at least 10 days to decide. If you get an unwanted Selection because you had less than 10 days, return it at Club expense and owe *nothing*. *Fireside Theatre offers its own complete hardbound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses, saving you up to 40% off publishers' hardcover edition prices.* You need buy only 4 books at regular low Club prices within 1 year, after which you may continue to enjoy Club benefits or resign at any time.

FREE TOTE WITH MEMBERSHIP

FIRESIDE THEATRE BOOK CLUB®

Dept. ER-790, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept me as a member of the Fireside Theatre Book Club and send me the 4 books I've numbered in the boxes below. Bill me just $1 plus shipping and handling. Also send my FREE tote bag, mine to keep even if I don't remain a member. I agree to the Club plan as described *in this ad*, will take 4 more books at regular low Club prices during the coming year, and may resign any time thereafter.

1.	2.	3.	4.

Mr.
Ms.________________________________
(Please print)

Address________________________Apt. #________

City________________State______Zip________

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Offer slightly different in Canada.

34-FT51

73

The Gifts of Lenox.

Symphony Centerpiece trimmed in 24 karat gold, 54.00; Woodland Vase, 30.00; Autumn Leaf Vase trimmed in 24 karat gold, 54.00; Medium Swan, 62.00. The Lenox Collection includes gifts from 12.00 to 225.00.

Prices shown are suggested retail prices only.

Lenox China and Crystal
Lawrenceville, NJ 08648

© Lenox 1983

THE LUXURY EXPRESS.

The 1984 Nissan Maxima is true luxury in motion. No longer do you have to make the choice between luxury and performance, because Nissan technology now brings you both. In one magnificent automobile.

When you slip into a Maxima, the luxury is obvious. Choose optional, sumptuous leather or rich velour, a power driven sunroof, a digital dash with graphic read-outs. Enjoy conveniences like the vocal warning system, power windows, door locks and antenna. Listen to the eight speaker stereo that includes a cassette deck with Dolby. Available in either sedan or wagon models.

And when you drive it, the performance is striking. A fuel-injected six cylinder engine whisks you away on fully independent suspension. Everything about the new Maxima tells you. This is more than a luxury car. This is Major Motion.

AT YOUR DATSUN DEALER.

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE
MAJOR MOTION FROM NISSAN

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

NISSAN NISSAN